The Last Word *Men in Love*

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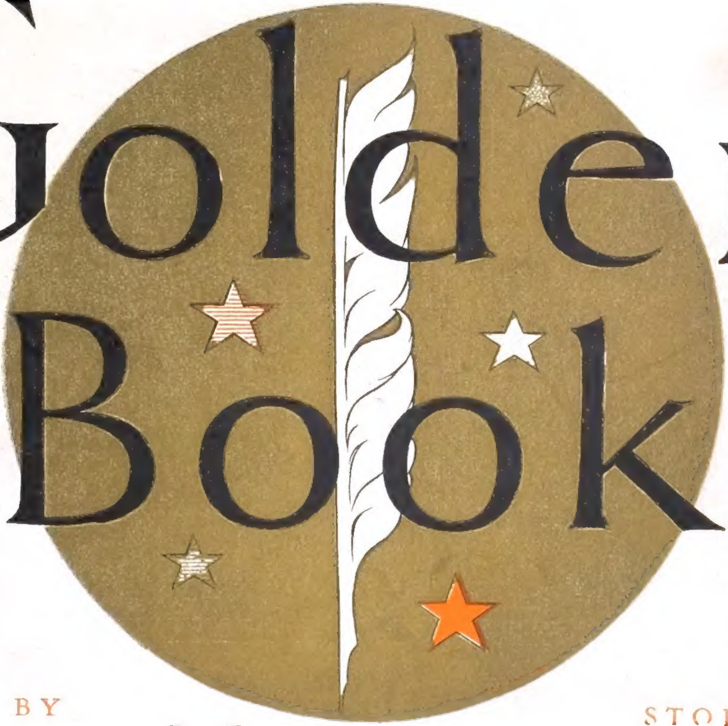
The Golden Book



STORIES BY

Magazine

STORIES BY

Barrie

Chekhov

Mérimée

Gaboriau

e Maupassant

obert Louis Stevenson

Bret Harte

David Gray

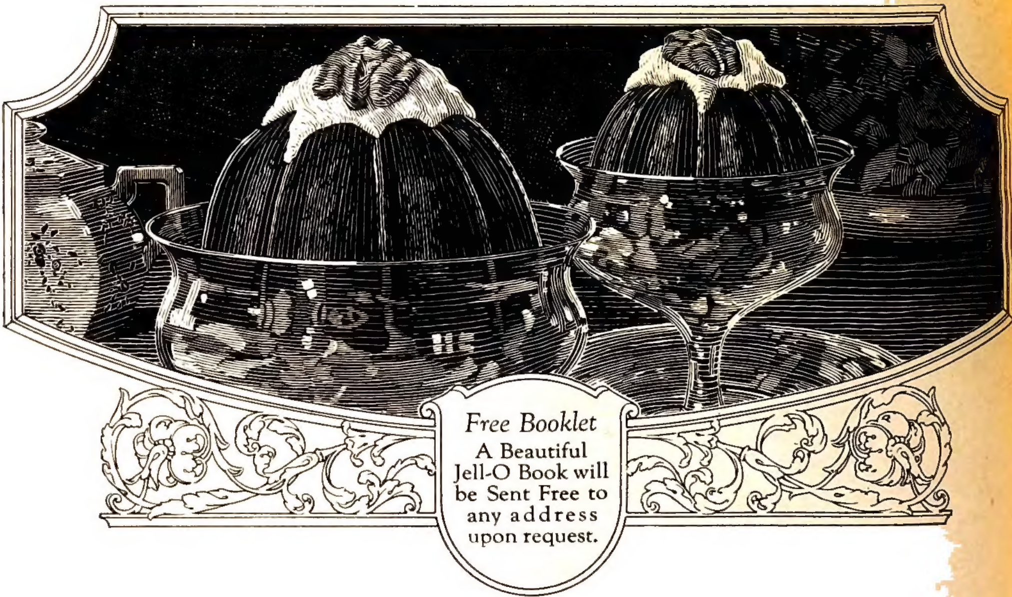
Helen Green

Ambrose Bierce

von Heidenstam

Chester Bailey Fernald

THE LIVING DEAD" [Play] By COUNT LYOF N. TOLSTOY



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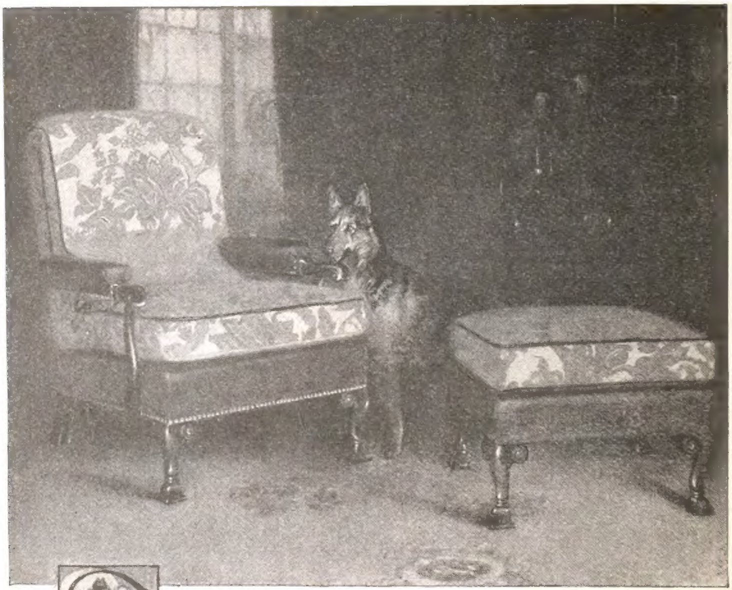

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VOLUME I
Number 3

MARCH
1925

THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE

OF FICTION AND TRUE STORIES THAT WILL LIVE

Edited by HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

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Some Persons of Importance

NEARLY thirty years ago American magazine readers discovered one month that a new teller of tales had appeared. (We didn't count magazine readers by millions in those days; and a new writer who really counted was an event.) Chester Bailey Fernald began his series of stories of Chinese life in San Francisco in 1895 with the delightful "The Cat and the Cherub," which he afterwards put into drama form. In the following years he issued half a dozen volumes of fiction; but for a long time he has devoted himself largely to writing plays, ten or twelve of which have been produced since his first venture.

Mr. Fernald was born in Boston, educated in Philadelphia, worked as a naval draughtsman for four years in San Francisco, had a term as newspaper correspondent in Washington, travelled in Alaska, China, Japan and Europe, and has lived in England since 1907.

That surely makes for a cosmopolitan perspective. Yet I doubt if he has ever produced a more finished piece of work than one of those first tales, "The Gentleman in the Barrel," published in this issue. (Few other contemporary writers have, either!)

The tale is particularly interesting for the manner in which it renders its Chinese hero comprehensible to a Western mind. The Chinamen of fiction are wont to appear as figures of mystery—almost as indistinguishable in character as the Celestials of real life are to us facially. The learned Dr. Wing Shee, however, is a friend and a brother: one agrees with his admiring friend Snubby Taggerty, "You're a dandy—you are!"

* * *

After a long life of adventure. Ambrose Bierce took dramatic leave of the world in which he had fought and laughed for half a century. All that is definitely known is that, at an age of over seventy, he went on an expedition into Mexico. He was last heard from January, 1914. Since then no word of his fate has come.

Fortunately, just before this disappearance he had collected his whole life-work as a writer into a twelve-volume set; for, while his product was very uneven, some of it must rank very high indeed, and nearly all has a characteristic vigor and flavor which has endeared him to many.

Soldier in the Civil War (where he was brevetted Major for distinguished service), newspaper man, editor, adventurer—Bierce was always a fighter. He was apt to be at his best when performing some literary castigation, moved thereto by his aroused indignation. In such cases—he told the whole truth as he saw it, with an epigrammatic lash that raised blisters. And he stuck to his guns no matter who attacked.

The preface to one volume of satires in verse, which must have made some of the victims writhe, closes thus:

"Regarding the repeated appearance of certain offenders in the skits and drolleries of this book, I can only say that during the considerable period covered by the author's efforts to reclaim them they manifested a deplorable, and doubtless congenital, propensity to continuance in sin."

A man quite without fear; aroused to vehement utterance by dishonesty and shams; always stimulating and intensely original; to read whom arouses a keen wish to have known him personally.

As for "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge"—that proclaims itself as one of the world's permanent stories.

* * *

David Gray is well remembered for his gay stories of the pleasant folk in the hunting set in his two volumes of "Gallops." His play of the same name was produced successfully in 1906, and another, "The Best People," appeared last year. His other published books include "Mr. Carteret and others," "Smith" (with W. Somerset Maugham), "Ensign Russell," and "The Boomerang."

He had six years' experience in newspaper work, mostly in Buffalo, and was admitted to the bar in 1899; but some of his best writing has sprung from his fondness for fox-hunting and his humorous understanding of the people who make a business of sport. "Carty Carteret and his Fellow-Americans Abroad" is an excellent example of this American perspective focussed upon the sacred English rite of chasing Reynard; and the author's irresistible sense of fun has full sway in his portrayal.

* * *

There has been much acrimonious discussion of late over Robert Louis Stevenson. Efforts to break down what is called the "myth" of Stevenson in his personal expression have aroused indignant protest from some of his friends.

I suppose the world has a right to all the facts about any man who becomes a permanent figure in literature; and even one who has not read the recent biography, which emphasizes these omitted chapters of Stevenson's early life, could hardly doubt from the man's own writings that he had had a wide range of experiences. There is a certain kind of ripe knowledge that seems to come only from personal acquaintance with both good and evil.

One might perhaps insist, however, that the important thing is, not how a man lived, but what he took from life.

And further, what an author had to offer the world is in his work. It would be indeed a poor exchange to focus attention on some of the personal habits of the greatest Greeks of Socrates' day, instead of on those magnificent ideas which Plato set down for us in the "Phaedo."

* * *

One need not know or care in the least what Stevenson did or did not do in order to draw full enjoyment from his tales, or even his "moralizing," as some critics have termed it. If he said things that were true, that move the heart, that stir one's resolve to meet life like a man—are they any less true or less compelling because he was not the "seraph in chocolate" which Henley declares the official biography made him? Would not his irresistible yarns carry away anybody who still has youthful blood in his veins, even if there were no author's name attached? Whatever else he was, he was a romancer to whom the world must always feel grateful.

And this one of his earliest stories, "The Sire de Malétroit's Door" (written before 1878), will always remain an example of an almost perfect "pure adventure" narrative.

* * *

Mérimée wrote Mlle. Jenny Daquin (the "*Inconnue*" of his delightful Letters) on September 2, 1868, two years before his death:

"While I was at Fontainebleau a strange incident happened to me. I had the idea of writing a novel for my hostess, whose hospitality I wished to repay in blarney. I did not have time to finish it; but on my return here I placed the word *End* on it, and I fear it will be considered too long deferred. The strange part of it, however, is that no sooner had I finished than I began another novel The recrudescence of this malady of my youth alarms me, because it so resembles a second childhood. Nothing of all this, be it understood, is for the public.

"While I was in the château we read some marvellous modern novels, the authors of which were entirely unknown to me. It is in imitation of these gentlemen that this last novel is written. The scene occurs in Lithuania, a country perfectly familiar to you. Pure Sanskrit is spoken there. A great lady of the land, having gone to hunt, had the misfortune to be captured and carried away by a bear destitute of feeling. . . . ."

Despite illness, Mérimée put a great amount of work on this story, which he first called "The Finder of Honey," afterwards "Lokis." Tourgeniev read the manuscript, and assisted him with certain points of local color, though as the author complained, "the deuce of it is that neither he nor I have been able to find a single Lithuanian who knows his own language and country"; he made a series of paintings for illustrations, designing to present the effort to his friend, the Empress Eugénie; and he carefully revised his first draft in important particulars.

(*Continued on page 8*)

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(*Continued from page 6*)

"Lokis" seems to have been his last work in fiction; but it is as clear and certain and vigorous as any of the tales of his young days.

◆

Tolstoy called the play which we reprint *Zhivoï Trup*, which means literally The Living Corpse. It has been produced in London under the title of "Reparation," and in New York in 1924 as "Redemption," with John Barrymore in the leading part. While the dominating situations of the drama spring from a law of divorce, then obtaining in Russia, which seems alien and barbarous to us today, the author strikes so powerfully some of the deepest chords of human nature that the tragedy of Fedya Protasof remains vital to every reader.

Aylmer Maude, the present translator, relates that the plot was drawn mainly from an actual occurrence:

"In order to set his wife free, a man allowed it to be supposed that he had committed suicide. After she had remarried, and was living happily with her new husband, the secret was discovered, and she and both her husbands were prosecuted."

Tolstoy was so aroused by the terrible results of the law's heavy-handed attempt to deal with these difficult personal problems of man and wife, that he expressed his feelings in this play. It was found, not finally revised, after his death; in fact, he told Mr. Maude he was deliberately avoiding its production during his lifetime, because he did not wish to take the requisite time from other work which absorbed him.

◆

Helen Green's stories appeared first in 1905 in a daily newspaper, then in two volumes, "At the Actors' Boarding House" and "The Maison de Shine." They are hastily dashed-off sketches—but absolute bits of real life, seen by a penetrating eye and a mind exceptionally responsive to the humour of actual existence. We publish here one of her Western stories, and hope to follow later with several tales of Mrs. de Shine and the inimitable collection of vodeville artists to whom she offered hospitality and dictatorship—not to mention Emmar, the slavey, her drab helper, who concealed so completely the butterfly possibilities within herself. The Fourteenth Street of that day is a thing of the past in New York; the Rialto has leaped far, far uptown. But it and its unforgettable occupants are preserved forever in Helen Green's books.

◆

Anton Pavlovitch Chekhov was born in 1860 and lived well into the first decade of this century. He began writing stories when he was only nineteen; and he left some hundreds of short tales besides a number of plays, the most important of which is "The Cherry Orchard," produced at Moscow just before his death.

He was a master of humor and satire, and his pictures of peasant life and dissipation are as vivid and mordant at times as drawings by Goya.

◆

When Sir Walter Raleigh, in 1585, despatched his ill-fated colonizing expedition to the Carolina coast,—the Lost Colony of Roanoke—the seven vessels which bore these 108 settlers were placed under the command of his cousin, Sir Richard Grenville. (Greynville, as he himself wrote it at least once.)

Now this Grenville was of an ancient Cornish family, which had for generations supplied leaders of the Royal navies, such leaders as made Britain's fleet mistress of the seas. His grandfather had been marshal of Calais in the time of Henry VIII, and his father commanded the "Mary Rose" and went down with her in 1545. The present Sir Richard, "a man of much pride and ambition," had one of those fiery natures upon which opposition acted like the draught on a blast-furnace: he became incandescent. He had served in Hungary against the Turks, had been a member of the English Parliament, and had held the post of commissioner of works at Dover harbor. But in his heart he was a seaman, seeking ocean adventure.

Grenville landed his charges safely at Roanoke Island, and took the squadron back to

(*Continued on page 10*)

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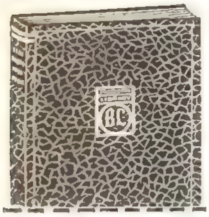

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Yours gratefully,

E. ESTFIELD,
1423 40th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Continued from page 8)

England, capturing a Spaniard on the way. Then he brought out supplies in 1586, found the colony had vanished, and, leaving a few men to hold the spot, sailed away to more congenial work.

Five years later he was on the *Revenge* (which Drake had fought against the Armada three years before), second in command in Lord Thomas Howard's squadron which lay off the Azores to intercept the Spanish treasure-fleet.

Quite unexpectedly a Spanish fleet of fifty-three warships arrived on the scene—and what then happened is told by Tennyson, in words that blow through one like trumpets, no matter how many times his ballad is read.

The best contemporary account relates that just before Sir Richard met death, he spoke his own epitaph:

> "*Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, that hath fought for his country, Queen, religion and honor. Whereby my soul most joyfully departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier, that hath done his duty as he was bound to do.*"

* * *

The very gratifying reception of the first two issues of THE GOLDEN BOOK has brought one embarrassment—not of *richesse*. The first (January) number sold out so completely on the newsstands that we were unable to supply many friends who wrote in asking for it specially. Copies of the January number were selling at $1 and $2 in San Francisco within two weeks of publication. The February issue seems, as this is written, about to repeat this experience—though the edition was largely increased. We are printing 100,000 copies for March, and hope then to meet the demands.

* * *

But—

We shall almost certainly be unable to supply any bound copies of Volume I, complete. There will be an index for Volume I, January to June; and those who are fortunate enough to have a complete file will be able to obtain this for binding.

If this lamentable under-estimate of the quickness of public response to the idea of the Magazine demands an apology, we hereby tender it humbly—only remarking that prior to the first appearance, we were at least much more enthusiastic over it than anybody else whom we consulted.

And it may be added that the main effect has been to stimulate us in our efforts to make THE GOLDEN BOOK more interesting, and more human, and more nearly adequate to its illimitable possibilities.

H. W. L.

* * *

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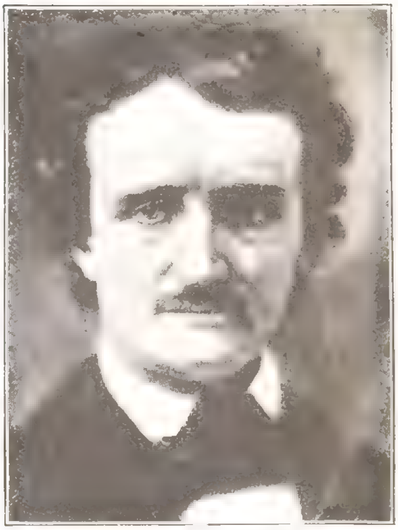
—"whom unmerciful Disaster followed fast and followed faster"

WAS it of himself that Poe wrote these famous lines in "The Raven"? Surely no mortal was ever more relentlessly dogged by misfortune. The shadows of tragedy were ever above him. Is it to be wondered that the heart of Poe turned to bitterness—that he sought escape in wild excesses? What an injustice that the world should once have banned his writings because of his personal defections, forgetting that it was out of the very abandon of his life that his immortal genius was born. How else could he have written tales of such unearthly weirdness—poetry of such haunting beauty! How else could his imagination have soared into such strange fantastic realms, "dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before!"



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A department offering its services without charge to readers of THE GOLDEN BOOK. All letters to the Bureau are treated as personal and confidential and are answered in full by mail. Below appear a few extracts from recent correspondence relating to subjects of general interest. Address Investment Bureau, THE GOLDEN BOOK, 55 Fifth Avenue New York City.

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What is Investing and Speculating?

By the Investment Editor

For twenty years *The Review of Reviews Corporation* has maintained an investment service in *The American Review of Reviews,* and it now welcomes the opportunity to offer this same service to the readers of its new publication, *The Golden Book*. This department is conducted by a man with wide financial experience. He assists many *Review of Reviews'* readers each year in the investment of thousands of dollars, and we trust that readers of *The Golden Book* will avail themselves of this opportunity in the same way. Questions regarding your investment problems should be addressed to the Investment Editor, *The Golden Book*.

When a woman in Washington writes to say that she would like to "invest" in a good oil syndicate that has good holdings and good prospects of finding oil on its property, she shows clearly that she does not know what investing is. If she should sit down with honest but professional gamblers in a poker game with high stakes, she would be taking no more risk with her money than in the "investment" she was looking for, yet she would undoubtedly call the poker game gambling and in that she would be correct.

A better understanding of what "investing," "speculating" and "gambling" are is needed to reduce the great amount of money lost each year in the game of so-called investments. The Liberty Loan bonds gave many people their first lesson in security buying and a large number of these still have little conception of the difference between buying United States Government bonds and the stock of new oil promotions. In other words, they do not know the difference between investing and gambling.

In between investing and gambling comes legitimate speculation, and still fewer people know the difference between it and conservative investing.

A man in the West wrote: "I have a little money to invest, not more than $2,000. What would you say to the purchase of Bethlehem Steel common, Radio Corporation of America common and American Sumatra Tobacco common?" In a postscript, he added, "If these stocks are somewhat speculative what do you think of them as a speculation?"

This man, by his postscript, indicated some conception of the distinction between investing and speculating. He had, however, but $2,000 and undoubtedly what he should do was to invest it safely. Probably a few minutes' talk with him would have disclosed the fact that he had made no study of the steel industry, the tobacco trade or of the uncertainties in the radio field, that he had no means of keeping watch of conditions in those fields, or studying other factors that affect the stock market. Had he been told that it would not even be legitimate speculation but pure gambling for him to buy these stocks he would have been taken aback.

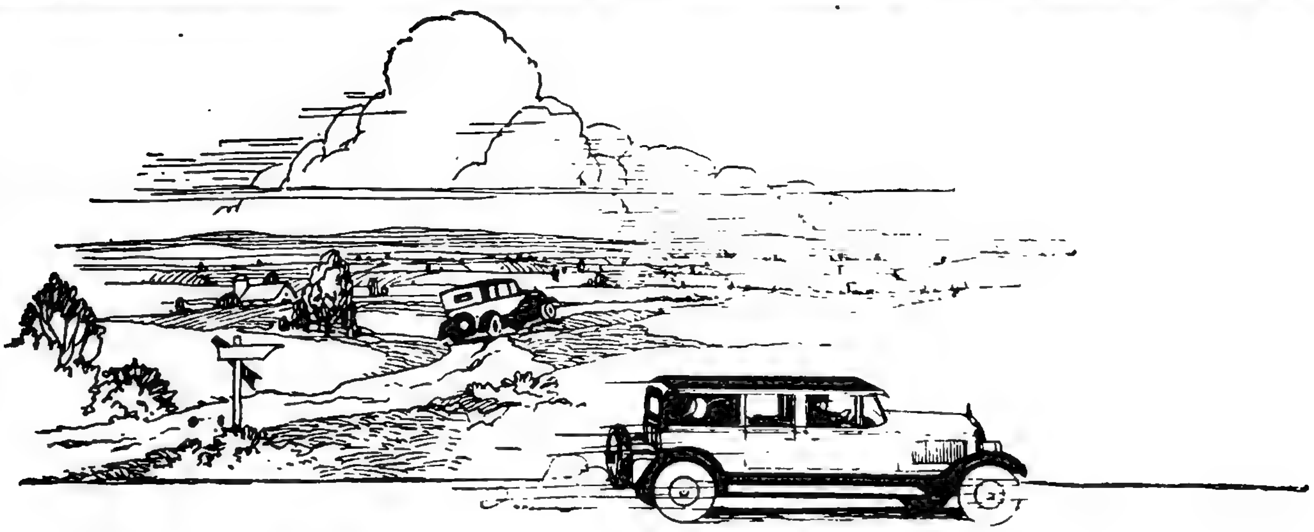
Speculation is based on faith, but it must be backed by intelligent study. Otherwise it is gambling based on pure chance. Speculation is buying in expectation of a rise in value or selling with a view to buying later at a lower price. Investment, on the other hand, has as its first consideration the safety of the principal and interest return. It is essentially the buying of an income.

One writer puts it, "Planting good seed in fertile soil is investment; betting on how many potatoes the seed will produce to a hill is speculation." This figurative definition gives some inkling of the uncertainty that attends even the safest investment. The writer might have carried it farther and pointed out that for someone else, who knew nothing of the character of the seed or the fertility of the soil, to bet on the production from this sowing would be pure gambling.

The blue-sky promoter labels his offerings "investments"; and investors for their own protection should learn what investments, speculations and gambles are. If everyone realized they were gambling when they put their money in a project that they know little or nothing about or trust it to people of whom they know nothing, there would be much less money lost in this way.

Speculation has a legitimate place in nearly every business, in the buying and selling of securities as well as in the buying and selling of groceries. It enters into many investment operations, for at times the highest grade investments have speculative possibilities.

(*Continued on page 14*)



Threading the Highways of Finance

Those who ventured to pioneer on country motor trips ten years ago met with many difficulties. Road conditions and the eccentricities of early motor cars were the least of their troubles. Most exasperating was the lack of dependable guide posts to the safe, quick route. Hours of time and miles of travel were wasted in blind rural lanes. Often 100 miles were traveled to get 50 miles.

There are investors who still follow unmarked trails. They often spend $10,000 to get $5,000 — or less. Their trips are disappointments — sometimes tragedies.

Other investors stay on the broad highway, watch the direction signs, and thoroughly enjoy their trip. They seek the cooperation of an established investment house. They benefit two ways — by avoiding loss and by assuring themselves larger returns over a period of years. Theirs is the pleasure of having more money to spend.

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BONDS SHOULD BE KNOWN BY THE COMPANY THEY KEEP

(*Continued from page 12*)

Liberty Bonds, for instance, when selling around 85 in 1920, held forth attractive speculative possibilities, as did other bonds and stocks at that time. But the purchase of any of them, particularly the stocks, should not have been undertaken as a speculation without a careful study of conditions having first been made.

One of the best authorities on this subject—John Moody—says, "Let no man try to fool himself, if he takes a flyer in stocks because someone has given him a tip on the market, or he hears that some big trader is doing this or that, or he has a general 'hunch' that the market is going up or down, or he sees other people rushing to buy or sell, or he has what he thinks is inside information about a particular stock—he is just as much a gambler as if he went into a house to play roulette."

Is this not a convincing argument against speculation that is gambling and in favor of investment and true speculation for those who are in a position to undertake it? The woman in Washington and the man in the West should undoubtedly seek investment for their money, for the woman did not have sufficient knowledge of securities to undertake speculative operations, and the man did not have enough experience or money to justify him in risking any of it that way.

It is because of this lack of knowledge, experience, and money that the odds are against the public when it comes to speculative operations in stocks. Thomas Gibson, in his "Simple Principles of Investment," points out that it is "an accepted and proven fact that about 80 per cent. of public buying is done at the approximate high prices and at the time when realizing sales would be the logical plan." Those whose interest has been caught by the stock market rise which started last November should keep this in mind.

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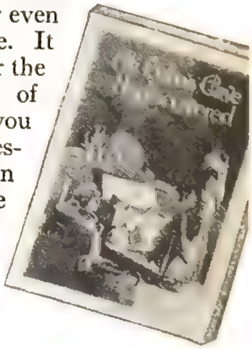

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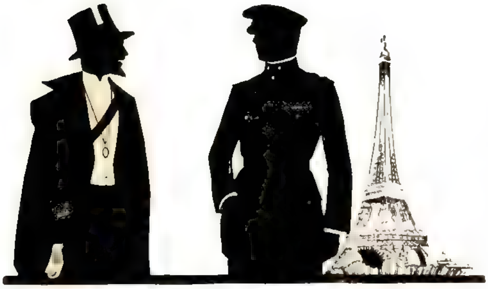

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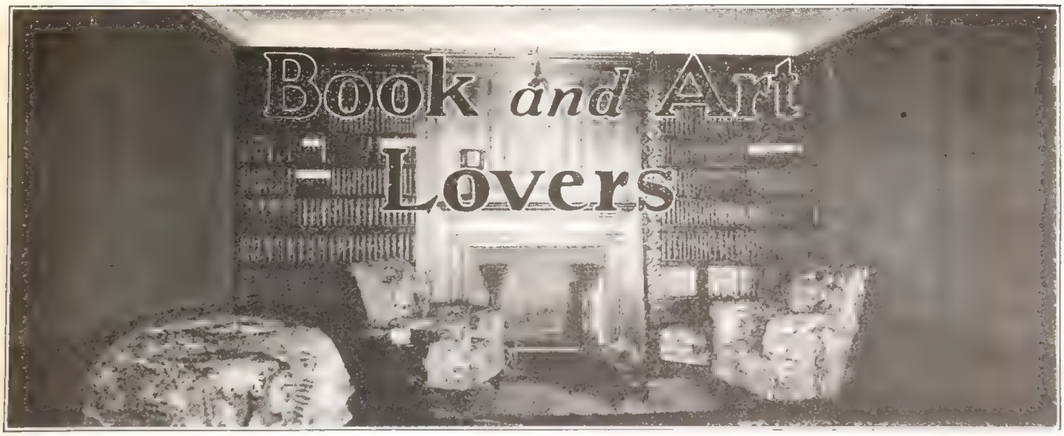

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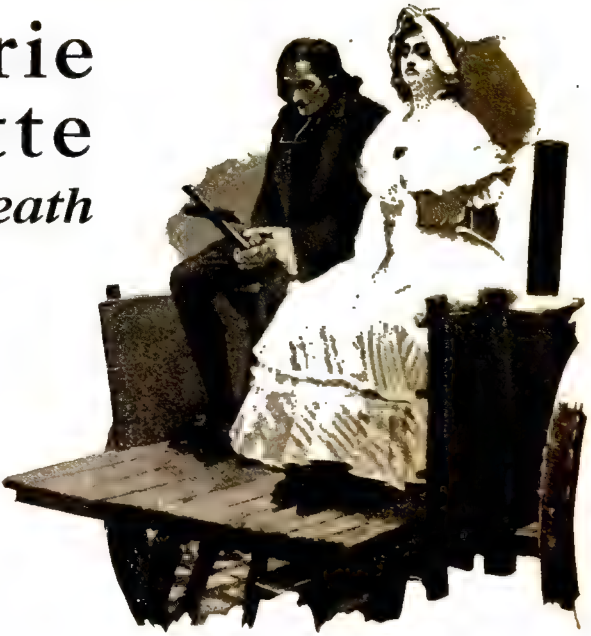

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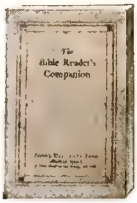

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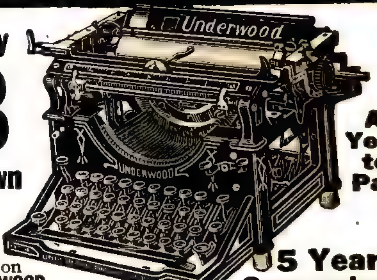

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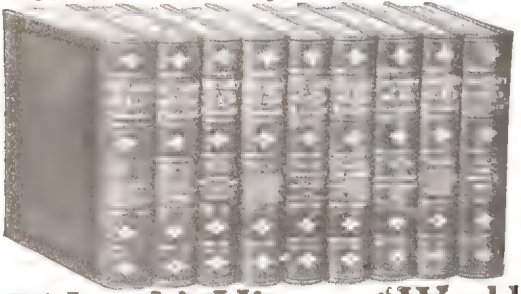

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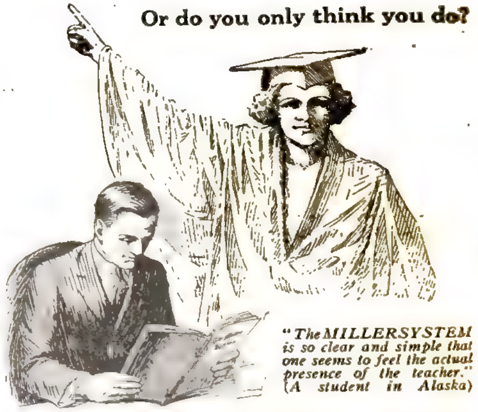
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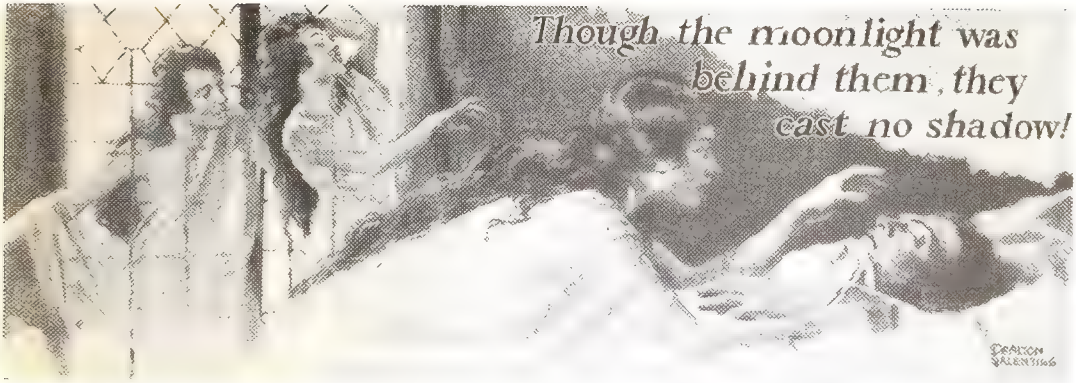
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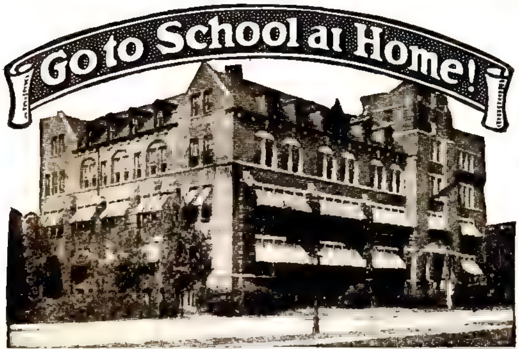

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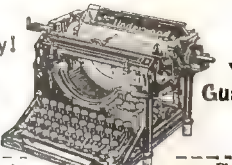

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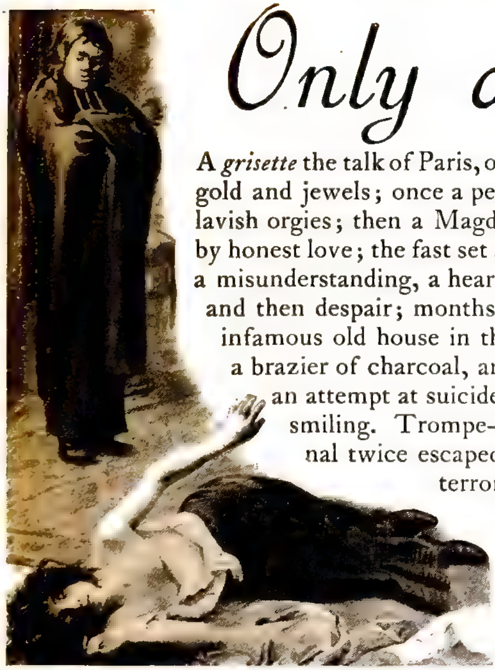

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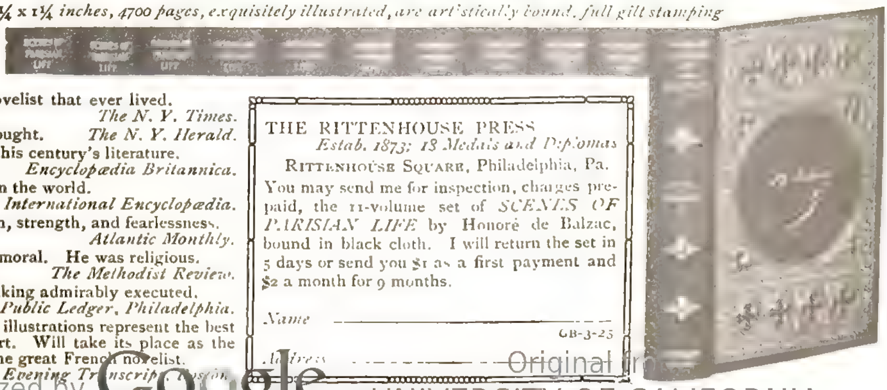

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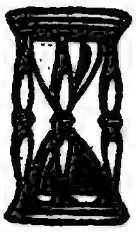
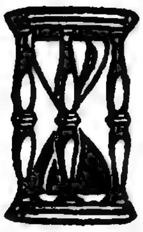
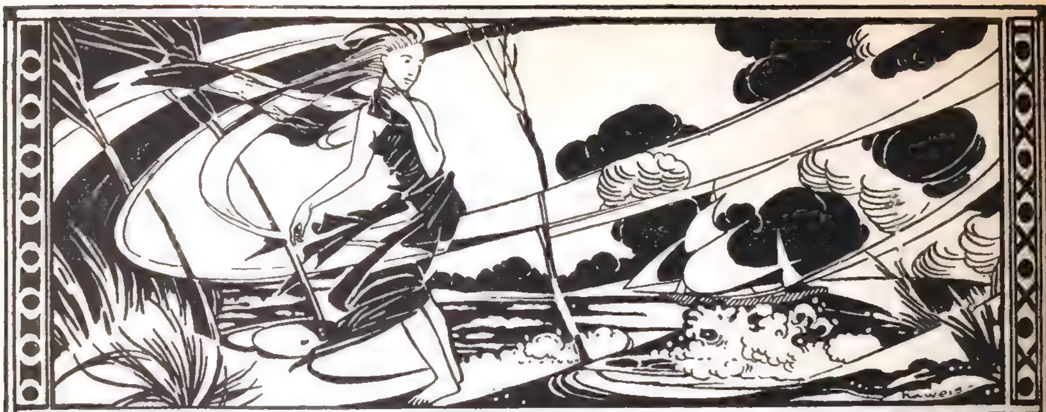


How Some Philosophers, Kings, Women, Priests, Martyrs and Warriors Took Leave of Life



Socrates about to drink the cup of hemlock, 399 B. C.	*"Krito, we owe a cock to Æsculapius; discharge the debt, and by no means omit it."*
Mahomet in the arms of Ayesha, June 7, 632	*"O Allah! be it so—among the glorious associates in Paradise."*
Sir Hugh Percy mortally wounded in the lost cause of his sovereign, Henry VI, April, 1464	*"I have saved the bird in my bosom."*
Bishop Ferrar Chained to the stake, March 30, 1555	*"If I stir through the pains of my burning, believe not the doctrine I have taught."*
Sir Walter Raleigh as the executioner paused October 29, 1816	*"Why dost thou not strike? Strike, man!"*
Goethe March 18, 1832	*"More light."*
Mme. de Pompadour to the curé, who was leaving, as the end seemed at hand, April 15, 1764	*"One moment, M. le Curé; we will go out together."*
Charles II referring to Nell Gwynne, February 6, 1685	*"Don't let poor Nelly starve."*
George IV to Sir Wathen Waller, as he felt the last seizure, June 26, 1830	*"Watty, what is this? It is death, my boy—they have deceived me."*
Mme. Roland looking from the scaffold at the Liberty statue, November 9, 1793	*"Oh Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!"*
Albrecht von Haller anatomist, botanist, poet, December 17, 1777	*"The artery ceases to beat."*
Earl of Chesterfield as his friend was announced, March 24, 1773	*"Give Dayrolles a chair."*
Cromwell September 3, 1658	*"It is not my design to drink or sleep, but my design is to make what haste I can to be gone."*



The Booklover's Calendar.

Its tree, *juniper*. Its stone, *bloodstone*. Its motto, *courage and strength in danger*. OLD SAYING.

ROMAN: The first month of the year, named by Romulus after Mars, his father. The pontifex maximus, upon the coming of the new moon each month, used to solemnly proclaim (*calare*) the beginning month; the first day was the *calends* (hence *calendar*); the 15th of March, May, July and October (the 13th of other months) was the *ides;* the *nones* being the ninth day before that.

ANGLO-SAXON: Loud (stormy) month; also Length month, because of longer days after spring equinox. The last three days were held to be "borrowed" from April, and down to the 18th Century Devonshire farmers would not plow or sow on these three unlucky "Blind Days."

AMERICAN INDIAN: Crow, or Wakening Moon.

HEBREW: March 1 is the 5th of *Adar;* Nisan begins March 26; it opens the ecclesiastical year, though the civil New Year does not come till September.

MOHAMMEDAN: *Sha'ban*, the eighth month, begins on February 25th and ends March 25th. It is followed by *Ramadan*.

CHINESE: the Dog station in the Sun's Yellow Road.

ZODIACAL: The Sun leaves the house of Pisces and enters Aries, the Ram (♈) at the Vernal equinox, March 20th, 10 hours, 13 minutes p. m.

The Moon is full on the 10th and new on the 24th. Venus, Jupiter and Saturn are morning stars; Mars an evening star.

March.

1 ***First Sunday in Lent. St. David, patron saint of Wales, who, among many miracles, made the waters of Bath warm and healing; Welsh legend made him the descendant of the Virgin.***

Rabelais died, 1553. First number of *Spectator, 1711.*

The King, according to custom, wore a leek in honor of the Ancient Britons, the same being presented to him by the sergeant-porter, whose place it is, and for which he claims the clothes His Majesty wore that day.

The Flying Post, 1699.

2 Thence (on the 1st) to the opera, and there saw "Romeo and Juliet," the first time it was ever acted; but it is a play of itself the worst that ever I heard in my life. PEPYS.

3 *Sir Thomas Bodley, founder of Bodleian Library, born, 1544. Horace Walpole died, 1797.*

Mad as a March Hare.

HEYWOOD'S PROVERBES.

4 The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily: then he dipped it into his cup of tea and looked at it again: but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, "It was the *best* butter, you know." LEWIS CARROLL.

5 More black than ash-buds in the front of March. TENNYSON.

6 When winds blow loud, pines make sweet melody. SHELLEY.

7 Ah, March! we know thou art
Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats:
And, out of sight, art nursing April's violets. HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

8 *THE HOME BEAUTY PARLOR IN 1663.*

Up with some little discontent with my wife upon her saying that she had got and used some puppy-dog water, being put upon it by a desire of my Aunt Wight to get some for her, who hath a mind, unknown to her husband, to get some for her ugly face. SAMUEL PEPYS.

9 *Cardinal Mazarin died, 1661.*

The Cardinal in night-cap and dressing-gown tottered along his gallery. . . . "Look!" he exclaimed, "look at that Correggio! this Venus of Titian! that incomparable deluge of Caracci! Ah, my friend, I must quit all these. Farewell, dear pictures, that I loved so dearly, and that cost me so much." BRIENNE.

10 Up from the sea, the wild north wind is blowing
Under the sky's gray arch;
Smiling I watch the shaking elm boughs, knowing
It is the wind of March. WHITTIER.

11 *Tasso born, 1544. First British daily paper, "Courant," 1702.*

Seest not thilke same Hawthorne studde,
How bragly it beginnes to budde,
And utter his tender head?

SPENSER.

12 The purblind day was feebly struggling with the fog.

DICKENS.

13 *Jean de la Fontaine died, 1695.*

Come fill the Cup, and in the Fire of Spring
The Winter Garment of Repentance fling. OMAR KHAYYAM.

14 "Who knows, Partridge, but the loveliest creature in the universe may have her eyes fixed on that very moon which I behold at this instant?" "Very likely, sir," answered Partridge, "and if my eyes were fixed on a good sirloin of roast beef, the Devil might take the moon and her horns into the bargain."

FIELDING.

15 Cæsar said to the soothsayer, "The ides of March are come"; who answered him calmly, "Yes, they are come, but they are not gone." PLUTARCH.

16 *Lord Berners, translator of Froissart, died, 1532.*

daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.
SHAKESPEARE.

17 *St. Patrick died, fifth century. Marcus Aurelius died, 180. According to early English calendars, Noah entered the Ark on this day.*

In Lough Dilveen, St. Patrick chained a monster serpent, telling him to remain there till Monday. The serpent every Monday morning calls out in Irish, "It is a long Monday, Patrick." BOOK OF DAYS.

18 *Laurence Sterne died, 1768.*

While to their vexatious toil,
breathless, men are hurrying,
March, who laughs despite of showers,
secretly prepares the Spring.
GAUTIER.

19 Now when the primrose makes
a splendid show,
And lilies face the March-winds in
full blow,
And humbler growths, as moved with
one desire,
Put on, to welcome spring, their best
attire. WORDSWORTH.

20 *Spring begins, 1925. Ovid born, B. C. 43; Newton died, 1727.*

Nightfall, which in the frost of winter comes as a fiend, and in the warmth of summer as a lover, came as a tranquillizer on this March day.
HARDY.

21 *Southey died, 1843.*

And Winter, slumbering in the
open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of
Spring! COLERIDGE.

22 *Midlent, or Mothering Sunday. Goethe died, 1832.*

I'll to thee a *simnel* bring
'Gainst thou go a-mothering;
So that when she blesses thee,
Half that blessing thou'lt give
me. HERRICK.

23 The sun is coming down to earth, and the fields and the waters shout to him golden shouts. He comes, and his heralds run before him, and touch the leaves of oaks and planes and beeches lucid green, and the pine stems redder gold. MEREDITH.

24 The weather is most melancholy. It is like a fretful child that smiles for a moment and weeps for an hour. FRANCES TROLLOPE.

25 *Annunciation, Lady Day.*

The faint silvery warblings heard over the partially bare and moist fields from the bluebird, the song sparrow, and the red-wing, as if the last flakes of winter tinkled as they fell.
THOREAU.

26 The little white clouds are racing
over the sky,
And the fields are strewn with the gold
of the flower of March,
The daffodil breaks under foot, and
the tasselled larch
Sways and swings as the thrush goes
hurrying by. OSCAR WILDE.

27 Nature cannot be surprised in undress. Beauty breaks in everywhere. EMERSON.

28 It was . . . one of those mornings when even happy people take refuge in their hopes. ELIOT.

29 When the weather changed in earnest, and the frost was gone, and the southwest wind blew softly, and the lambs were at play in the daisies, it was more than I could do to keep from thought of Lorna.
BLACKMORE.

30 Nature, too unkind,
That made no medicine for a
troubled mind.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

31 *Descartes born, 1596. Beethoven died 1827, Charlotte Brontë, 1855.*

A dry March never begs its bread.

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The Gentleman in the Barrel

By CHESTER BAILEY FERNALD

A TRADITION says that the famous Wing Shee learned medicine in the street of the Thirty-four Sorrowful Grandfathers, Canton, from the tongues of the sacred storks whose eyelids he sewed together against the sight of happenings profane. Another tradition denies that he ever did learn it. Yet surely the doctor was a man of parts, and was gifted with every element, except the favor of chance, for what men call success. He looked frail in body; yet he had shone so valorous in the Taiping Rebellion that the mandarin in whose mob of militants Wing Shee marched had plotted perforce to extinguish him. Thus was Wing started on his wanderings, which stopped twenty years ago in a garret room at No. 13 1-5 Beverly Place, San Francisco.

His walls were hung with water-colors reminiscent of screens and fans and china. There was a life-sized lady in much gilt embroidery, who walked due north, while her eyes yearned due south—a triumph of mind over matter. There was a beautiful flesh-tint of the fat Hoo King, who had refused to recognize it; whereupon Wing had given it the grimace of a fiend, and altered the eyes so that they looked at the nose. For the doctor was public in any office of the brush. He would paint your face or a presentment of it, or he would paint your house. He would write letters, or big red visiting-cards, or signs. For a modest transfer he would chart an augury of all the delightful things to come in your career, forbearing mention of those miseries sufficient to the days thereof; and since it was done from seven random hairs plucked by yourself from your own head, there was hardly room for skepticism. But more than for anything else was he esteemed for his knowledge of diseases, and of how to make people think that they did not have them. He was unorthodox in this branch, as he was in others; and that, among the ignorant, has been ground for prejudice against him.

It happened that this little old gentleman, who was sixty-five, though you would have said fifty, found his room rent two months in arrears, with the prospect in one day more of being placed on the outside of No. 13 1-5, with his pots, pans, and implements of art. Wing Shee, who had helped many a fellow in distress, and whose kindly eyes, through spectacles with rims as large as silver dollars, attracted every child, would have fallen into melancholy had that been possible to him; for his position seemed not to touch the hearts of his friends. The scholar's pride that kept him from meeting the issue by pawning the tools of his varied accomplishments they would have called presumptuous affectation.

About this time it became most important to the great Chee Kung Tong to know what mysterious business was done of nights in the rooms of the Tong styling itself the Ho Wang Company. The Ho Wang was ostensibly a corporation formed to deal in wines, and the twenty who assembled regularly in its rooms for secret deliberations, with some incidental good-fellowship and a little propitiation of the gods, were called the board of directors. Most men in Chinatown thought the machinery of the Ho Wang merely a blind against some foolish local law designed to discourage the lottery-gambler—an innocent person who chooses to do business by logarithms; or else they thought the twenty were manufacturing American silver dollars—a pursuit morally justified by the ever unsatisfied demand. But the great Chee Kung was anxious lest this might be the nucleus of a rival organization growing out of the Chee Kung's despotism. A wall of the Ho Wang rooms was said to be inscribed with the names of its three hundred members. The Chee Kung wanted those names, and would pay for them.

Lung Tom and Hang Tow, the hulking day watch-dogs of the Ho Wang quarters, were not available. Lung Tom was successfully approached by a Chee Kung trusty, and said he was more than willing to turn an honest penny; but it was discovered that he could neither read nor write. Of Hang Tow the Chee Kung was chary, since he was suspected of being one of the Ho Wang's members. The two guards were never allowed in the rooms during the meetings, which lasted from eight o'clock at night until four in the morning; but all the rest of the time they were required to keep everybody out of the company's premises, except the police, who were welcome. At night either Lung Tom or Hang Tow was always at the street entrance. The police used to come in once in a while, at first; but they never discovered anything to warrant suspicion. The place contained a number of wine-casks, an open fireplace with an iron pot hung in it, and little else to attract attention. Religious ceremonies seemed the main diversion of the Ho Wang.

One morning, at this juncture, two emissaries of the Chee Kung climbed to the garret where lodged the learned Wing Shee. They heard cheerful music, and came upon the doctor curled in a small heap on his divan, smoking a pipe and playing a mandolin. Having conscientiously exhausted every project for avoiding the ejector of tenants, and having failed, he had turned to the companions of his leisure, leaving the rest to fate. Fate entered his room in the persons of the two from the Chee Kung. That a man reported on the verge of bankruptcy should be thus passing his time surrounded by numerous articles on which money could be had at interest startled them. They were men with paunches and other indications of prosperity; but where they had expected to receive deference they now bowed diplomatically low, and proceeded in a subdued tone to lay their proposition before him while he graciously made tea, with no sign of enthusiasm visible through the great horn bows of his spectacles. When they had received their cups and had seated themselves, rather awed by his elegance of manner, the doctor said:

"What do you offer for this service? If I fail it will be because I lose my life."

"What will you undertake it for?" asked the spokesman. The tea was excellent; the rumors about this learned gentleman must be ridiculously false.

"It will be one dollar for every name," said Wing Shee, rattling some keys in his pocket.

"Three hundred dollars!" said the spokesman. "Impossible! We will give you one hundred. No? Well, good-morning."

The two retired slowly, as if expecting the suggestion of a compromise. Immediately the doctor jumped to the door. They had paused at the first landing below. He held the knob, ready to run and shout to them should they start down the remaining flights. But soon their steps were heard returning, whereupon he climbed briskly to the divan, resumed his pipe, and strummed a few chords on his mandolin.

"We have decided to accept your proposition," said the spokesman, "though as a member of the Chee Kung Tong, and as a man of means, we think you ought to do it for less."

"What can the Chee Kung do for me if I get a hatchet stroke in the nape of the neck?" asked the doctor, sweeping a wild discord over the strings. "Come back in thirty-six hours, and if you see me alive I shall ask you for the money."

The doctor played softly until they were gone. He reflected that a tenth of the sum would have tempted him. Meanwhile the spokesman of the Chee Kung was explaining to his companion that it is better to promise three hundred dollars than to pay one hundred.

When, later, the doctor returned from a visit to an American friend, he carried a box of tools, and up his sleeve was a string of boiled sausages. In the hall a junkman had left an empty barrel so large that the doctor could barely get it through his door. It was strong and heavy, and had served perhaps in the vault of a vineyard. When he had locked himself in with it, he began to move about rapidly. On the divan he laid the sausages, some packages of drugs, his mandolin, his pipe and a supply of tobacco, a sharp knife with a case that looked like a closed fan, a bottle of ground Chinese ink with brushes, a bundle of long paraffin tapers, several books in his own language, and a bottle of rice gin.

Then Pow Lee, who kept the joss-house down-stairs, and occupied the other garret room, heard Wing hammering and sawing and planing. That pleased Pow Lee; for Wing, whose attitude toward joss-keepers was of small respect, was evidently forced to the wall, and must pack his belongings. The little man with the superior manner would have to take up his abode in some inferior lodging, where two others would sleep in his bunk during parts of the solar day. Pow Lee, who was growing wealthy as a member of the Ho Wang Company, could now rent this room for himself, which would suit certain financial plans of his not likely to mature under inspection.

At about dusk the sounds of carpentering came but intermittently; and when Pow Lee, after no answer to his knock, peeped curiously in, he found no one. That seemed strange, since he was sure he had heard a hammer-stroke but a minute before. A blue barrel lay in a pile of shavings. Pow rolled it, and found it heavy; it was surprising that Wing could have filled a barrel and so little changed the aspect of the place. A medicine-box was on the divan, an opportunity welcome to the inquisitive joss-keeper. But when he touched it there came from nearby the sharp sweep of chords on a mandolin. It was evidently Wing returning. Pow Lee fled.

Lights began to shine from the house. The blue barrel lay in the twilight. Occasionally it oscillated gently, as if some heavy person had run across an adjoining room in the flimsy building. A cloud of tobacco smoke hung closely around it, as though brought from the ceiling by a mood of the atmosphere. By and by an American in a leathern apron came with ropes and let it down the stairs. Then he locked the door and took the key. At the street the barrel escaped from the rope and trundundled across the sidewalk, where it stopped abruptly against the wheel of a wagon. The man with the rope apologized, though it was not plain to whom.

Later, in the back room of the Ho Wang Company, Hang Tow drowsily opened his eyes and then went to sleep again, while Lung Tom ranged in line some newly delivered casks. The blue barrel had arrived among them; and this he left upright at one side of the room. Once, while Hang slumbered, Lung moved it a foot or two.

When Hang awoke he saw Lung sitting on the blue barrel, gazing toward the wall at a long line of hieroglyphic names he could not read. Before long the Ho Wang would be assembling. Hang lumbered with interest over to the barrel that was different from the others.

"It doesn't belong here," said Lung. "The man came back while you slept, and said he would call for it in the morning."

"Unusual barrel—has two bungs! Wonder what's in it?" said Hang, with pregnant curiosity. But Lung did not seem to care. Hang could hear no swish of liquids; its contents were evidently solid, since they made a sound when Hang turned it upside down, which was quick work for a man of his strength. At each end at regular intervals there were small round holes in the staves, but the holes had been closed from within. It worried Hang why, if the contents were not valuable, this had been done, and new heads put in. It occurred to him that between four and six in the morning he might be able to open the barrel; and should he take a fancy to anything in it, he could lay the blame on the honest Lung Tom, to whom the American would naturally look should anything be missing.

"Time!" called Hang at length to Lung, who appeared to have started a nap. "The chief said he would discharge you if he found you asleep again."

"He told me," said Lung, without opening his eyes, "that if you didn't smoke less opium he would discharge you."

Before they left for the front room Lung rolled the barrel to a far corner. It oscillated to and fro several times, and finally, with an unnatural lurch, came to rest. A vapour like the smoke of tobacco began to rise from its vicinity; but the air was so Chinese, and the room so dimly lighted by a single oil lamp, that no one would have detected this phenomenon.

At eight o'clock Hoo King, the chief of the Ho Wangs, arrived with several members. Hang Tow had hastened to supper, whence he would seek his favourite opium-joint, where they never failed to drag him from his stupor at exactly half-past three in the morning. Lung Tom told Hoo King about the blue barrel, and took up his station at the street entrance to the hallway.

The members stopped in the front room, where there were chairs and gaslight. From the dim corner of the back room, where the barrel lay on its side, it was possible to distinguish only that a business meeting was being held. At first any one who opened the communicating door might have heard, from a source hard to say, the tinkling of a mandolin, apparently distant, and surely in the hands of a master. But soon the music ceased.

Two hours later Hoo King led the way back for the serious work of the night. He and those who thronged after him were all well known in Chinatown. Hoo King was a ginseng merchant and a general manipulator of profits; Ma Tee owned a factory which supplied cigars to all men who could not afford good ones; the fat Fong Ah was proprietor of a washhouse in which laboured eighteen less fortunate Chinese; Fai Chu was known to every man who had been sick, for he sold drugs in one of the neatest shops of the quarter; Lee Yip was president of a curio-shop much patronized by tourists; Fuey Ying slaughtered pork, and found a market for nearly every pound of it among the Celestials; Pow Lee sold joss-sticks, and ate the offerings to the gods; Hai Lo was head spirit in a mysterious place called the Hole-in-the-Ground; and there were twelve others, all of fresh-shaven heads, and portliness, and clean clothing in noticeable colours. They wore red buttons in their caps, and their trousers were tightly wrapped at the ankles. Their dignity and the tobacco they smoked belonged to a prosperity hard to explain.

Hoo King, who was telling Ma Tee about the blue barrel, said suddenly:

"The idiot—he told me he put it in the far corner!"

The blue barrel was standing upright in the centre of the room.

When the heavy shutters of the rear windows had been barred and the door locked, and the chief had wrapped around his wrist the end of a fine wire that hung from the ceiling, four casks were brought forward and their bungs drawn. One after another each of those present took from his sleeve a bag, from which he counted twenty double eagles, holding every coin so that all could see it, then dropping it into one of the casks. When the money had been equally divided among the casks the bungs were replaced, and there began a very long process of rolling the casks to and fro across the floor. Every few minutes new sets of men came forward for the work, which was arduous enough to set beads of perspiration on the faces of the fat Fong Ah and his counterpart Fuey Ying.

It was well past midnight, and the rolling was nearly at an end, when without warning Hoo King's hand flew up, jerked by the wire attached to his wrist. He shouted a word of gibberish, and, freeing himself, dropped cross-legged in the middle of the room, breaking into a chant like those of the Taoist priests. Quickly six others joined him, and one man began pounding a gong while another played on a squealing pipe. The transformation was creditable from a dramatic point of view; the noise was deafening.

The door swung easily open, and admitted a sergeant of police, followed by a party of tourists and a Chinese interpreter.

"Shut up!" shouted the sergeant, crashing his stick on the panel. "Now, you, John, tell the ladies what kind of a fandango this is."

"This," said the interpreter to the ladies, "is a new kind of leligion—baily diff'unt than all other kinds leligions of China. All those make-to-write on that wall was petitions to Heaven. Those men wusship one big yellow god named Yangtse—baily much same all you 'Melicans wusship."

"Well," said a lady, "they are started in the right direction. Who knows but that they will finish by becoming Christians?"

"More likely to finish in jail, ma'am," said the sergeant, who had had experiences. "This ain't much. But now I'll show you the old woman who sells live cats' eyes."

The party filed out, each lady with her skirts in one hand, and her smelling-bottle in the other, the men puffing at cigars in competition with the air of the place.

Then the scene changed back. The contents of the casks—water, sand, and coin—were discharged, and the money was restored to its owners. The operation was Hoo King's method of "sweating" United States gold coin, the result of his many years of experience. Hoo King was the man who knew the right quality of sand, and judged the coins, and controlled the best methods of disposing of them after they had been robbed of enough metal for profit. The water with which the sand had been washed was placed in a big kettle to evaporate, and while the fire roared beneath it the members sat smoking, and whiling away the time with jovial conversation. Those who had to be up early stretched out in sleep.

When Pow Lee recognized the blue barrel, and stated positively where he had seen it a few hours before, it came in for much attention and gossip. There was a general feeling of pleasure in this group of men opposed to the learned Wing Shee both morally and mentally, over the proof of the financial straits into which he had fallen. Fai Chu disparaged him as a quack who had been the death of countless patients. Hoo King spoke of the rejected portrait, which in its altered form was a constant thorn in his side, and suggested how agreeable it would be to roast the doctor in his own blue barrel over such an excellent fire. Pow Lee seconded their sentiments with spirit, and searched for the ax, proposing that the barrel be broken in and its contents examined. With his own eyes, he said, he had seen Wing See packing in it the cross-eyed portrait of the chief of the Ho Wang, together with many strange dried animals such as Wing ground for his magic medicines. Here was a most desirable opportunity to get possession of the portrait, and examine the outlandish beasts at leisure. The doctor's false pretenses could be exposed. The others hammered the barrel, and rolled it, and turned it upside down.

"Look out!" said Pow, coming up with the ax, "Just let me have one blow!"

But the fat Fong Ah stayed the arm of the joss-keeper.

"It won't do," he said; "for if the white man who brought it makes complaint, the police will search this place too thoroughly."

When four o'clock arrived, there had been a brief process with crucible and bellows, and the directors of the Ho Wang Company had gone home to peaceful slumber.

At this point enters something like a question of veracity. Hang Tow returned rather heavy with opium, and saw the blue barrel lying on its side. The two watchmen lay down in different corners of the room. Each insists that he slept until seven in the morning without a break. Hang says he had a dream. Their statements are improbable.

Hang's alleged dream was that he awoke and heard a sound as if one of the casks was being rolled very slowly across the floor. There was a mild collision with another cask, and then a silence that caused a rising of his loose scalp-locks. Soon came more of this cautious rolling, and another bump, after which he presently saw in the direction whence proceeded the noise eight tiny points of light gleaming in the darkness a few feet above the floor. The lights shone steadily, and there was no further sound. This phenomenon filled Hang with a contest of fear and curiosity, in which the latter finally prevailed, so that he crept gently toward the lights. When he was nearly within reach they disappeared. He struck a match, and confronted the blue barrel.

If the luminous glances of one of Wing's diabolical animals had made the glimmer, the monster was probably too big to escape and be at him from the bung of the barrel. He lighted the lamp, and with the handle of the ax knocked in one of the two bungs. It is absurd to assert that this action would not have aroused Lung Tom. Hang tried to see into the barrel, but his head got persistently in the way of the rays of the lamp. He went around and knocked in the other bung, so that the light might shine from the other side. But as soon as he left the first bung-hole for the second, the first bung was replaced from the inside of the barrel! He could not run around the barrel quickly enough to get ahead of the demon imprisoned within.

But now he wedged a broomstick firmly between two other casks, so that its end went a short way through one of the bung-holes and prevented its plug from being put back; then once more he thrust in the second bung. Now he could see! His eyes met two large shining disks like spectacles. That was all.

There came a puff as from some one blowing dust, and a cloud of blinding, stinging red powder filled his eyes, putting out his sight, and causing him to howl with pain. As Hang Tow raised his hands to his brow, the barrel lifted from where it stood, and fell heavily upon his nose, throwing him on his back. It rolled off with a thunder that would have awakened ten Lung Toms. But Lung made no sign. It is not known just what further harm the barrel did to Hang Tow, but when it had finished with him it waddled up to the lamp, blew out the flame, lighted a taper inside of itself, and settled down comfortably.

When, late in the morning, Hang awoke and saw Lung sitting in abstraction on a cask near by, Hang gazed inquiringly through red and tearful eyes at his honest fellow-watchman. Lung Tom glanced at him without emotion, and said simply:

"Too much opium."

The blue barrel was gone.

Snubby Taggerty had the barrel in hand. It was he who had carried and brought it. He was talking to it while he urged it through the door of the garret in Beverly Place. When he had locked himself into the room, and had said, with a sigh of rest, "All right!" two flaps opened in the head of the barrel, and Doctor Wing Shee looked again upon his beloved abode. His head was swathed like a Moslem's, and his cue was coiled into an additional buffer at the top of it.

"You pullee me," he requested, with a feeble grimace.

Taggerty, who was not very tall, stood on a chair, and tried to extract the learned gentleman from within. But the doctor's legs, cramped by eighteen hours in one position, refused to turn on their hinges, and his knees caught provokingly against the fixed part of the barrel-head.

"Hol' on, doc," said Taggerty, suddenly releasing his hold, and letting his friend slump back to the interior of the barrel. "Wait till I t'row it over."

When the barrel was on its side, Taggerty slowly manipulated the body of his friend as he had sometimes worked large bedsteads through narrow doors, and finally produced him complete on the floor. The doctor smiled in the best of humour; but when Taggerty took him under the arms and raised him to his feet, the old gentleman's legs refused to straighten, and he flopped back to a cross-legged position in the pile of shavings.

"Too muchee same, allee time," explained the doctor, cheerily, while his friend placed him on a chair, and tried to pull his legs in line. "No; you go that closet—look shee black bottle."

Taggerty drew forth a jar of whisky in which floated the remains of a plucked fowl.

"What the dickens is the birdie, doc?" said he, in wonder.

"That him cloe-bud; make 'Caw, caw, caw!' You sabbee? Baily good for no-can-walk."

Half an hour's rubbing with this liniment left the Chinaman fairly restored, and not long afterwards the two deputies of the Chee Kung Tong, climbing the garret stairs, heard the familiar tinkle of the learned gentleman's mandolin. But this time when they came in they found Snubby Taggerty with him.

"Here is a book with 303 names of the members of the Ho Wang Company, as written on the walls of its rear apartment," said the doctor, leaning over the blue barrel. "Three hundred dollars, however, will be sufficient."

The visitors exchanged glances.

"We'll give you two hundred," exclaimed the spokesman.

"*Three* hundred dollars will be sufficient," said the doctor, in a tone full of meaning.

"But how do we know they are genuine? Besides, if you don't accept our terms your trouble will have been for nothing."

"You accepted my terms yesterday. My reputation guarantees their authenticity. As for the rest, it will be more profitable to me to drop the book into this barrel, in which there is an inch of coal oil. With this taper," said the doctor, lighting it, "I can fire the oil, and destroy the book of names—the valuable book of names—instantaneously. I give you a minute by my friend's watch to decide. You look shee," said the doctor, in English, to Taggerty.

The envoys departed, leaving Wing Shee in possession of fifteen big gold pieces.

The door had barely closed before it was opened unceremoniously by a creature with a hooked nose and a mouth of disdain, who said to Wing Shee briefly:

"Well, to-day is the thirty-first. What is it—pay or get bounced?"

"Say, feller," said Taggerty, who sat easily in a chair, "that ain't the way to speak to a gent like this. He's first cousin to the King of the Asiastic empire, he is—an' I don't like yer ugly face, savez?"

"What have you got to do with it, you snub-nose?" said the ejector of tenants, scornfully.

"Oh, let's see!" said Taggart, joyfully. "Count 'em out, doc; an' see he don't cheat on the change. Didn't I tell yer the doc was in the swim? I'm his chief bull-whacker, I am—take a run!"

The ejector was rudely ejected by the collar, and from the stairs were heard sounds of a person descending with great difficulty, but with much haste.

"Say, doc," said Snubby Taggerty, when he returned, "was they really three hundred members to that outfit?"

"Oh, no," said Wing Shee. "All those names dead men. They was put on that wall to make foolee people. But you baily good boy. I give you twenty dollies."

"Naw! You'n me's even for the time you fixed me busted eye. But they's twenty live ones, anyhow. An' you'n me'll get a *re*ward from the Gov'ment for nosin' a counterfeiters' nest. Say, I've got a scheme or two to let you in on; for you're a dandy—you are!" said Taggerty, gazing admiringly at the blue barrel. "Bye!"

After a while nothing remained of the blue barrel but a pile of kindling-wood. The learned Doctor Wing Shee sat on his divan, playing the mandolin softly, and now and then taking a whiff from his pipe.

"The best of it," he said to himself, with a quiet smile, as he stared through his great spectacles, and thought of the time he had spent in the barrel reading by the light of a taper, "is that, after twenty years, I at last finished the 'Story of How Yuen Liu Taught the Stork to Play Shuttle-Cock,' which, to me, is the most stupid and improbable of the Seven Thousand Classics."

IN CHINA—SOME CENTURIES BEFORE "ROMEO AND JULIET"

The Parting Lovers

She says: "The cock crows—hark!"
He says: "No! Still 'tis dark."

She says: "The dawn grows bright";
He says: "Oh no, my light."

She says: "Stand up and say,
Gets not the heaven gray?"

He says: "The morning star
Climbs the horizon's bar."

She says: "Then quick depart:
Alas! you now must start:

"But give the bird a blow
Who did begin our woe."

The Accursed House

By ÉMILE GABORIAU

Em. Gaboriau

THE Vicomte de B——, an amiable and charming young man, was peacefully enjoying an income of 30,000 livres yearly, when, unfortunately for him, his uncle, a miser of the worst species, died, leaving him all his wealth, amounting to nearly two millions.

In running through the documents of succession, the Vicomte de B—— learned that he was the proprietor of a house in the Rue de la Victoire. He learned, also, that the unfurnished building, bought in 1849 for 300,000 francs, now brought in, clear of taxes, rentals amounting to 82,000 francs a year.

"Too much, too much, entirely," thought the generous vicomte, "my uncle was too hard; to rent at this price is usury, one can not deny it. When one bears a great name like mine, one should not lend himself to such plundering. I will begin to-morrow to lower my rents, and my tenants will bless me."

With this excellent purpose in view, the Vicomte de B—— sent immediately for the *concièrge* of the building, who presented himself as promptly, with back bent like a bow.

"Bernard, my friend," said the vicomte, "go at once from me and notify all your tenants that I lower their rents by one-third."

That unheard-of word "lower" fell like a brick on Bernard's head. But he quickly recovered himself; he had heard badly; he had not understood.

"Low—er the rents!" stammered he. "Monsieur le Vicomte deigns to jest. Lower! Monsieur, of course, means to raise the rents."

"I was never more serious in my life, my friend," the vicomte returned; "I said, and I repeat it, lower the rents."

This time the *concièrge* was surprised to the point of bewilderment—so thrown off his balance that he forgot himself and lost all restraint.

"Monsieur has not reflected," persisted he. "Monsieur will regret this evening. Lower the tenants' rents! Never was such a thing known, monsieur! If the lodgers should learn of it, what would they think of monsieur? What would people say in the neighbourhood? Truly—"

"Monsieur Bernard, my friend," dryly interrupted the vicomte, "I prefer, when I give an order, to be obeyed without reply. You hear me—go!"

Staggering like a drunken man, Monsieur Bernard went out from the house of his proprietor.

All his ideas were upset, overthrown, confounded. Was he, or was he not, the plaything of a dream, a ridiculous nightmare? Was he himself Pierre Bernard, or Bernard somebody else?

"Lower his rents! lower his rents!" repeated he. "It is not to be believed! If indeed the lodgers had complained! But they have not complained; on the contrary, all are good payers. Ah, if his uncle could only know this, he would rise from the tomb! His nephew has gone mad, 'tis certain! Lower the rents! They should have up this young man before a family council; he will finish badly! Who knows—after this—what he will do next? He lunched too well, perhaps, this morning."

And the worthy Bernard was so pale with emotion when he re-entered his lodge, so pale and spent, that on seeing him enter, his wife and daughter Amanda exclaimed as with one voice:

"Goodness! what is it? What has happened to you now?"

"Nothing," responded he, with altered voice, "absolutely nothing."

"You are deceiving me," insisted Madame Bernard, "you are concealing something from me; do not spare me; speak, I am strong—what did the new proprietor tell you? Does he think of turning us off?".

"If it were only that! But just think, he told me with his own lips, he told me to —ah! you will never believe me—"

"Oh, yes; only do go on."

"You will have it, then!— Well, then, he told me, he ordered me to notify all the tenants that—*he lowered their rents one-third!* Did you hear what I said?—*lowered* the rents of the tenants—"

But neither Madame nor Mademoiselle Bernard heard him out—they were twisting and doubling with convulsive laughter.

"Lower!" repeated they; "ah! what a good joke, what a droll man! Lower the tenants' rents."

But Bernard, losing his temper and insisting that he must be taken seriously in his own lodge, his wife lost her temper too, and a quarrel followed! Madame Bernard declaring that Monsieur Bernard had, beyond a doubt, taken his fantastic order from the bottom of a litre of wine in the restaurant at the corner.

But for Mademoiselle Amanda the couple would undoubtedly have come to blows, and finally Madame Bernard, who did not wish to be thought demented, threw a shawl over her head and ran to the proprietor's house. Bernard had spoken truly; with her own two ears, ornamented with big, gilded hoops, she heard the incredible word. Only, as she was a wise and prudent woman, she demanded "a bit of writing" to put, as she said, "her responsibility under cover."

She, too, returned thunderstruck, and all the evening in the lodge, father, mother, and daughter deliberated.

Should they obey? or should they warn some relative of this mad young man, whose common sense would oppose itself to such insanity.

They decided to obey.

Next morning, Bernard, buttoning himself into his best frock coat, made the rounds of the three-and-twenty apartments to announce his great news.

Ten minutes afterward the house in the Rue de la Victoire was in a state of commotion impossible to describe. People who, for forty years had lived on the same floor, and never honored each other with so much as a tip of the hat, now clustered together and chatted eagerly.

"Do you know, monsieur?"

"It is very extraordinary."

"Simply unheard of!"

"The proprietor's lowered my rent!"

"One-third, is it not? Mine also."

"Astounding! It *must* be a mistake!"

And despite the affirmations of the Bernard family, despite even the "bit of writing" "under cover," there were found among the tenants doubting Thomases, who doubted still in the face of everything.

Three of them actually wrote to the proprietor to tell him what had passed, and to charitably warn him that his *concièrge* had wholly lost his mind. The proprietor responded to these skeptics, confirming what Bernard had said. Doubt, therefore, was out of the question.

Then began reflections and commentaries.

"*Why* had the proprietor lowered his rents?"

"Yes, *why?*"

"What motives," said they all, "actuate this strange man? For certainly he must have grave reasons for a step like this! An intelligent man, a man of good sense, would never deprive himself of good fat revenues, well secured, for the simple pleasure of depriving himself. One would not conduct himself thus without being forced, constrained by powerful or terrible circumstances."

And each said to himself:

"*There is something under all this!*"

"But what?"

And from the first floor to the sixth they sought and conjectured and delved in their brains. Every lodger had the preoccupied air of a man that strives with all his wits to solve an impossible cipher, and everywhere there began to be a vague disquiet, as it happens when one finds himself in the presence of a sinister mystery.

Some one went so far as to hazard:

"This man must have committed a great and still hidden crime; remorse pushes him to philanthropy."

"It was not a pleasant idea, either, the thought of living thus side by side with a rascal; no, by no means; he might be repentant, and all that, but suppose he yielded to temptation once more!"

"The house, perhaps, was badly built?" questioned another, anxiously.

"Hum-m, so-so! no one could tell; but all knew one thing—it was very, very old!"

"True! and it had been necessary to prop it when they dug the drain last year in the month of March."

"Maybe it was the roof, then, and the house is top-heavy?" suggested a tenant on the fifth floor.

"Or perhaps," said a lodger in the garret, "there is a press for coining counterfeit money in the cellar; I have often heard at night a sound like the dull, muffled thud of a coin-stamper."

The opinion of another was that Russian, maybe Prussian, spies had gained a lodgment in the house, while the gentleman of the first story was inclined to believe that the proprietor purposed to set fire to his house and furniture with the sole object of drawing great sums from the insurance companies.

Then began to happen, as they all declared, extraordinary and even frightful things. On the sixth and mansard floors it appeared that strange and absolutely inexplicable noises were heard. Then the nurse of the old lady on the fourth story, going one night to steal wine from the cellar, encountered the ghost of the defunct proprietor—he even held in his hand a receipt for rent—by which she knew him!

And the refrain from aloft to cellar was: "There *is* something under all this!"

From disquietude it had come to fright; from fright it quickly passed to terror. So that the gentleman of the first floor, who had valuables in his rooms, made up his mind to go, and sent in notice by his clerk.

Bernard went to inform the proprietor, who responded:

"All right, let the fool go!"

But next day the chiropodist of the second floor, though he had naught to fear for his valuables, imitated the gentleman beneath him. Then the bachelors and the little households of the fifth story quickly followed his example.

From that moment it was a general rout. By the end of the week, everybody had given notice. Every one awaited some frightful catastrophe. They slept no more. They organized patrols. The terrified domestics swore that they too would quit the accursed house and remained temporarily only on tripled wages.

Bernard was no more than the ghost of himself; the fever of fear had worn him to a shadow.

"No," repeated his wife mournfully at each fresh notification, "no, it is *not* natural."

Meanwhile three-and-twenty "For Rent" placards swung against the façade of the house, drawing an occasional applicant for lodgings.

Bernard—never grumbling now—climbed the staircase and ushered the visitor from apartment to apartment.

"You can have your choice," said he to the people that presented themselves, "the house is entirely vacant; all the tenants have given notice as one man. They do not know why, exactly, but things have happened, oh! yes, *things!* a mystery such as was never before known—*the proprietor has lowered his rents!*"

And the would-be lodgers fled away affrighted.

The term ended, three-and-twenty vans carried away the furniture of the three-and-twenty tenants. Everybody left. From top to bottom, from foundations to garret, the house lay empty of lodgers.

The rats themselves, finding nothing to live on, abandoned it also.

Only the *concièrge* remained, gray-green with fear in his lodge. Frightful visions haunted his sleep. He seemed to hear lugubrious howlings and sinister murmurs at night that made his teeth chatter with terror and his hair erect itself under his cotton nightcap. Madame Bernard no more closed an eye than he. And Amanda in her frenzy renounced all thought of the operatic stage and married—for nothing in the world but to quit the paternal lodge—a young barber and hair-dresser whom she had never before been able to abide.

At last, one morning, after a more frightful nightmare than usual, Bernard, too, took a great resolution. He went to the proprietor, gave up his keys, and scampered away.

. . . .

And now on the Rue de la Victoire stands the abandoned house, "The Accursed House," whose history I have told you. Dust thickens upon the closed slats, grass grows in the court. No tenant ever presents himself now; and in the quarter, where stands this Accursed House, so funereal is its reputation that even the neighbouring houses on either side of it have also depreciated in value.

Lower one's rents!! Who would think of such a thing!!!

OUT OF "THE DEVIL'S DICTIONARY"

CARNIVOROUS, *adj.* Addicted to the cruelty of devouring the timid vegetarian, his heirs and assigns.

AMBROSE BIERCE.

An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge

By AMBROSE BIERCE

Ambrose Bierce

I

A MAN stood upon a railroad bridge in Northern Alabama looking down into the swift waters twenty feet below. The man's hands were behind his back, the wrists bound with a cord. A rope loosely encircled his neck. It was attached to a stout cross-timber above his head, and the slack fell to the level of his knees. Some loose boards laid upon the sleepers supporting the metals of the railway supplied a footing for him and his executioners—two private soldiers of the Federal army, directed by a sergeant, who in civil life may have been a deputy sheriff. At a short remove upon the same temporary platform was an officer in the uniform of his rank, armed. He was a captain. A sentinel at each end of the bridge stood with his rifle in the position known as "support," that is to say, vertical in front of the left shoulder, the hammer resting on the forearm thrown straight across the chest—a formal and unnatural position, enforcing an erect carriage of the body. It did not appear to be the duty of these two men to know what was occurring at the centre of the bridge; they merely blockaded the two ends of the foot-plank which traversed it.

Beyond one of the sentinels nobody was in sight; the railroad ran straight away into a forest for a hundred yards, then, curving, was lost to view. Doubtless there was an outpost further along. The other bank of the stream was open ground—a gentle acclivity crowned with a stockade of vertical tree-trunks, loopholed for rifles, with a single embrasure through which protruded the muzzle of a brass cannon commanding the bridge. Midway up the slope between the bridge and fort were the spectators—a single company of infantry in line, at "parade rest," the butts of the rifles on the ground, the barrel inclining slightly backward against the right shoulder, the hands crossed upon the stock. A lieutenant stood at the right of the line, the point of his sword upon the ground, his left hand resting upon his right. Excepting the group of four at the center of the bridge not a man moved. The company faced the bridge, staring stonily, motionless. The sentinels, facing the banks of the stream, might have been statues to adorn the bridge. The captain stood with folded arms, silent, observing the work of his subordinates, but making no sign. Death is a dignitary who, when he comes announced, is to be received with formal manifestations of respect, even by those most familiar with him. In the code of military etiquette silence and fixity are forms of deference.

The man who was engaged in being hanged was apparently about thirty-five years of age. He was a civilian, if one might judge from his dress, which was that of a planter. His features were good—a straight nose, firm mouth, broad forehead, from which his long, dark hair was combed straight back, falling behind his ears to the collar of his well-fitting frock coat. He wore a mustache and pointed beard, but no whiskers; his eyes were large and dark gray, and had a kindly expression which one would hardly have expected in one whose neck was in the hemp. Evidently this was no vulgar assassin. The liberal military code makes provisions for hanging many kinds of people, and gentlemen are not excluded.

The preparations being complete, the two private soldiers stepped aside, and each drew away the plank upon which he had been standing. The sergeant turned to the captain, saluted, and placed himself immediately behind that officer, who in turn moved apart one pace. These movements left the condemned man and the sergeant standing on the two ends of the same plank, which spanned three of the cross-ties of the bridge. The end upon which the civilian stood almost, but not quite, reached a fourth. This plank had been held in place by the weight of the captain; it was now held by that of the sergeant. At a signal from the former the latter would step aside, the plank would tilt, and the condemned man go down between two ties. The arrangement commended itself to his judgment as simple and effective. His face had not been covered nor his eyes bandaged. He looked a moment at his "unsteadfast footing," then let his gaze wander to the swirling water of the stream racing madly beneath his feet. A piece of dancing driftwood caught his attention, and his eyes followed it down the current. How slowly it appeared to move! What a sluggish stream!

He closed his eyes in order to fix his last thoughts upon his wife and children. The water, touched to gold by the early sun, the brooding mists under the banks at some distance down the stream, the fort, the soldiers, the piece of drift—all had distracted him. And now he became conscious of a new disturbance. Striking through the thought of his dear ones was a sound he could neither ignore nor understand, a sharp, distinct, metallic percussion like the stroke of a blacksmith's hammer upon the anvil; it had the same ringing quality. He wondered what it was, and whether immeasurably distant or near by—it seemed both. Its recurrence was regular, but as slow as the tolling of a death-knell. He awaited each stroke with impatience and—he knew not why—apprehension. The intervals of silence grew progressively longer; the delays maddening. With their greater infrequency the sounds increased in strength and sharpness. They hurt his ear like the thrust of a knife; he feared he would shriek. What he heard was the ticking of his watch.

He unclosed his eyes and saw again the water below him. "If I could free my hands," he thought, "I might throw off the noose and spring into the stream. By diving, I could evade the bullets, and, swimming vigorously reach the bank, take to the woods, and get away home. My home, thank God, is as yet outside their lines; my wife and little ones are still beyond the invader's farthest advance."

As these thoughts, which have here to be set down in words, were flashed into the doomed man's brain rather than evolved from it, the captain nodded to the sergeant. The sergeant stepped aside

II

Peyton Farquhar was a well-to-do planter, of an old and highly respected Alabama family. Being a slave-owner, and, like other slave-owners, a politician, he was naturally an original secessionist and ardently devoted to the Southern cause. Circumstances of an imperious nature which it is unnecessary to relate here had prevented him from taking service with the gallant army which had fought the disastrous campaigns ending with the fall of Corinth, and he chafed under the inglorious restraint, longing for the release of his energies, the larger life of the soldier, the opportunity for distinction. That opportunity, he felt, would come, as it comes to all in war-time. Meanwhile he did what he could. No service was too humble for him to perform in aid of the South, no adventure too perilous for him to undertake if consistent with the character of a civilian who was at heart a soldier, and who in good faith and without too much qualification assented to at least a part of the frankly villainous dictum that all is fair in love and war.

One evening while Farquhar and his wife were sitting on a rustic bench near the entrance to his grounds, a gray-clad soldier rode up to the gate and asked for a drink of water. Mrs. Farquhar was only too happy to serve him with her own white hands. While she was gone to fetch the water, her husband approached the dusty horseman and inquired eagerly for news from the front.

"The Yanks are repairing the railroads," said the man, "and are getting ready for another advance. They have reached the Owl Creek Bridge, put it in order, and built a stockade on the other bank. The commandant has issued an order, which is posted everywhere, declaring that any civilian caught interfering with the railroad, its bridges, tunnels, or trains, will be summarily hanged. I saw the order."

"How far is it to the Owl Creek Bridge?" Farquhar asked.

"About thirty miles."

"Is there no force on this side the creek?"

"Only a picket post half a mile out, on the railroad, and a single sentinel at this end of the bridge."

"Suppose a man—a civilian and student

of hanging—should elude the picket post and perhaps get the better of the sentinel," said Farquhar, smiling, "what could he accomplish?"

The soldier reflected. "I was there a month ago," he replied. "I observed that the flood of last winter had lodged a great quantity of driftwood against the wooden pier at this end of the bridge. It is now dry, and would burn like tow."

The lady had now brought the water, which the soldier drank. He thanked her ceremoniously, bowed to her husband, and rode away. An hour later, after nightfall, he repassed the plantation, going northward in the direction from which he had come. He was a Federal scout.

III

As Peyton Farquhar fell straight downward through the bridge, he lost consciousness and was as one already dead. From this state he was awakened—ages later, it seemed to him—by the pain of a sharp pressure upon his throat, followed by a sense of suffocation. Keen, poignant agonies seemed to shoot from his neck downward through every fiber of his body and limbs. These pains seemed to flash along well-defined lines of ramification, and to beat with an inconceivably rapid periodicity. They seemed like streaks of pulsating fire, heating him to an intolerable temperature. As to his head, he was conscious of nothing but a feeling of fulness—of congestion. These sensations were unaccompanied by thought. The intellectual part of his nature was already effaced; he had power only to feel, and feeling was torment. He was conscious of motion. Encompassed in a luminous cloud, of which he was now merely the fiery heart, without material substance, he swung through unthinkable arcs of oscillation, like a vast pendulum. Then all at once, with terrible suddenness, the light about him shot upward with the noise of a loud splash; a frightful roaring was in his ears, and all was cold and dark. The power of thought was restored; he knew that the rope had broken and he had fallen into the stream. There was no additional strangulation; the noose about his neck was already suffocating him, and kept the water from his lungs. To die hanging at the bottom of a river—the idea seemed to him ludicrous. He opened his eyes in the blackness and saw above him a gleam of light; but how distant, how inaccessible! He was still sinking, for the light became fainter and fainter until it was a mere glimmer. Then it began to brighten, and he knew that he was rising toward the surface—knew it with reluctance, for he was now very comfortable. "To be hanged and drowned," he thought, "that is not so bad; but I do not wish to be shot. No; I will not be shot; that is not fair."

He was not conscious of an effort, but a sharp pain in his wrists apprized him that he was trying to free his hands. He gave the struggle his attention, as an idler might observe the feat of a juggler, without interest in the outcome. What a splendid effort—what magnificent, what superhuman strength! Ah, that was a fine endeavour! Bravo! The cord fell away; his arms parted and floated upward, the hands dimly seen on each side in the growing light. He watched them with new interest as first one and then the other pounced upon the noose at his neck. They tore it away and thrust it fiercely aside, its undulations resembling those of a water-snake. "Put it back! put it back!" He thought he shouted these words to his hands, for the undoing of the noose had been succeeded by the direst pang which he had yet experienced. His neck ached horribly; his brain was on fire; his heart, which had been fluttering faintly, gave a great leap, trying to force itself out of his mouth. His whole body was racked and wrenched with an insupportable anguish! But his disobedient hands gave no heed to the command. They beat the water vigorously with quick, downward strokes, forcing him to the surface. He felt his head emerge; his eyes were blinded by the sunlight; his chest expanded convulsively, and with a supreme and crowning agony his lungs engulfed a great draught of air, which instantly he expelled in a shriek!

He was now in full possession of his physical senses. They were, indeed, preternaturally keen and alert. Something in the awful disturbance of his organic system had so exalted and refined them that they made record of things never before perceived. He felt the ripples upon his face and heard their separate sounds as they struck. He looked at the forest on the bank of the stream, saw the individual trees, the leaves and the veining of each leaf—saw the very insects upon them, the locusts, the brilliant-bodied flies, the gray spiders stretching their webs from twig to twig. He noted the prismatic colors in all the dewdrops upon a million blades of grass. The humming of the gnats that danced above the eddies of the stream, the beating of the dragonflies' wings, the strokes of the waterspiders' legs, like oars which have lifted their boat—all these made audible music. A fish slid along beneath his eyes, and he heard the rush of its body parting the water.

He had come to the surface facing down the stream; in a moment the visible world seemed to wheel slowly round, himself the pivotal point, and he saw the bridge, the fort, the soldiers on the bridge, the captain, the sergeant, the two privates, his executioners. They were in silhouette against the blue sky. They shouted and gesticulated, pointing at him; the captain had drawn his pistol, but did not fire; the others were unarmed. Their movements were grotesque and horrible, their forms gigantic.

Suddenly he heard a sharp report, and something struck the water smartly within a few inches of his head, spattering his face with spray. He heard a second report, and saw one of the sentinels with his rifle at his shoulder, a light cloud of blue smoke rising from the muzzle. The man in the water saw the eye of the man on the bridge gazing into his own through the sights of the rifle. He observed that it was a gray eye, and remembered having read that gray eyes were keenest, and that all famous marksmen had them. Nevertheless, this one had missed.

A counter-swirl had caught Farquhar and turned him half around; he was again looking into the forest on the bank opposite the fort. The sound of a clear, high voice in a monotonous sing-song now rang out behind him and came across the water with a distinctness that pierced and subdued all other sounds, even the beating of the ripples in his ears. Although no soldier, he had frequented camps enough to know the dread significance of that deliberate, drawling, aspirated chant; the lieutenant on shore was taking a part in the morning's work. How coldly and pitilessly—with what an even, calm intonation, presaging and enforcing tranquillity in the men—with what accurately measured intervals fell those cruel words: "Attention, company. Shoulder arms. Ready. Aim. Fire!"

Farquhar dived—dived as deeply as he could. The water roared in his ears like the voice of Niagara, yet he heard the dulled thunder of the volley, and rising again toward the surface, met shining bits of metal, singularly flattened, oscillating slowly downward. Some of them touched him on the face and hands, then fell away, continuing their descent. One lodged between his collar and neck; it was uncomfortably warm, and he snatched it out.

As he rose to the surface, gasping for breath, he saw that he had been a long time under water; he was perceptibly farther down-stream—nearer to safety! The soldiers had almost finished reloading; the metal ramrods flashed all at once in the sunshine as they were drawn from the barrels, turned in the air, and thrust into their sockets. The two sentinels fired, independently and ineffectually.

The hunted man saw all this over his shoulder; he was now swimming vigorously with the current. His brain was as energetic as his arms and legs; he thought with the rapidity of lightning.

"The officer," he reasoned, "will not make that martinet's error a second time. It is as easy to dodge a volley as a single shot. He has probably already given the command to fire at will. God help me, I cannot dodge them all!"

An appalling plash within two yards of him, followed by a loud rushing sound, diminuendo, which seemed to travel back through the air to the fort and died in an explosion which stirred the very river to its deeps. A rising sheet of water, which curved over him, fell down upon him, blinded him, strangled him. The cannon had taken a hand in the game. As he shook his head free from the commotion of the smitten water, he heard the deflected shot humming through the air ahead, and in an instant it was cracking and smashing the branches in the forest beyond.

"They will not do that again," he thought; "the next time they will use a charge of grape. I must keep my eye upon the gun; the smoke will apprize me—the report arrives too late; it lags behind the missile. It is a good gun."

Suddenly he felt himself whirled around and around—spinning like a top. The water, the banks, the forest, the now distant bridge, fort and men—all were commingled and blurred. Objects were represented by their colours only; circular horizontal streaks of colour—that was all he saw. He had been caught in a vortex, and was being whirled on with a velocity of advance and gyration which made him giddy and sick. In a few moments he was flung upon the gravel at the foot of the left bank of the stream—the southern bank—and behind a projecting point which concealed him from his enemies. The sudden arrest of his motion, the abrasion of one of his hands on the gravel, restored him, and he wept with delight. He dug his fingers into the sand, threw it over himself in handfuls and audibly blessed it. It looked like gold, like diamonds, rubies, emeralds; he could think of nothing beautiful which it did not resemble. The trees upon the bank were giant garden plants; he noted a definite order in their arrangement, inhaled the fragrance of their blooms. A strange, roseate light shone through the spaces among their trunks, and the wind made in their branches the music of Æolian harps. He had no wish to perfect his escape, was content to remain in that enchanting spot until retaken.

A whizz and rattle of grapeshot among the branches high above his head roused him from his dream. The baffled cannoneer had fired a random farewell. He sprung to his feet, rushed up the sloping bank, and plunged into the forest.

All that day he travelled, laying his course by the rounding sun. The forest seemed interminable; nowhere did he discover a break in it, not even a woodman's road. He had not known that he lived in so wild a region. There was something uncanny in the revelation.

By nightfall he was fatigued, footsore, famishing. The thought of his wife and children urged him on. At last he found a road which led him in what he knew to be the right direction. It was as wide and straight as a city street, yet it seemed untraveled. No fields bordered it, no dwelling anywhere. Not so much as the barking of a dog suggested human habitation. The black bodies of the great trees formed a straight wall on both sides, terminating on the horizon in a point, like a diagram in a lesson in perspective. Overhead, as he looked up through this rift in the wood, shone great golden stars looking unfamiliar and grouped in strange constellations. He was sure they were arranged in some order which had a secret and malign significance. The wood on either side was full of singular noises, among which—once, twice and again—he distinctly heard whispers in an unknown tongue.

His neck was in pain, and lifting his hand to it, he found it horribly swollen. He knew that it had a circle of black where the rope had bruised it. His eyes felt congested; he could no longer close them. His tongue was swollen with thirst; he relieved its fever by thrusting it forward from between his teeth into the cool air. How swiftly the turf had carpeted the untraveled avenue! He could no longer feel the roadway beneath his feet!

Doubtless, despite his suffering, he fell asleep while walking, for now he sees another scene—perhaps he has merely recovered from a delirium. He stands at the gate of his own home. All is as he left it, and all bright and beautiful in the morning sunshine. He must have travelled the entire night. As he pushes open the gate and passes up the wide white walk, he sees a flutter of female garments; his wife, looking fresh and cool and sweet, steps down from the veranda to meet him. At the bottom of the steps she stands waiting, with a smile of ineffable joy, an attitude of matchless grace and dignity. Ah, how beautiful she is! He springs forward with extended arms. As he is about to clasp her, he feels a stunning blow upon the back of the neck, a blinding white light blazes all about him, with a sound like the shock of a cannon—then all is darkness and silence!

Peyton Farquhar was dead; his body, with a broken neck, swung gently from side to side beneath the timbers of the Owl Creek Bridge.

The English Farmer and the Parson who Preached Hell-Fire

"Why, Squire," said Moore, "I have tried 'un. But I do take after my horses: I can't stand all whip and no carn."

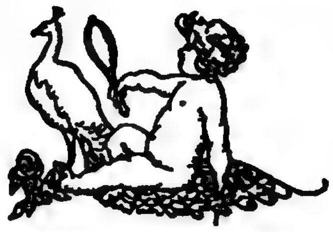
Undaunted by the comparison, his landlord gravely reminded him that there were prayers as well as a sermon, and prayers full of charity, and fitted to all conditions of life.

"Well, Squire," said the farmer, half apologetically, "I'll tell you the truth: I never was a hog at prayers."

Charles Reade.

Man, Proud Man

Through the Keen Eyes of Observing Women



I should never have done, was I to reckon up the many absurd notions the Men are led into by custom. Sophia (1740).

So far as I can observe, the institution of monogamy has never had any particular help from men. Corra Harris.

Every man who is not a monster, a mathematician, or a mad philosopher, is the slave of some woman or other. George Eliot.

Mr. Palmer maintained the common, but unfatherly, opinion among his sex of all infants being alike. Jane Austen.

Never interfere between a man and a bargain. Mrs. Humphry Ward.

You like being taken care of and fussed over! Of course you do! Was there ever a man that didn't? Marie Corelli.

There is a strong presumption that "Mere Man" so dubbed himself when in one of his many moods, and he probably wanted something that an humble attitude might win the sooner. Sarah Grand.

When a man deliberately elects a great personal sacrifice, he does not concern himself with its details, as women are more likely to do. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Masculine tenderness is said to respond to tears. I do not find it so. Rather, I should say that a man's devotion fades under salt water, like a bathing-suit in the very element for which it is supposed to be adapted. Mary Adams.

Her whole future now depended on the pleasure of a man—and men were selfish. Jessie Fothergill.

Men are curiously loyal. They are loyal to ancient hats and disreputable friends and some women. But they are always loyal to each other. Mary Roberts Rinehart.

Men were hard creatures whose weaknesses were of mind and character rather than of body. Sheila Kaye-Smith.

Thinking of men, what helpless things they were! Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Men, even the worthy ones who will make sacrifices in the big things, which women cannot nerve themselves to meet, are proverbially selfish in all those little things that make or mar the life of every day. Lavinia Hart.

I think God found his finest nature unemployed on the making of Adam, and so poor Eve was sacrificed to its true expression. Mary Adams.

The bed-rock fact about a woman is that she'll hide the thing she feels most and she'll say what she hopes ain't true so as to give the man a chance for convincing her it ain't true. And the blamed foolishness of the man is that he never does.

Anne Douglas Sedgwick.

Mr. Carteret and His Fellow Americans Abroad

By DAVID GRAY

Yours Sincerely
David Gray

IT MUST have been highly interesting," observed Mrs. Archie Brawle; "so much pleasanter than a concert."

"Rather!" replied Lord Frederic. "It was ripping!"

Mrs. Ascott-Smith turned to Mr. Carteret. She had been listening to Lord Frederic Westcote, who had just come down from town where he had seen the Wild West show. "Is it so?" she asked. "Have you ever seen them?" By "them" she meant the Indians.

Mr. Carteret nodded.

"It seems so odd," continued Mrs. Archie Brawle, "that they should ride without saddles. Is it a pose?"

"No, I fancy not," replied Lord Frederic.

"They must get very tired without stirrups," insisted Mrs. Archie. "But perhaps they never ride very long at a time."

"That is possible," said Lord Frederic doubtfully. "They are only on about twenty minutes in the show."

Mr. Pringle, the curate, who had happened in to pay his monthly call upon Mrs. Ascott-Smith, took advantage of the pause. "Of course, I am no horseman," he began apprehensively, "and I have never seen the red Indians, either in their native wilds or in a show, but I have read not a little about them, and I have gathered that they almost live on horseback."

Major Hammerslea reached toward the tea table for another muffin and hemmed. "It is a very different thing," he said with heavy impressiveness. "It is a very different thing."

The curate looked expectant, as if believing that his remarks were going to be noticed. But nothing was further from the Major's mind.

"What is so very different?" inquired Mrs. Ascott-Smith, after a pause had made it clear that the Major had ignored Pringle.

"It is one thing, my dear Madame, to ride a stunted, half-starved pony, as you say 'bareback,' and another thing to ride a conditioned British Hunter (he pronounced it huntaw) without a saddle. I must say that the latter is an impossibility." The oracle came to an end and the material Major began on the muffin.

There was an approving murmur of assent. The Major was the author of "Schooling and Riding British Hunters"; however, it was not only his authority which swayed the company, but individual conviction. Of the dozen people in the room, excepting Pringle, all rode to hounds with more or less enthusiasm, and no one had ever seen any one hunting without a saddle and no one had ever experienced any desire to try the experiment. Obviously it was an absurdity.

"Nevertheless," observed Lord Frederic, "I must say their riding was very creditable—quite as good as one sees on any polo field in England."

Major Hammerslea looked at him severely, as if his youth were not wholly an excuse. "It is as I said," he observed.

"It is one thing to ride an American pony and another to ride a British Hunter. One requires horsemanship, the other does not. And horsemanship," he continued, "which properly is the guiding of a horse across country, requires years of study and experience."

Lord Frederic looked somewhat unconvinced but he said nothing.

"Of course the dear Major (she called it deah Majaw) is unquestionably right," said Mrs. Ascott-Smith.

"Undoubtedly," said Mr. Carteret. "I suppose that he has often seen Indians ride?"

"Have you often seen these Indians ride?" inquired Mrs. Ascott-Smith of the Major.

"Do you mean Indians or the Red Men of North America?" replied the Major. "And do you mean upon ponies in a show or upon British Hunters?"

"Which do you mean?" asked Mrs. Ascott-Smith.

"I suppose that I mean American Indians," said Mr. Carteret, "and either upon ponies or upon British Hunters."

"No," said the Major, "I have not. Have you?"

"Not upon British Hunters," said Mr. Carteret.

"But do you think that they could?" inquired Lord Frederic.

"It would be foolish of me to express an opinion," replied Mr. Carteret, "because, in the first place, I have never seen them ride British Hunters over jumps—"

"They would come off at the first obstacle," observed the Major, more in sorrow than in anger.

"And in the second place," continued Mr. Carteret, "I am perhaps naturally prejudiced in behalf of my fellow countrymen."

Mrs. Ascott-Smith looked at him anxiously. His sister had married a British peer. "But you Americans are quite distinct from the red Indians," she said. "We quite understand that nowadays. To be sure, my dear Aunt—". She stopped.

"Rather!" said Mrs. Archie Brawle. "You don't even intermarry with them, do you?"

"That is a matter of personal taste," said Mr. Carteret. "There is no law against it."

"But nobody that one knows—" began Mrs. Ascott-Smith.

"There was John Rohlfs," said Mr. Carteret; "he was a very well known chap."

"Do you know him?" asked Mrs. Brawle.

The Curate sniggered. His hour of triumph had come. "Rohlfs is dead," he said.

"Really!" said Mrs. Brawle, coldly. "It had quite slipped my mind. You see I never read the papers during the hunting. But is his wife received?"

"I believe that she was," said Mr. Carteret.

The Curate was still sniggering and Mrs. Brawle put her glass in her eye and looked at him. Then she turned to Mr. Carteret. "But all this," she said, "of course, has nothing to do with the question. Do you think that these red Indians could ride bareback across our country?"

"As I said before," replied Mr. Carteret, "it would be silly of me to express an opinion, but I should be interested in seeing them try it."

"I have a topping idea!" cried Lord Frederic. He was a simple-minded fellow.

"You must tell us," exclaimed Mrs. Ascott-Smith.

"Let us have them down, and take them hunting!"

"How exciting!" exclaimed Mrs. Ascott-Smith. "What sport!"

The Major looked at her reprovingly. "It would be as I said," he observed.

"But it would be rather interesting," said Mrs. Brawle.

"It might," said the Major, "it might be interesting."

"It would be ripping!" said Lord Frederic. "But how can we manage it?"

"I'll mount them," said the Major with a grim smile. "My word! They shall have the pick of my stable though I have to spend a month rebreaking horses that have run away."

"But it isn't the mounts," said Lord Frederic. "You see I've never met any of these chaps." He turned to Mr. Carteret with a sudden inspiration. "Are any of them friends of yours?" he asked.

Mrs. Ascott-Smith looked anxiously at Mr. Carteret, as if she feared that it would develop that some of the people in the show were his cousins.

"No," he replied, "I don't think so, although I may have met some of them in crossing the reservations. But I once went shooting with Grady, one of the managers of the show."

"Better yet!" said Lord Frederic. "Do you think that he would come and bring some of them down?" he asked.

"I think he would," said Mr. Carteret. He knew that the showman was strong in Grady—if not the sportsman.

The Major rose to go to the billiard room. "I have one piece of advice to give you," he said. "This prank is harmless enough, but establish a definite understanding with this fellow that you are not to be liable in damages for personal injuries which his Indians may receive. Explain to him that it is not child's play and have him put it in writing."

"You mean to have him execute a kind of release?" said Mr. Carteret.

"Precisely that," said the Major. "I was once sued for twenty pounds by a groom that fell off my best hunter and let him run away, and damme, the fellow recovered." He bowed to the ladies and left the room.

"Of course, we can fix all that up," said Lord Frederic. "The old chap is a bit overcautious nowadays, but how can we get hold of this fellow Grady?"

"I'll wire him at once, if you wish," said Mr. Carteret, and he went to the writing table.

"When do you want him to come down?" he asked, as he wrote the address.

"We might take them out with the Pytchley on Saturday," said Lord Frederic, "but the meet is rather far from our station. Perhaps it would be better to have them on Thursday with Charley Ploversdale's hounds."

Mr. Carteret hesitated a moment. "Wouldn't Ploversdale be apt to be fussy about experiments? He's rather conservative, you know, about the way people are turned out. I saw him send a man home one day who was out without a hat. It was an American who was afraid that his hair was coming out."

"Pish," said Lord Frederic, "Charley Ploversdale is mild as a dove."

"Suit yourself," said Mr. Carteret. "I'll make it Thursday. One more question," he added. "How many shall I ask him to bring down?" At this moment the Major came into the room again. He had mislaid his eyeglasses.

"I should think that a dozen would be about the right number," said Lord Frederic, replying to Mr. Carteret. "It would be very imposing."

"Too many!" said the Major. "We must mount them on good horses and I don't want my entire stable ruined by men who have never leaped a fence."

"I think the Major is right about the matter of numbers," said Mr. Carteret. "How would three do?"

"Make it three," said the Major.

Before dinner was over a reply came from Grady saying that he and three bucks would be pleased to arrive Thursday morning prepared for a hunting party.

This took place on Monday, and at various times during Tuesday and Wednesday, Mr. Carteret gave the subject thought. By Thursday morning his views had ripened. He ordered his tea and eggs to be served in his room and came down a little past ten dressed in morning clothes. He wandered into the dining-room and found Mrs. Ascott-Smith sitting by the fire entertaining Lord Frederic, as he went to and from the sideboard in search of things to eat.

"Good morning," said Mr. Carteret, hoarsely.

Lord Frederic looked around and as he noticed Mr. Carteret's morning clothes his face showed surprise.

"Hello!" he said, "you had better hurry and change, or you will be late. We have to start in half an hour to meet Grady."

Mr. Carteret coughed. "I don't think that I can go out to-day. It is a great disappointment."

"Not going hunting?" exclaimed Mrs. Ascott-Smith. "What is the matter?"

"I have a bad cold," said Mr. Carteret miserably.

"But, my dear fellow," exclaimed Lord Frederic, "it will do your cold a world of good!"

"Not a cold like mine," said Mr. Carteret.

"But this is the day, don't you know?" said Lord Frederic. "How am I going to manage things without you?"

"All that you have to do is to meet them at the station and take them to the meet," said Mr. Carteret. "Every thing else has been arranged."

"But I'm awfully disappointed," said Lord Frederic. "I had counted on you to help, don't you see, and introduce them to Ploversdale. It would be more graceful for an American to do it than for me. You understand?"

"Yes," said Mr. Carteret, "I understand. It's a great disappointment, but I must bear it philosophically."

Mrs. Ascott-Smith looked at him sympathetically, and he coughed twice. "You are suffering," she said. "Lord Frederic, you really must not urge him to expose himself. Have you a pain here?" she inquired, touching herself in the region of the pleura.

"Yes," said Mr. Carteret, "it is rather bad, but I daresay that it will soon be better."

"I am afraid that it may be pneumonia," said his hostess. "You must take a medicine that I have. They say that it is quite wonderful for inflammatory colds. I'll send Hodgson for it," and she touched the bell.

"Please, please don't take that trouble," entreated Mr. Carteret.

"But you must take it," said Mrs. Ascott-Smith. "They call it Broncholine. You pour it in a tin and inhale it or swallow it, I forget which, but it's very efficacious. They used it on Teddy's pony when it was sick. The little creature died, but that was because they gave it too much, or not enough, I forget which."

Hodgson appeared and Mrs. Ascott-Smith gave directions about the Broncholine.

"I thank you very much," said Mr. Carteret humbly. "I'll go to my room and try it at once."

"That's a good chap!" said Lord Frederic, "perhaps you will feel so much better that you can join us."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Carteret gloomily, "or it may work as it did on the pony." And he left the room.

After Hodgson had departed from his chamber leaving explicit directions as to how and how not to use the excellent Broncholine, Mr. Carteret poured a quantity of it from the bottle and threw it out of the window, resolving to be on the safe side. Then he looked at his boots and his pink coat and white leathers which were laid out upon a chair. "I don't think there can be any danger," he thought, "if I turn up after they have started. I loathe stopping in all day." He dressed leisurely, ordered his horse, and some time after the rest of the household had sallied forth, he followed. As he knew the country and the coverts which Lord Ploversdale would draw, he counted on joining the tail of the hunt, thus keeping out of sight. He inquired of a rustic if he had seen hounds pass and receiving "no," for an answer he jogged on at a faster trot, fearing that the hounds might have gone away in some other direction. As he came around a bend in the road, he saw four women riding toward him, and as they drew near, he saw that it was Lady Violet Weatherbone and her three daughters. These young ladies were known as the Three Guardsmen, a sobriquet not wholly inappropriate, for, as Lord Frederic described them, they were "uncommon, big-boned, upstanding fillies," between twenty-five and thirty and very hard goers across any country, and always together.

"Good morning," said Mr. Carteret, bowing. "I suppose the hounds are close by?" It was a natural assumption, as Lady Violet on hunting days was never very far from the hounds.

"I do not know," she responded, and her tone further implied that she did not care.

Mr. Carteret hesitated a moment. "Has anything happened?" he asked.

"Yes," said Lady Violet frankly, "something has happened." Here the daughters modestly turned their horses away.

"Some one," continued Lady Violet, "brought savages to the meet." She paused impressively.

"Not really!" said Mr. Carteret with hypocritical surprise.

"Yes," said Lady Violet, "and while it would have mattered little to me, it was impossible—". She motioned with her head toward the three maidens, and paused.

"Forgive me," said Mr. Carteret, "but I hardly understand."

"At the first I thought," said Lady Violet, "that they were attired in painted fleshlings, but upon using my glass, it was clear that I was mistaken. Otherwise, I should have brought them away at the first moment."

"I see," said Mr. Carteret. "It is outrageous."

"It is indeed!" said Lady Violet; "but the matter will not be allowed to drop. They were brought to the meet by that young profligate, Lord Frederic Westcote."

"You surprise me," said Mr. Carteret, wholly without shame. He bowed, started his horse, and jogged along for five minutes, then he turned to the right upon a cross-road and suddenly found himself upon the hounds. They were feathering excitedly about the mouth of a tile drain into which the fox had evidently gone. No master, huntsmen nor whips were in sight, but sitting, wet and mud daubed, upon horses dripping with muddy water were Grady dressed in cowboy costume and three naked Indians. Mr. Carteret glanced about over the country and understood. They had swum the brook at the place where it ran between steep clay banks and the rest of the field had gone around to the bridge. As he looked toward the south, he saw Lord Ploversdale riding furiously toward him followed by Smith, the first whip. Grady had not recognized him, turned out in pink as he was, and for the moment he decided to remain incognito.

Before Lord Ploversdale, Master of Fox-hounds, reached the road, he began waving his crop. He appeared excited. "What do you mean by riding upon my hounds?" he shouted. He said this in several ways with various accompanying phrases, but neither the Indians nor Grady seemed to notice him. It occurred to Mr. Carteret that although Lord Ploversdale's power of expression was wonderful for England, it, nevertheless, fell short of Arizona standards. Then, however, he noticed that Grady was absorbed in adjusting a kodak camera, with which he was evidently about to take a picture of the Indians alone with the hounds. He drew back in order both to avoid being in the field of the picture and to avoid too close proximity with Lord Ploversdale as he came over the fence into the road.

"What do you mean, sir!" shouted the enraged Master of Fox-hounds, as he pulled up his horse.

"A little more in the middle," replied Grady, still absorbed in taking the picture.

Lord Ploversdale hesitated. He was speechless with surprise for the moment.

Grady pressed the button and began putting up the machine.

"What do you mean by riding on my hounds, you and these persons?" demanded Lord Ploversdale.

"We didn't," said Grady amiably, "but if your bunch of dogs don't know enough to keep out of the way of a horse, they ought to learn."

Lord Ploversdale looked aghast, and Smith, the whip, pinched himself to make sure that he was not dreaming.

"Many thanks for your advice," said Lord Ploversdale. "May I inquire who you and your friends may be?"

"I'm James Grady," said that gentleman. "This," he said, pointing to the Indian nearest, "is Chief Hole-in-the-Ground of the Ogallala Sioux. Him in the middle is Mr. Jim Snake, and the one beyond is Chief Skytail, being a Pawnee."

"Thank you, that is very interesting," said Lord Ploversdale, with polite irony. "Now will you kindly take them home?"

"See here," said Grady, strapping the camera to his saddle, "I was invited to this round-up regular, and if you hand me out any more hostile talk—". He paused.

"Who invited you?" inquired Lord Ploversdale.

"One of your own bunch," said Grady, "Lord Frederic Westcote. I'm no butter-in."

"Your language is unintelligible," said Lord Ploversdale. "Where is Lord Westcote?"

Mr. Carteret had watched the field approaching as fast as whip and spur could drive them, and in the first flight he noticed Lord Frederic and the Major. For this reason he still hesitated about thrusting himself into the discussion. It seemed that the interference of a third party could only complicate matters, inasmuch as Lord Frederic would so soon be upon the spot.

Lord Ploversdale looked across the field impatiently. "I've no doubt, my good fellow, that Lord Westcote brought you here, and I'll see him about it, but kindly take these fellows home. They'll kill all my hounds."

"Now you're beginning to talk reasonable," said Grady. "I'll discuss with you."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before the hounds gave tongue riotously and went off. The fox had slipped out of the other end of the drain and old Archer had found the line.

As if shot out of a gun the three Indians dashed at the stake and bound fence on the farther side of the road, joyously using their heavy quirts on the Major's thoroughbreds. Skytail's horse being hurried too much, blundered his take-off, hit above the knees and rolled over on the Chief, who was sitting tight. There was a stifled grunt and then the Pawnee word "Go-dam!"

Hole-in-the-Ground looked back and laughed one of the few laughs of his life. It was a joke which he could understand. Then he used the quirt again to make the most of his advantage.

"That one is finished," said Lord Ploversdale gratefully. But as the words were in his mouth, Skytail rose with his horse, vaulted up and was away.

The M. F. H. followed over the hedge shouting at Smith to whip off the hounds. But the hounds were going too fast. They had got a view of the fox and three whooping horsemen were behind them driving them on.

The first flight of the field followed the M. F. H. out of the road, and so did Mr. Carteret, and presently he found himself riding between Lord Frederic and the Major. They were both a bit winded and had evidently come fast.

"I say," exclaimed Lord Frederic, "where did you come from?"

"I was cured by the Broncholine," said Mr. Carteret.

"Is your horse fresh?" asked Lord Frederic.

"Yes," replied Mr. Carteret, "I happened upon them at the road."

"Then go after that man Grady," said Lord Frederic, "and implore him to take those beggars home. They have been riding on the hounds for twenty minutes."

"Were they able," asked Mr. Carteret, "to stay with their horses at the fences?"

"Stay with their horses!" puffed the Major.

"Go on, like a good chap," said Lord Frederic, "stop that fellow or I shall be expelled from the hunt. Was Lord Ploversdale vexed?" he added.

"I should judge by his language," said Mr. Carteret, "that he was vexed."

"Hurry on," said Lord Frederic. "Put your spurs in."

Mr. Carteret gave his horse its head and he shot to the front, but Grady was nearly a field in the lead, and it promised to be a long chase, as he was on the Major's black thoroughbred. The cowboy rode along with a loose rein and an easy balance seat. At his fences he swung his hat and cheered. He seemed to be enjoying himself, and Mr. Carteret was anxious lest he might begin to shoot for pure delight. Such a demonstration would have been misconstrued. Nearly two hundred yards ahead at the heels of the pack galloped the Indians, and in the middle distance between them and Grady rode Lord Ploversdale and Smith vainly trying to overtake the hounds and whip them off. Behind and trailing over a mile or more came the field and the rest of the hunt servants in little groups, all awestruck at what had happened. It was unspeakable that Lord Ploversdale's hounds, which had been hunted by his father and his grandfather, should be so scandalized.

Mr. Carteret finally got within a length of Grady and hailed him.

"Hello, Carty," said Grady, "glad to see you. I thought you was sick. What can I do? They've stampeded. But it's a great ad. for the show, isn't it? There's four reporters that I brought along."

"Forget about the show," said Mr. Carteret. "This isn't any laughing matter. It's one of the smartest packs in England. You don't understand."

"It will make all the better story in the papers," said Grady.

"No it won't," said Mr. Carteret. "They won't print it. It's like a blasphemy upon the Church."

"Whoop!" yelled Grady, as they tore through a bullfinch.

"Call them off," said Mr. Carteret, straightening his hat.

"But I can't catch 'em," said Grady, and that was the truth.

Lord Ploversdale, however, had been gaining on the Indians, and by the way in which he clubbed his heavy crop, loaded at the butt, it was apparent that he meant to put an end to the proceedings if he could.

Just then the hounds swept over the crest of a green hill, and as they went down the other side they viewed the fox in the field beyond. He was in distress, and it looked as if the pack would kill in the open. They were running wonderfully together, a blanket would have covered them, and in the natural glow of pride which came over the M. F. H., he loosened his grip upon the crop. But as the hounds viewed the fox, so did the three sons of the wilderness who were following close behind. From the hill-top fifty of the hardest going men in England saw Hole-in-the-Ground flogging his horse with the heavy quirt which hung from his wrist. The outraged British hunter shot forward scattering hounds to right and left, flew a ditch and hedge and was close on the fox, who had stopped to make a last stand. Without drawing rein, the astonished onlookers saw the lean Indian suddenly disappear under the neck of his horse and almost instantly swing back into his seat waving a brown thing above his head. Hole-in-the-Ground had caught the fox.

"Most unprecedented!" Mr. Carteret heard the Major exclaim. He pulled up his horse, as the field did with theirs, and waited apprehensively. He saw Hole-in-the Ground circle around, jerk the Major's five hundred guinea hunter to a standstill close to Lord Ploversdale and address him. He was speaking in his own language.

As the Chief went on, he saw Grady smile.

"He says," says Grady, translating, "that the white chief can eat the fox if he wants him. He's proud himself, bein' packed with store grub."

The English onlookers heard and beheld with blank faces. It was beyond them.

The M. F. H. bowed stiffly as Hole-in-the-Ground's offer was made known to him. He regarded them a moment in thought. A vague light was breaking in upon him. "Aw, thank you," he said. "Smith, take the fox. Good afternoon!"

Then he wheeled his horse, called the hounds in with his horn and trotted out to the road that led to the kennels. Lord Ploversdale, though he had never been out of England, was cast in a large mold.

The three Indians sat on their panting horses, motionless, stolidly facing the curious gaze of the crowd; or rather they looked through the crowd, as the lion, with the high breeding of the desert, looks through and beyond the faces that stare and gape before the bars of his cage.

"Most amazing! Most amazing!" muttered the Major.

"It is," said Mr. Carteret, "if you have never been away from this." He made a sweeping gesture over the restricted English scenery, pampered and brought up by hand.

"Been away from this?" repeated the Major. "I don't understand."

Mr. Carteret turned to him. How could he explain it?

"With us," he began, laying an emphasis on the "us." Then he stopped. "Look into their eyes," he said hopelessly.

The Major looked at him blankly. How could he, Major Hammerslea, know what those inexplicable dark eyes saw beyond the fenced tillage—the brown, bare, illimitable range under the noonday sun, the evening light on far, silent mountains, the starlit desert!

Confessions

By ROBERT BROWNING

I

WHAT is he buzzing in my ears?
"Now that I come to die,
"Do I view the world as a vale of tears?"
Ah, reverend sir, not I!

II

What I viewed there once, what I view again
Where the physic bottles stand
On the table's edge,—is a suburb lane,
With a wall to my bedside hand.

III

That lane sloped, much as the bottles do,
From a house you could descry
O'er the garden wall: is the curtain blue
Or green to a healthy eye?

IV

To mine, it serves for the old June weather
Blue above lane and wall
And that farthest bottle labelled "Ether"
Is the house o'ertopping all.

V

At a terrace, somewhere near the stopper,
There watched for me, one June,
A girl: I know, sir, it's improper,
My poor mind's out of tune.

VI

Only, there was a way . . . you crept
Close by the side, to dodge
Eyes in the house, two eyes except;
They styled their house "The Lodge."

VII

What right had a lounger up their lane?
But, by creeping very close,
With the good wall's help,—their eyes might strain
And stretch themselves to O's,

VIII

Yet never catch me and her together,
As she left the attic, there,
By the rim of the bottle labelled "Ether,"
And stole from stair to stair,

IX

And stood by the rose-wreathed gate. Alas,
We loved, sir,—used to meet:
How sad and bad and mad it was—
But then, how it was sweet!

The Sire de Malétroit's Door

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Robert Louis Stevenson

DENIS DE BEAULIEU was not yet two-and-twenty, but he counted himself a grown man, and a very accomplished cavalier into the bargain. Lads were early formed in that rough, warfaring epoch; and when one has been in a pitched battle and a dozen raids, has killed one's man in an honorable fashion, and knows a thing or two of strategy and mankind, a certain swagger in the gait is surely to be pardoned. He had put up his horse with due care, and supped with due deliberation; and then, in a very agreeable frame of mind, went out to pay a visit in the gray of the evening. It was not a very wise proceeding on the young man's part. He would have done better to remain beside the fire or go decently to bed. For the town was full of the troops of Burgundy and England under a mixed command; and though Denis was there on safe-conduct, his safe-conduct was like to serve him little on a chance encounter.

It was September, 1429; the weather had fallen sharp; a flighty piping wind, laden with showers, beat about the township; and the dead leaves ran riot along the street. Here and there a window was already lighted up; and the noise of men-at-arms making merry over supper within came forth in fits and was swallowed up and carried away by the wind. The night fell swiftly; the flag of England, fluttering on the spire-top, grew ever fainter and fainter against the flying clouds—a black speck like a swallow in the tumultuous, leaden chaos of the sky. As the night fell the wind rose, and began to hoot under archways and roar amid the tree-tops in the valley below the town.

Denis de Beaulieu walked fast and was soon knocking at his friend's door; but though he promised himself to stay only a little while and make an early return, his welcome was so pleasant, and he found so much to delay him, that it was already long past midnight before he said good-by upon the threshold. The wind had fallen again in the meanwhile; the night was as black as the grave; not a star, nor a glimmer of moonshine, slipped through the canopy of cloud. Denis was ill-acquainted with the intricate lanes of Château Landon; even by daylight he had found some trouble in picking his way; and in this absolute darkness he soon lost it altogether. He was certain of one thing only—to keep mounting the hill; for his friend's house lay at the lower end, or tail, of Château Landon, while the inn was up at the head, under the great church spire. With this clue to go upon he stumbled and groped forward, now breathing more freely in open places where there was a good slice of sky overhead, now feeling along the wall in stifling closes. It is an eery and mysterious position to be thus submerged in opaque blackness in an almost unknown town. The silence is terrifying in its possibilities. The touch of cold window bars to the exploring hand startles the man like the touch of a toad; the inequalities of the pavement shake his heart into his mouth; a piece of denser darkness threatens an ambuscade or a chasm in the pathway; and where the air is brighter, the houses put on strange and bewildering appearances, as if to lead him farther from his way. For Denis, who had to regain his inn without attracting notice, there was real danger as well as mere discomfort in the walk; and he went warily and boldly at once, and at every corner paused to make an observation.

He had been for some time threading a lane so narrow that he could touch a wall with either hand when it began to open out and go sharply downward. Plainly this lay no longer in the direction of his inn; but the hope of a little more light tempted him forward to reconnoiter. The lane ended in a terrace with a bartizan wall, which gave an outlook between high houses, as out of an embrasure, into the valley lying dark and formless several hundred feet below. Denis looked down, and could discern a few tree-tops waving and a single speck of brightness where the river ran across a weir. The weather was clearing up, and the sky had lightened, so as to show the outline of the heavier clouds and the dark margin of the hills. By the uncertain glimmer, the house on his left hand should be a place of some pretensions; it was surmounted by several pinnacles and turret-tops; the round stern of a chapel, with a fringe of flying buttresses, projected boldly from the main block; and the door was sheltered under a deep porch carved with figures and overhung by two long gargoyles. The windows of the chapel gleamed through their intricate tracery with a light as of many tapers, and threw out the buttresses and the peaked roof in a more intense blackness against the sky. It was plainly the hotel of some great family of the neighborhood; and as it reminded Denis of a town house of his own at Bourges, he stood for some time gazing up at it and mentally gaging the skill of the architects and the consideration of the two families.

There seemed to be no issue to the terrace but the lane by which he had reached it; he could only retrace his steps, but he gained some notion of his whereabouts, and hoped by this means to hit the main thoroughfare and speedily regain the inn. He was reckoning without that chapter of accidents which was to make this night memorable above all others in his career; for he had not gone back above a hundred yards before he saw a light coming to meet him, and heard loud voices speaking together in the echoing narrows of the lane. It was a party of men-at-arms going the night round with torches. Denis assured himself that they had all been making free with the wine-bowl, and were in no mood to be particular about safe-conducts or the niceties of chivalrous war. It was as like as not that they would kill him like a dog and leave him where he fell. The situation was inspiriting but nervous. Their own torches would conceal him from sight, he reflected; and he hoped that they would drown the noise of his footsteps with their own empty voices. If he were but fleet and silent, he might evade their notice altogether.

Unfortunately, as he turned to beat a retreat, his foot rolled upon a pebble; he fell against the wall with an ejaculation, and his sword rang loudly on the stones. Two or three voices demanded who went there—some in French, some in English; but Denis made no reply, and ran the faster down the lane. Once upon the terrace, he paused to look back. They still kept calling after him, and just then began to double the pace in pursuit, with a considerable clank of armor, and great tossing of the torchlight to and fro in the narrow jaws of the passage.

Denis cast a look around and darted into the porch. There he might escape observation, or—if that were too much to expect—was in a capital posture whether for parley or defense. So thinking, he drew his sword and tried to set his back against the door. To his surprise, it yielded behind his weight; and though he turned in a moment, continued to swing back on oiled and noiseless hinges, until it stood wide open on a black interior. When things fall out opportunely for the person concerned, he is not apt to be critical about the how or why, his own immediate personal convenience seeming a sufficient reason for the strangest oddities and revolutions in our sublunary things; and so Denis, without a moment's hesitation, stepped within and partly closed the door behind him to conceal his place of refuge. Nothing was further from his thoughts than to close it altogether; but for some inexplicable reason—perhaps by a spring or a weight—the ponderous mass of oak whipped itself out of his fingers and clanked to, with a formidable rumble and a noise like the falling of an automatic bar.

The round, at that very moment, debouched upon the terrace and proceeded to summon him with shouts and curses. He heard them ferreting in the dark corners; the stock of a lance even rattled along the outer surface of the door behind which he stood; but these gentlemen were in too high a humor to be long delayed, and soon made off down a corkscrew pathway which had escaped Denis's observation, and passed out of sight and hearing along the battlements of the town.

Denis breathed again. He gave them a few minutes' grace for fear of accidents, and then groped about for some means of opening the door and slipping forth again. The inner surface was quite smooth, not a handle, not a molding, not a projection of any sort. He got his finger-nails round the edges and pulled, but the mass was immovable. He shook it, it was as firm as a rock. Denis de Beaulieu frowned and gave vent to a little noiseless whistle. What ailed the door? he wondered. Why was it open? How came it to shut so easily and so effectually after him? There was something obscure and underhand about all this, that was little to the young man's fancy. It looked like a snare, and yet who could suppose a snare in such a quiet by-street, and in a house of so prosperous and even noble an exterior? And yet—snare or no snare, intentionally or unintentionally—here he was, prettily trapped; and for the life of him he could see no way out of it again. The darkness began to weigh upon him. He gave ear; all was silent without, but within and close by he seemed to catch a faint sighing, a faint sobbing rustle, a little stealthy creak—as though many persons were at his side, holding themselves quite still, and governing even their respiration with the extreme of slyness. The idea went to his vitals with a shock, and he faced about suddenly as if to defend his life. Then, for the first time, he became aware of a light about the level of his eyes and at some distance in the interior of the house—a vertical thread of light, widening toward the bottom, such as might escape between two wings of arras over a doorway. To see anything was a relief to Denis; it was like a piece of solid ground to a man laboring in a morass; his mind seized upon it with avidity; and he stood staring at it and trying to piece together some logical conception of his surroundings. Plainly there was a flight of steps ascending from his own level to that of this illuminated doorway; and indeed he thought he could make out another thread of light, as fine as a needle, and as faint as phosphorescence, which might very well be reflected along the polished wood of a handrail. Since he had begun to suspect that he was not alone, his heart had continued to beat with smothering violence, and an intolerable desire for action of any sort had possessed itself of his spirit. He was in deadly peril, he believed. What could be more natural than to mount the staircase, lift the curtain, and confront his difficulty at once? At least he would be dealing with something tangible; at least he would be no longer in the dark. He stepped slowly forward with outstretched hands, until his foot struck the bottom step; then he rapidly scaled the stairs, stood for a moment to compose his expression, lifted the arras and went in.

He found himself in a large apartment of polished stone. There were three doors; one on each of three sides; all similarly curtained with tapestry. The fourth side was occupied by two large windows and a great stone chimney-piece, carved with the arms of the Malétroits. Denis recognized the bearings, and was gratified to find himself in such good hands. The room was strongly illuminated; but it contained little furniture except a heavy table and a chair or two, the hearth was innocent of fire, and the pavement was but sparsely strewn with rushes clearly many days old.

On a high chair beside the chimney, and directly facing Denis as he entered, sat a little old gentleman in a fur tippet. He sat with his legs crossed and his hands folded, and a cup of spiced wine stood by his elbow on a bracket on the wall. His countenance had a strongly masculine cast; not properly human, but such as we see in the bull, the goat, or the domestic boar; something equivocal and wheedling, something greedy, brutal, and dangerous. The upper lip was inordinately full, as though swollen by a blow or a toothache; and the smile, the peaked eyebrows, and the small, strong eyes were quaintly and almost comically evil in expression. Beautiful white hair hung straight all round his head, like a saint's, and fell in a single curl upon the tippet. His beard and mustache were the pink of venerable sweetness. Age, probably in consequence of inordinate precautions, had left no mark upon his hands; and the Malétroit hand was famous. It would be difficult to imagine anything at once so fleshy and so delicate in design; the taper, sensual fingers, were like those of one of Leonardo's women; the fork of the thumb made a dimpled protuberance when closed; the nails were perfectly shaped, and of a dead, surprising whiteness. It rendered his aspect tenfold more redoubtable, that a man with hands like these should keep them devoutly folded like a virgin martyr—that a man with so intent and startling an expression of face should sit patiently on his seat and contemplate people with an unwinking stare, like a god, or a god's statue. His quiescence seemed ironical and treacherous, it fitted so poorly with his looks.

Such was Alain, Sire de Malétroit.

Denis and he looked silently at each other for a second or two.

"Pray step in," said the Sire de Malétroit. "I have been expecting you all the evening."

He had not risen but he accompanied his words with a smile and a slight but courteous inclination of the head. Partly from the smile, partly from the strange musical murmur with which the Sire prefaced his observation, Denis felt a strong shudder of disgust go through his marrow. And what with disgust and honest confusion of mind, he could scarcely get words together in reply.

"I fear," he said, "that this is a double accident. I am not the person you suppose me. It seems you were looking for a visit; but for my part, nothing was further from my thoughts—nothing could be more contrary to my wishes—than this intrusion."

"Well, well," replied the old gentleman indulgently, "here you are, which is the main point. Seat yourself, my friend, and put yourself entirely at your ease. We shall arrange our little affairs presently."

Denis perceived that the matter was still complicated with some misconception, and he hastened to continue his explanations.

"Your door . . ." he began.

"About my door?" asked the other, raising his peaked eyebrows. "A little piece of ingenuity." And he shrugged his shoulders. "A hospitable fancy! By your own account, you were not desirous of making my acquaintance. We old people look for such reluctance now and then; when it touches our honor, we cast about until we find some way of overcoming it. You arrive uninvited, but, believe me, very welcome."

"You persist in error, sir," said Denis. "There can be no question between you and me. I am a stranger in this countryside. My name is Denis, damoiseau de Beaulieu. If you see me in your house, it is only——"

"My young friend," interrupted the other, "you will permit me to have my own ideas on that subject. They probably differ from yours at the present moment," he added with a leer, "but time will show which of us is in the right."

Denis was convinced he had to do with a lunatic. He seated himself with a shrug, content to wait the upshot; and a pause ensued, during which he thought he could distinguish a hurried gabbling as of prayer from behind the arras immediately opposite him. Sometimes there seemed to be but one person engaged, sometimes two; and the vehemence of the voice, low as it was, seemed to indicate either great haste or an agony of spirit. It occurred to him that this piece of tapestry covered the entrance to the chapel he had noticed from without.

The old gentleman meanwhile surveyed Denis from head to foot with a smile, and from time to time emitted little noises like a bird or a mouse, which seemed to indicate a high degree of satisfaction. This state of matters became rapidly insupportable; and Denis, to put an end to it, remarked politely that the wind had gone down.

The old gentleman fell into a fit of silent laughter, so prolonged and violent that he became quite red in the face. Denis got upon his feet at once, and put on his hat with a flourish.

"Sir," he said, "if you are in your wits, you have affronted me grossly. If you are out of them, I flatter myself I can find better employment for my brains than to talk with lunatics. My conscience is clear; you have made a fool of me from the first moment; you have refused to hear my explanations; and now there is no power under God will make me stay here any longer; and if I can not make my way out in a more decent fashion, I will hack your door in pieces with my sword."

The Sire de Malétroit raised his right hand and wagged it at Denis with the fore and little fingers extended.

"My dear nephew," he said, "sit down."

"Nephew!" retorted Denis, "you lie in your throat"; and he snapped his fingers in his face.

"Sit down, you rogue!" cried the old gentleman, in a sudden, harsh voice, like the barking of a dog. "Do you fancy," he went on, "that when I had made my little contrivance for the door I had stopped short with that? If you prefer to be bound hand and foot till your bones ache, rise and try to go away. If you choose to remain a free young buck, agreeably conversing with an old gentleman—why, sit where you are in peace, and God be with you."

"Do you mean I am a prisoner?" demanded Denis.

"I state the facts," replied the other. "I would rather leave the conclusion to yourself."

Denis sat down again. Externally he managed to keep pretty calm, but within, he was now boiling with anger, now chilled with apprehension. He no longer felt convinced that he was dealing with a madman. And if the old gentleman was sane, what, in God's name, had he to look for? What absurd or tragical adventure had befallen him? What countenance was he to assume?

While he was thus unpleasantly reflecting, the arras that overhung the chapel door was raised, and a tall priest in his robes came forth and, giving a long, keen stare at Denis, said something in an undertone to Sire de Malétroit.

"She is in a better frame of spirit?" asked the latter.

"She is more resigned, messire," replied the priest.

"Now the Lord help her, she is hard to please!" sneered the old gentleman. "A likely stripling—not ill-born—and of her own choosing, too? Why, what more would the jade have?"

"The situation is not usual for a young damsel," said the other, "and somewhat trying to her blushes."

"She should have thought of that before she began the dance. It was none of my choosing, God knows that: but since she is in it, by our Lady, she shall carry it to the end." And then addressing Denis, "Monsieur de Beaulieu," he asked, "may I present you to my niece? She has been waiting your arrival, I may say, with even greater impatience than myself."

Denis had resigned himself with a good grace—all he desired was to know the worst of it as speedily as possible; so he rose at once, and bowed in acquiescence. The Sire de Malétroit followed his example and limped, with the assistance of the chaplain's arm, toward the chapel door. The priest pulled aside the arras, and all three entered. The building had considerable architectural pretensions. A light groining sprang from six stout columns, and hung down in two rich pendants from the centre of the vault. The place terminated behind the altar in a round end, embossed and honeycombed with a superfluity of ornament in relief, and pierced by many little windows shaped like stars, trefoils, or wheels. These windows were imperfectly glazed, so that the night air circulated freely in the chapel. The tapers, of which there must have been half a hundred burning on the altar, were unmercifully blown about; and the light went through many different phases of brilliancy and semi-eclipse. On the steps in front of the altar knelt a young girl richly attired as a bride. A chill settled over Denis as he observed her costume; he fought with desperate energy against the conclusion that was being thrust upon his mind; it could not—it should not—be as he feared.

"Blanche," said the Sire, in his most flute-like tones, "I have brought a friend to see you, my little girl; turn round and give him your pretty hand. It is good to be devout; but it is necessary to be polite, my niece."

The girl rose to her feet and turned toward the newcomers. She moved all of a piece; and shame and exhaustion were expressed in every line of her fresh young body; and she held her head down and kept her eyes upon the pavement as she came slowly forward. In the course of her advance, her eyes fell upon Denis de Beaulieu's feet—feet of which he was justly vain, be it remarked, and wore in the most elegant accoutrement even while traveling. She paused—started, as if his yellow boots had conveyed some shocking meaning—and glanced suddenly up into the wearer's countenance. Their eyes met; shame gave place to horror and terror in her looks; the blood left her lips; with a piercing scream she covered her face with her hands and sank upon the chapel floor.

"That is not the man!" she cried. "My uncle, that is not the man!"

The Sire de Malétroit chirped agreeably. "Of course not," he said, "I expected as much. It was so unfortunate you could not remember his name."

"Indeed," she cried, "indeed, I have never seen this person till this moment—I have never so much as set eyes upon him—I never wish to see him again. Sir," she said, turning to Denis, "if you are a gentleman, you will bear me out. Have I ever seen you—have you ever seen me—before this accursed hour?"

"To speak for myself, I have never had that pleasure," answered the young man. "This is the first time, messire, that I have met with your engaging niece."

The old gentleman shrugged his shoulders. "I am distressed to hear it," he said. "But it is never too late to begin. I had little more acquaintance with my own late lady ere I married her; which proves," he added, with a grimace, "that these impromptu marriages may often produce an excellent understanding in the long run. As the bridegroom is to have a voice in the matter, I will give him two hours to make up for lost time before we proceed with the ceremony." And he turned toward the door, followed by the clergyman.

The girl was on her feet in a moment. "My uncle, you can not be in earnest," she said. "I declare before God I will stab myself rather than be forced on that young man. The heart rises at it; God forbids such marriages; you dishonour your white hair. Oh, my uncle, pity me! There is not a woman in all the world but would prefer death to such a nuptial. Is it possible," she added, faltering—"is it possible that you do not believe me—that you still think this"—and she pointed at Denis with a tremor of anger and contempt—"that you still think *this* to be the man?"

"Frankly," said the old gentleman, pausing on the threshold, "I do. But let me explain to you once for all, Blanche de Malétroit, my way of thinking about this affair. When you took it into your head to dishonour my family and the name that I have borne, in peace and war, for more than three-score years, you forfeited, not only the right to question my designs, but that of looking me in the face. If your father had been alive, he would have spat on you and turned you out of doors. His was the hand of iron. You may bless your God you have only to deal with the hand of velvet, mademoiselle. It was my duty to get you married without delay. Out of pure goodwill, I have tried to find your own gallant for you. And I believe I have succeeded. But before God and all the holy angels, Blanche de Malétroit, if I have not, I care not one jackstraw. So let me recommend you to be polite to our young friend; for upon my word, your next groom may be less appetizing."

And with that he went out, with the chaplain at his heels; and the arras fell behind the pair.

The girl turned upon Denis with flashing eyes.

"And what, sir," she demanded, "may be the meaning of all this?"

"God knows," returned Denis, gloomily. "I am a prisoner in this house, which seems full of mad people. More I know not; and nothing do I understand."

"And pray how came you here?" she asked.

He told her as briefly as he could. "For the rest," he added, "perhaps you will follow my example, and tell me the answer to all these riddles, and what, in God's name, is like to be the end of it."

She stood silent for a little, and he could see her lips tremble and her tearless eyes burn with a feverish luster. Then she pressed her forehead in both hands.

"Alas, how my head aches!" she said wearily—"to say nothing of my poor heart! But it is due to you to know my story, unmaidenly as it must seem. I am called Blanche de Malétroit; I have been without father or mother for—oh! for as long as I can recollect, and indeed I have been most unhappy all my life. Three months ago a young captain began to stand near me every day in church. I could see that I pleased him; I am much to blame, but I was so glad that any one should love me; and when he passed me a letter, I took it home with me and read it with great pleasure. Since that time he has written many. He was so anxious to speak with me, poor fellow! and kept asking me to leave the door open some evening that we might have two words upon the stair. For he knew how much my uncle trusted me." She gave something like a sob at that, and it was a moment before she could go on. "My uncle is a hard man, but he is very shrewd," she said at last. "He has performed many feats in war, and was a great person at court, and much trusted by Queen Isabeau in old days. How he came to suspect me I can not tell; but it is hard to keep anything from his knowledge; and this morning, as we came from mass, he took my hand into his, forced it open, read my little billet, walking by my side all the while. When he finished, he gave it back to me with great politeness. It contained another request to have the door left open; and this has been the ruin of us all. My uncle kept me strictly in my room until evening, and then ordered me to dress myself as you see me—a hard mockery for a young girl, do you not think so? I suppose, when he could not prevail with me to tell him the young captain's name, he must have laid a trap for him: into which, alas! you have fallen in the anger of God. I looked for much confusion; for how could I tell whether he was willing to take me for his wife on these sharp terms? He might have been trifling with me from the first; or I might have made myself too cheap in his eyes. But truly I had not looked for such a shameful punishment as this! I could not think that God would let a girl be so disgraced before a young man. And now I tell you all; and I can scarcely hope that you will not despise me."

Denis made her a respectful inclination.

"Madam," he said, "you have honoured me by your confidence. It remains for me to prove that I am not unworthy of the honour. Is Messire de Malétroit at hand?"

"I believe he is writing in the salle without," she answered.

"May I lead you thither, madam?" asked Denis, offering his hand with his most courtly bearing.

She accepted it; and the pair passed out of the chapel, Blanche in a very drooping and shamefaced condition, but Denis strutting and ruffling in the consciousness of a mission, and the boyish certainty of accomplishing it with honour.

The Sire de Malétroit rose to meet them with an ironical obeisance.

"Sir," said Denis, with the grandest possible air, "I believe I am to have some say in the matter of this marriage; and let me tell you at once, I will be no party to forcing the inclination of this young lady. Had it been freely offered to me, I should have been proud to accept her hand, for I perceive she is as good as she is beautiful; but as things are, I have now the honour, messire, of refusing."

Blanche looked at him with gratitude in her eyes; but the old gentleman only smiled and smiled, until his smile grew positively sickening to Denis.

"I am afraid," he said, "Monsieur de Beaulieu, that you do not perfectly understand the choice I have offered you. Follow me, I beseech you, to this window." And he led the way to one of the large windows which stood open on the night. "You observe," he went on, "there is an iron ring in the upper masonry, and reeved through that, a very efficacious rope. Now, mark my words: if you should find your disinclination to my niece's person insurmountable, I shall have you hanged out of this window before sunrise. I shall only proceed to such an extremity with the greatest regret, you may believe me. For it is not at all your death that I desire, but my niece's establishment in life. At the same time, it must come to that if you prove obstinate. Your family, Monsieur de Beaulieu, is very well in its way; but if you sprang from Charlemagne, you should not refuse the hand of a Malétroit with impunity—not if she had been as common as the Paris road—not if she were as hideous as the gargoyle over my door. Neither my niece nor you, nor my own private feelings, move me at all in this matter. The honour of my house has been compromised; I believe you to be the guilty person, at least you are now in the secret; and you can hardly wonder if I request you to wipe out the stain. If you will not, your blood be on your own head! It will be no great satisfaction to me to have your interesting relics kicking their heels in the breeze below my windows, but half a loaf is better than no bread, and if I can not cure the dishonour, I shall at least stop the scandal."

There was a pause.

"I believe there are other ways of settling such imbroglios among gentlemen," said Denis. "You wear a sword, and I hear you have used it with distinction."

The Sire de Malétroit made a signal to the chaplain, who crossed the room with long silent strides and raised the arras over the third of the three doors. It was only a moment before he let it fall again; but Denis had time to see a dusky passage full of armed men.

"When I was a little younger, I should have been delighted to honour you, Monsieur de Beaulieu," said Sire Alain; "but, I am now too old. Faithful retainers are the sinews of age, and I must employ the strength I have. This is one of the hardest things to swallow as a man grows up in years; but with a little patience, even this becomes habitual. You and the lady seem to prefer the salle for what remains of your two hours; and as I have no desire to cross your preference, I shall resign it to your use with all the pleasure in the world. No haste!" he added, holding up his hand, as he saw a dangerous look come into Denis de Beaulieu's face. "If your mind revolt against hanging, it will be time enough two hours hence to throw yourself out of the window or upon the pikes of my retainers. Two hours of life are always two hours. A great many things may turn up in even as little a while as that. And, besides, if I understand her appearance, my niece has something to say to you. You will not disfigure your last hours by a want of politeness to a lady?"

Denis looked at Blanche, and she made him an imploring gesture.

It is likely that the old gentleman was hugely pleased at this symptom of an understanding; for he smiled on both, and added sweetly: "If you will give me your word of honour, Monsieur de Beaulieu, to await my return at the end of the two hours before attempting anything desperate, I shall withdraw my retainers, and let you speak in greater privacy with mademoiselle."

Denis again glanced at the girl, who seemed to beseech him to agree.

"I give you my word of honour," he said.

Messire de Malétroit bowed, and proceeded to limp about the apartment, clearing his throat the while with that odd musical chirp which had already grown so irritating in the ears of Denis de Beaulieu. He first possessed himself of some papers which lay upon the table; then he went to the mouth of the passage and appeared to give an order to the men behind the arras; and lastly he hobbled out through the door by which Denis had come in, turning upon the threshold to address a last smiling bow to the young couple, and followed by the chaplain with a hand-lamp.

No sooner were they alone than Blanche advanced toward Denis with her hands extended. Her face was flushed and excited, and her eyes shone with tears.

"You shall not die!" she cried, "you shall marry me after all."

"You seem to think, madam," replied Denis, "that I stand much in fear of death."

"Oh, no, no," she said, "I see you are no poltroon. It is for my own sake—I could not bear to have you slain for such a scruple."

"I am afraid," returned Denis, "that you underrate the difficulty, madam. What you may be too generous to refuse, I may be too proud to accept. In a moment of noble feeling toward me, you forget what you perhaps owe to others."

He had the decency to keep his eyes on the floor as he said this, and after he had finished, so as not to spy upon her confusion. She stood silent for a moment, then walked suddenly away, and falling on her uncle's chair, fairly burst out sobbing. Denis was in the acme of embarrassment. He looked round, as if to seek for inspiration, and seeing a stool, plumped down upon it for something to do. There he sat playing with the guard of his rapier, and wishing himself dead a thousand times over, and buried in the nastiest kitchen-heap in France. His eyes wandered round the apartment, but found nothing to arrest them. There were such wide spaces between the furniture, the light fell so badly and cheerlessly over all, the dark outside air looked in so coldly through the windows, that he thought he had never seen a church so vast, nor a tomb so melancholy. The regular sobs of Blanche de Malétroit measured out the time like the ticking of a clock. He read the device upon the shield over and over again, until his eyes became obscured; he stared into shadowy corners until he imagined they were swarming with horrible animals; and every now and again he awoke with a start, to remember that his last two hours were running, and death was on the march.

Oftener and oftener, as the time went on, did his glance settle on the girl herself. Her face was bowed forward and covered with her hands, and she was shaken at intervals by the convulsive hiccup of grief. Even thus she was not an unpleasant object to dwell upon, so plump and yet so fine, with a warm brown skin, and the most beautiful hair, Denis thought, in the whole world of womankind. Her hands were like her uncle's: but they were more in place at the end of her young arms, and looked infinitely soft and caressing. He remembered how her blue eyes had shone upon him, full of anger, pity, and innocence. And the more he dwelt on her perfections, the uglier death looked, and the more deeply was he smitten with penitence at her continued tears. Now he felt that no man could have the courage to leave a world which contained so beautiful a creature; and now he would have given forty minutes of his last hour to have unsaid his cruel speech.

Suddenly a hoarse and ragged peal of cock-crow rose to their ears from the dark valley below the windows. And this shattering noise in the silence of all around was like a light in a dark place, and shook them both out of their reflections.

"Alas, can I do nothing to help you?" she said, looking up.

"Madame," replied Denis, with a fine irrelevancy, "if I have said anything to wound you, believe me, it was for your own sake and not for mine."

She thanked him with a tearful look.

"I feel your position cruelly," he went on. "The world has been bitter hard on you. Your uncle is a disgrace to mankind. Believe me, madame, there is no young gentleman in all France but would be glad of my opportunity, to die in doing you a momentary service."

"I know already that you can be very brave and generous," she answered. "What I *want* to know is whether I can serve you—now or afterward," she added, with a quaver.

"Most certainly," he answered with a smile. "Let me sit beside you as if I were a friend, instead of a foolish intruder; try to forget how awkwardly we are placed to one another; make my last moments go pleasantly: and you will do me the chief service possible."

"You are very gallant," she added, with a yet deeper sadness . . . "very gallant . . . and it somehow pains me. But draw nearer if you please; and if you find anything to say to me, you will at least make certain of a very friendly listener. Ah! Monsieur de Beaulieu," she broke forth—"ah! Monsieur de Beaulieu, how can I look you in the face?" And she fell to weeping again with a renewed effusion.

"Madame," said Denis, taking her hand in both of his, "reflect on the little time I have before me, and the great bitterness into which I am cast by the sight of your distress. Spare me, in my last moments, the spectacle of what I can not cure even with the sacrifice of my life."

"I am very selfish," answered Blanche. "I will be braver, Monsieur de Beaulieu, for your sake. But think if I can do you no kindness in the future—if you have no friends to whom I could carry your adieus. Charge me as heavily as you can; every burden will lighten, by so little, the invaluable gratitude I owe you. Put it in my power to do something more for you than weep."

"My mother is married again, and has a young family to care for. My brother Guichard will inherit my fiefs; and if I am not in error, that will content him amply for my death. Life is a little vapor that passeth away, as we are told by those in holy orders. When a man is in a fair way and sees all life open in front of him, he seems to himself to make a very important figure in the world. His horse whinnies to him; the trumpets blow and the girls look out of the window as he rides into town before his company; he receives many assurances of trust and regard—sometimes by express in a letter—sometimes face to face, with persons of great consequence falling on his neck. It is not wonderful if his head is turned for a time. But once he is dead, were he as brave as Hercules or as wise as Solomon, he is soon forgotten. It is not ten years since my father fell, with many other knights around him, in a very fierce encounter, and I do not think that any one of them, nor so much as the name of the fight, is now remembered. No, no, madame, the nearer you come to it, you see that death is a dark and dusty corner, where a man gets into his tomb and has the door shut after him till the judgment day. I have few friends just now, and once I am dead I shall have none."

"Ah, Monsieur de Beaulieu!" she exclaimed, "you forget Blanche de Malétroit."

"You have a sweet nature, madam, and you are pleased to estimate a little service far beyond its worth."

"It is not that," she answered. "You mistake me if you think I am easily touched by my own concerns. I say so, because you are the noblest man I have ever met; because I recognize in you a spirit that would have made even a common person famous in the land."

"And yet here I die in a mousetrap—with no more noise about it than my own squeaking," answered he.

A look of pain crossed her face, and she was silent for a little while. Then a light came into her eyes, and with a smile she spoke again.

"I can not have my champion think meanly of himself. Any one who gives his life for another will be met in Paradise by all the heralds and angels of the Lord God. And you have no such cause to hang your head. For . . . Pray, do you think me beautiful?" she asked, with a deep flush.

"Indeed, madam, I do," he said.

"I am glad of that," she answered heartily. "Do you think there are many men in France who have been asked in marriage by a beautiful maiden—with her own lips—and who have refused her to her face? I know you men would half despise such a triumph; but believe me, we women know more of what is precious in love. There is nothing that should set a person higher in his own esteem; and we women would prize nothing more dearly."

"You are very good," he said; "but you can not make me forget that I was asked in pity and not for love."

"I am not so sure of that," she replied, holding down her head. "Hear me to an end, Monsieur de Beaulieu. I know how you must despise me; I feel you are right to do so; I am too poor a creature to occupy one thought of your mind, although, alas! you must die for me this morning. But when I asked you to marry me, indeed, and indeed, it was because I respected and admired you, and loved you with my whole soul, from the very moment that you took my part against my uncle. If you had seen yourself, and how noble you looked, you would pity rather than despise me. And now," she went on, hurriedly checking him with her hand, "although I have laid aside all reserve and told you so much, remember that I know your sentiments toward me already. I would not, believe me, being nobly born, weary you with importunities into consent. I too have a pride of my own; and I declare before the holy mother of God, if you should now go back from your word already given, I would no more marry you than I would marry my uncle's groom."

Denis smiled a little bitterly.

"It is a small love," he said, "that shies at a little pride."

She made no answer, although she probably had her own thoughts.

"Come hither to the window," he said with a sigh. "Here is the dawn."

And indeed the dawn was already beginning. The hollow of the sky was full of essential daylight, colorless and clean; and the valley underneath was flooded with a gray reflection. A few thin vapors clung in the coves of the forest or lay along the winding course of the river. The scene disengaged a surprising effect of stillness, which was hardly interrupted when the cocks began once more to crow among the steadings. Perhaps the same fellow who had made so horrid a clangor in the darkness not half an hour before, now sent up the merriest cheer to greet the coming day. A little wind went bustling and eddying among the tree-tops underneath the windows. And still the daylight kept flooding insensibly out of the east, which was soon to grow incandescent and cast up that red-hot cannon-ball, the rising sun.

Denis looked out over all this with a bit of a shiver. He had taken her hand, and retained it in his almost unconsciously.

"Has the day begun already?" she said; and then, illogically enough: "the night has been so long! Alas! what shall we say to my uncle when he returns?"

"What you will," said Denis, and he pressed her fingers in his.

She was silent.

"Blanche," he said, with a swift, uncertain, passionate utterance, "you have seen whether I fear death. You must know well enough that I would as gladly leap out of that window into the empty air as to lay a finger on you without your free and full consent. But if you care for me at all do not let me lose my life in a misapprehension; for I love you better than the whole world; and though I will die for you blithely, it would be like all the joys of Paradise to live on and spend my life in your service."

As he stopped speaking, a bell began to ring loudly in the interior of the house and a clatter of armor in the corridor showed that the retainers were returning to their post, and the two hours were at an end.

"After all that you have heard?" she whispered, leaning toward him with her lips and eyes.

"I have heard nothing," he replied.

"The captain's name was Florimond de Champdivers," she said in his ear.

"I did not hear it," he answered, taking her supple body in his arms, and covered her wet face with kisses.

A melodious chirping was audible behind, followed by a beautiful chuckle, and the voice of Messire de Malétroit wished his new nephew a good morning.

The Happy Heart

By THOMAS DEKKER

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?
O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace,
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crispéd spring?
O sweet content!
Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
O punishment!
Then he that patiently want's burden bears
No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

The Revenge

A Ballad of the Fleet

By ALFRED. LORD TENNYSON

A. Tennyson

AT FLORES in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far away;
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I am no coward;
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
"Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."
And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet."

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a hurrah, and so
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,
And the little Revenge ran on thro' the long sea-lane between.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks and laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

And while now the great San Philip hung above us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day.
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

But anon the great San Philip, she bethought herself and went,
Having that within her womb that had left her ill content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musqueteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could fight us no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,
And he said, "Fight on! fight on!'

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we still could sting,
So they watched what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride:
"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!

"And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!"

And the gunner said, "Ay, ay," but the seamen made reply:
"We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow."
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.
And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do.
With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die!"
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honour down into the deep.
And they mann'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own;
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd navy of Spain,
And the little Revenge herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

The Islanders

FAR to the contrary, we bid ourselves remember the sons of whom we are; instead of revelling in the fruits of Commerce, we shoot scornfully past those blazing bellied windows of the aromatic dinners, and beyond Thames, away to the fishermen's deeps, Old England's native element, where the strenuous ancestry of a race yet and ever manful at the stress of trial are heard around and aloft whistling us back to the splendid strain of muscle, and spray fringes cloud, and strong heart rides the briny scoops and hillocks, and Death and Man are at grip for the haul.

There we find our nationality, our poetry, no Hebrew competing.

We do: or there at least we left it. Whether to recover it when wanted is not so certain. Humpy Hengist and dumpy Horsa, quitting ledger and coronet, might recur to their sea bow-legs and red-stubble chins, might take to their tarpaulins again; they might renew their manhood on the capture of Cod. . . . GEORGE MEREDITH.

Lokis

From the Mss. of Professor Wittembach

By

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE

January 2, 1869.

I have again revised The Bear, *whom you know, and I have polished him up with some care. Many things in the story are changed for the better, I think. The title and the names are changed also. For persons with as little intelligence as you, the manners of that bear will always seem mysterious.*

P. Mérimée

I

"THEODORE," said Professor Wittembach, "please give me that manuscript-book, bound in parchment, which is laid on the second shelf above my writing-desk—no, not that one, but the small octavo volume. I copied all the notes of my journal of 1866 in it—at least those that relate to Count Szémioth."

The Professor put on his glasses, and, amid profound silence, read the following:—

"LOKIS,"

with this Lithuanian proverb as a motto:

"Miszka su Lokiu,
Abu du tokiu."*

When the first translation of the Holy Scriptures into the Lithuanian language appeared in London, I published in the *Scientific and Literary Gazette* of Koenigsberg, an article wherein, while rendering full justice to the efforts of the learned interpreter and to the pious motives of the Bible Society, I pointed out several slight errors, and showed, moreover, that this version could only be useful to one portion of the Lithuanian people.

Indeed, the dialect from which they translated is hardly intelligible to the inhabitants of the districts where the Jomaïtic tongue, commonly called Jmoudic, is spoken, namely, in the Palatinate of Samogitia. This language is, perhaps, nearer akin to the Sanskrit than to High Lithuanian. In spite of the furious criticisms which this observation drew down upon me from a certain well-known professor of the Dorpat University, it so far enlightened the members of the Committee of the Bible Society that they lost no time in making me a flattering offer to direct and supervise an edition of the Gospel of St. Matthew into Samogitian. I was too much occupied at the time with my researches in Trans-Uralian dialects to undertake a more extended work comprising all four of the Gospels. Deferring my marriage with Mlle. Gertrude Weber, I went to Kowno (*Kaunas*) for the purpose of collecting all the linguistic records, whether printed or in MSS., of Jmoudic, that I could lay hands on. I did not overlook, of course, old ballads (*daïnos*), tales, or legends (*pasakos*) which would furnish me with material for a Jomaïtic vocabulary, a work which must necessarily precede that of translation.

I had been given a letter of introduction to the young Count Michel Szémioth, whose father, I was told, had come into the possession of the famous *Catechismus Samogiticus* of Father Lawicki. It was so rare that its very existence had been disputed, particularly by the Dorpat professor to whom allusion has been already made. In his library I should find, according to the information given me, an old collection of *daïnos*, besides ballads in old Prussian. Having written to Count Szémioth to lay the object of my visit before him, I received a most courteous invitation to spend as much time at his Castle of Médintiltas as my researches might need. He ended his letter by very gracefully saying that he prided himself upon speaking Jmoudic

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*"The two together make a pair"; word for word, Michon (Michael) with Lokis, both are the same. *Michaelium cum Lokide, ambo [duo] ipsissimi.*

almost as well as his peasants, and would be only too pleased to help me in what he termed so important and interesting an undertaking. Besides being one of the wealthiest landowners in Lithuania, he was of the same evangelical faith of which I had the honour to be a minister. I had been warned that the Count was not without a certain peculiarity of character, but he was very hospitable, especially towards all who had intellectual tastes. So I set out on my journey to Médintiltas.

At the Castle steps I was met by the Count's steward, who immediately led me to the rooms prepared for me.

"M. le Comte," he said, "is most sorry not to be able to dine with you to-day. He has a bad headache, a malady he is unfortunately subject to. If you do not prefer to dine in your room you can dine with the Countess's doctor, Dr. Froeber. Dinner will be ready in an hour; do not trouble to dress for it. If you have any orders to give, there is the bell."

He withdrew, making me a profound salute.

The room was of immense size, comfortably furnished, and decorated with mirrors and gilding. One side of it looked out upon a garden, or rather the park belonging to the Castle, and the other upon the principal entrance. Notwithstanding the statement that there was no need to dress, I felt obliged to get my black coat out of my trunk, and was in my shirt-sleeves busy unpacking my simple luggage when the sound of carriage wheels attracted me to the window which looked on the court. A handsome barouche had just come in. It contained a lady in black, a gentleman, and a woman dressed in the Lithuanian peasant costume, but so tall and strong-looking that at first I took her for a man in disguise. She stepped out first; two other women, not less robust in appearance, were already standing on the steps. The gentleman leant over the lady dressed in black, and, to my great surprise, unbuckled a broad leather belt which held her to her seat in the carriage. I noticed that this lady had long white hair, very much dishevelled, and that her large, wide-opened eyes were vacant in expression. She looked like a waxen figure. After having untied her her companion spoke to her very respectfully, hat in hand; but she appeared not to pay the slightest attention to him. He then turned to the servants and made a slight sign with his head. Immediately the three women took hold of the lady in black, lifted her out as though she were a feather, and carried her into the Castle, in spite of her efforts to cling to the carriage. The scene was witnessed by several of the house servants, who did not appear to think it anything extraordinary.

The gentleman who had directed the proceedings drew out his watch, and asked how soon dinner would be ready.

"In a quarter of an hour, doctor," was the reply.

I guessed at once that this was Dr. Froeber, and that the lady in black was the Countess. From her age I concluded she was the mother of Count Szémioth, and the precautionary measures taken concerning her told me clearly enough that her reason was affected.

Some moments later the doctor himself came to my room.

"As the Count is indisposed," he said to me, "I must introduce myself to you. I am Dr. Froeber, at your service, and I am delighted to make the acquaintance of a savant known to all readers of the *Scientific and Literary Gazette* of Koenigsberg. Have you been properly waited on?"

I replied to his compliments as well as I could, and told him that if it was time to go down to dinner I was ready to accompany him.

When we were in the dining-hall, a major-domo brought us liqueurs and several piquant and highly spiced dishes on a silver salver to induce appetite, after a northern custom.

"Allow me, sir, in my office as doctor, to recommend a glass of that *starka*, a true Cognac brandy casked forty years ago. It is a queen of liqueurs. Take a Drontherm anchovy; nothing is better for opening and preparing the digestive organs, the most important functions of the body. . . . And now to table. Why do we not speak in German? You come from Koenigsberg, I from Memel; but I took my degree at Jéna. We shall be more at ease in that way, and the servants, who only know Polish and Russian, will not understand us."

We ate at first in silence; then, after having taken our first glass of Madeira, I inquired of the doctor if the Count were often inconvenienced by the indisposition which deprived us of his presence that night.

"Yes and no," was the doctor's answer. "It depends upon what expeditions he takes."

"How so?"

"When he takes the road to Rosienie, for instance, he comes back with headache and in a savage temper."

"I have been to Rosienie myself without such an experience."

"It depends, Professor," he replied, laughing, "on whether you are in love."

I sighed, thinking of Mlle. Gertrude Weber.

"Does the Count's *fiancée*, then, live at Rosienie?" I said.

"Yes, in that neighbourhood, but I can not say whether she is affianced to him. She is a real flirt, and will drive him off his head, so that he will be in his mother's state."

"Indeed, then her ladyship is . . . an invalid?"

"She is mad, my dear sir, mad; and I was even madder to come here!"

"Let us hope that your able attentions will restore her to reason."

The doctor shook his head, and looked attentively at the colour of the glass of Bordeaux which he held in his hand.

"The man you see before you, Professor, was once surgeon-major in the Kalouga regiment. At Sevastopol we cut off arms and legs from morning till night; not to speak of bombs which came down among us as thick as flies on a galled horse. But, though I was then ill-lodged and ill-fed, I was not so bored as I am here, where I eat and drink of the best, am lodged like a prince, and paid like a Court physician. . . . But liberty, my dear sir! . . . As you can guess, with this she-dragon I have not a moment to call my own."

"Has she been under your care for long?"

"Less than two years; but she has been insane at least twenty-seven, since before the birth of the Count. Did no one tell you this either at Rosienie or Kowno? Listen, then, for it is a case on which I should like some day to write an article for the *Medical Journal* of St. Petersburg. She went mad from fear. . . ."

"From fear? How was such a thing possible?"

"She had a fright. She is of the house of Keystut. . . . Oh, there are no *mésalliances* in this house. We descend from the Gédymin. . . . Well, Professor, two or three days after her marriage, which took place in the castle where we are dining (I drink to your health . . .), the Count, the father of the present one, went out hunting. Our Lithuanian ladies are regular amazons, you know. The Countess accompanied him to the hunt. . . . She stayed behind, or got in advance of the huntsmen, . . . I do not know which, . . . when, all at once, the Count saw the Countess's little Cossack, a lad of twelve or fourteen, come up at full gallop.

"'Master!' he said, 'a bear has carried off the Countess.'

"'Where?' cried the Count.

"'Over there,' replied the boy Cossack.

"All the hunt ran towards the spot he pointed out, but no Countess was to be seen. Her strangled horse lay on one side, and on the other her lambswool cloak. They searched and beat the wood on all sides. At last a huntsman cried out, 'There is the bear!' and, sure enough, the bear crossed a clearing, dragging the Countess, no doubt for the purpose of devouring her undisturbed, into a thicket, for these beasts are great gourmands; they like to dine at ease, as the monks. Married but a couple of days, the Count was most chivalrous. He tried to fling himself upon the bear, hunting knife in his fist; but, my dear sir, a Lithuanian bear does not let himself be run through like a stag. By good fortune the Count's gun-bearer, a queer, low fellow so drunk that morning as to be unable to tell a rabbit from a hare, fired his rifle more than a hundred paces off, without taking care whether the bullet hit the beast or the lady. . . ."

"And he killed the bear?"

"Stone dead. It takes a tipsy man to hit like that. There are also predestined bullets, Professor. There are sorcerers here who sell them at a moderate price. . . . The Countess was terribly torn, unconscious, of course, and had one leg broken. They carried her home, and she recovered consciousness, but her reason had gone. They took her to St. Petersburg for a special consultation of four doctors who glittered with orders. They said that Madam was *enceinte*, and that a favourable turn might be expected after her delivery. She was to be kept in fresh air in the country, and given whey and codeine. Each physician received about a hundred roubles. Nine months later the Countess gave birth to a fine, healthy boy, but where was the 'favourable turn'? Ah, yes, indeed . . . there was nothing but redoubled frenzy. The Count showed her her son. In novels that never fails to produce a good effect. 'Kill it! kill the beast!' she yelled; a little longer, and she would have wrung his neck. Ever since there have been phases of stupid imbecility, alternating with violent mania. There is a strong suicidal tendency. We are obliged to strap her down to make her take fresh air, and it takes three strong servants to hold her in. Nevertheless, Professor, I ask you to note this fact, when I have exhausted my Latin on her without making her obey me, I have a resort that quietens her. I threaten to cut off her hair. I fancy she must have had very beautiful hair at one time. Vanity! It is the sole human feeling left. Is it not odd? If I could experiment upon her as I chose, I might perhaps be able to cure her."

"By what method?"

"By thrashing her. I cured in that way twenty peasant women in a village where the terrible Russian madness (the *hurlement**) had broken out. One woman begins to howl, then her companion follows, and in three days' time the whole village is howling mad. I put an end to it by flogging them. (Take a little chicken, it is very tender.) The Count would never allow me to try the experiment."

"What! you wanted him to consent to your atrocious treatment?"

"Oh, he had known his mother so little, and besides it was for her good; but tell me, Professor, have you ever held that fear could drive anyone mad?"

"The Countess's situation was frightful . . . to find herself in the claws of a savage beast!"

"All the same, her son does not take after her. A year ago he was in exactly the same predicament, but, thanks to his coolness, he had a marvellous escape."

"From the claws of a bear?"

"A she-bear, the largest seen for some time. The Count wanted to attack her, boar-spear in hand, but with one back stroke she parried the blade, clutched the Count, and felled him to the ground as easily as I could upset this bottle. He cunningly feigned death. . . . The bear smelt and sniffed him, then, instead of tearing him to pieces, she gave him a lick with her tongue. He had the presence of mind not to move, and she went on her way."

"She thought that he was dead. I have been told that these animals will not eat a dead body."

"We will endeavour to believe that is so, and abstain from making personal investigation of the question. But, apropos of fear, let me tell you what happened at Sevastopol. Five or six of us were sitting behind the ambulance of the famous bastion No. 5, round a pot of beer which had been brought us. The sentry cried, 'A shell!' and we all lay flat on our stomachs. No, not all of us: a fellow named . . . but it is not necessary to give his name . . . a young officer who had just come to us, remained standing up, holding his glass full, just when the shell burst. It carried off the head of my poor comrade André Speranski, a brave lad, and broke the pitcher, which, fortunately, was nearly empty. When we got up after the explosion we saw, in the midst of the smoke, that our friend had swallowed his last mouthful of beer just as though nothing had happened. We dubbed him a hero. The following day I met Captain Ghédéonof coming out of the hospital. 'I dine with you fellows to-day,' he said, 'and to celebrate my return I will stand the champagne.' We sat down to the table, and the young officer of the beer was there. He did not wait for the champagne. A bottle was being uncorked near him, and fizz! the cork hit him on the temple. He uttered a cry and fainted away. Believe me, my hero had been devilishly afraid the first time, and his drinking the beer instead of getting out of the way showed that he had lost the control of his mind, and only unconscious mechanical movements remained to him. Indeed, Professor, the human mechanism—"

"Sir," said a servant who had just come into the room, "Jdanova says that the Countess will not take her food."

"Devil take her!" growled the doctor. "I must go to her. When I have made my she-dragon eat, Professor, if agreeable to you, we will take a hand at *préférence* or at *douratchki*."

I expressed my regret that I was ignorant of the games, and, when he had gone to see the invalid, I went up to my room and wrote to Mlle. Gertrude.

II

It was a warm night, and I had left open the window overlooking the park. I did not feel ready for sleep after I finished my letter, so I set to work to rehearse the irregular Lithuanian verbs, and to look into Sanskrit to find the origins of their different irregularities. In the middle of my absorbing labours a tree close to my window shook violently. I could hear the dead branches creak, and it seemed as though some heavy animal were trying to climb it. Still engrossed with the bear stories that the doctor had told me, I got up, feeling rather uneasy, and saw, only a few feet from my window, a human head among the leaves of the tree, lit up plainly by the light from my lamp. The vision only lasted a second, but the singular brilliance of the eyes which met my gaze struck me more than I could say. Involuntarily I took a step backwards; then I ran to the window and demanded in severe tones what the intruder wanted. Meanwhile he climbed down quickly, and, seizing a large branch between both hands, he swung himself off, jumped to the ground, and was soon out of sight. I rang the bell and told the adventure to a servant who answered it.

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*The Russian for one possessed is "a howler"; *klikoucha*, the root of which is *klik*, clamour, howling.

"Sir," he said, "you must be mistaken."

"I am certain of what I tell you," I replied. "I am afraid there is a burglar in the park."

"It is impossible, sir."

"Well, then, is it someone out of the house?"

The servant opened his eyes wide without replying, and in the end asked me if I wanted anything. I told him to fasten my window, and I went to bed.

I slept soundly, neither dreaming of bears nor of thieves. In the morning, while I was dressing, someone knocked at my door. I opened it and found myself face to face with a very tall and finely built young man in a Bokhara dressing-gown, holding in his hand a long Turkish pipe.

"I come to bed your pardon, Professor," he said, "for having welcomed such a distinguished guest so badly. I am Count Szémioth."

I hastened to say that, on the contrary, my humble thanks were due to him for his most courteous hospitality, and inquired if he had lost his headache.

"Very nearly," he said. "At all events, until the next crisis," he added, with a melancholy expression. "Are you comfortable here? You must not forget that you are among barbarians; it would be difficult to think otherwise in Samogitia."

I assured him I was most comfortably entertained. All the time I was speaking I could not prevent myself from studying him with a very impolite curiosity; there was something strange in his look which reminded me, in spite of myself, of the man whom I had seen climbing the tree the night before. . . .

"But what probability," I said to myself, "is there that Count Szémioth would climb trees by night?"

His forehead was high and well developed, although rather narrow. His features were large and regular, but his eyes were too close together, and I did not think that, measured from one lachrymal gland to the other, there was the width of an eye, the canon of Greek sculptors. His glance was piercing. Our eyes met several times, in spite of ourselves, and we looked at each other with some embarrassment. All at once the Count burst out laughing.

"You recognize me!" he said.

"Recognize you?"

"Yes, you detected me yesterday playing a scoundrelly part."

"Oh! Monsieur le Comte!"

"I had passed a suffering day shut up in my bedroom. As I was somewhat better at night I went for a walk in the garden. I saw your light and yielded to curiosity. . . . I ought to have told you who I was, and introduced myself properly, but I was in such a ridiculous situation. . . . I was ashamed, and so I fled. . . . Will you excuse me for having disturbed you in the midst of your work?"

He said all this with a would-be playful air; but he blushed, and was evidently confused. I did my best to reassure him that I did not retain any unpleasant impression from our first interview, and, to change the subject, I asked him if he really possessed the Samogitic Catechism of Father Lawicki.

"It may be so; but, to tell you the truth, I do not know much about my father's library. He loved old and rare books. I hardly read anything beyond modern works; but we will look for it, Professor. You wish us, then, to read the Gospel in Jmoudic?"

"Do you not consider, M. le Comte, that a translation of the Scriptures into the language of this country is very desirable?"

"Certainly; nevertheless, if you will permit me a slight remark, I can tell you that amongst the people who know no other language than the Jmoudic, there is not a single person who can read."

"Perhaps so, but I ask permission of Your Excellency* to point out that the greatest obstacle in the way of learning to read is the absence of books. When the Samogitic countries have a printed text they will wish to read it, and will learn to read. This has already happened in the case of many savage races . . . not that I wish to apply such a term to the people of this country. . . . Furthermore," I went on, "is it not a deplorable thing that a language should disappear, leaving no trace behind? Prussian became a dead language thirty years ago, and the last person who knew Cornic died the other day."

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*Siatelstvo, "Your shining light"; the title used in addressing a count.

"Sad," interrupted the Count. "Alexander Humboldt told my father he had met with a parrot in America that was the only living thing which knew several words of the language of a tribe now entirely wiped out by smallpox. Will you allow me to order our tea here?"

While we drank tea the conversation turned upon the Jmoudic tongue. The Count found fault with the way Germans print Lithuanian, and he was right.

"Your alphabet," he said, "does not lend itself to our language. You have neither our J, nor our L, Y, or Ė. I have a collection of *daïnos* published last year at Koenigsberg, and I had immense trouble to understand the words, they are so queerly formed."

"Your Excellency probably speaks of Lessner's *daïnos?*"

"Yes, it is very vapid poetry, do you not think?"

"He might perhaps have selected better. I admit that, as it is, this collection has but a purely philological interest; but I believe if careful search were made one would succeed in collecting the most perfect flowers of your folk-poetry."

"Alas! I doubt it very much, in spite of my patriotic desires."

"A few weeks ago a very fine ballad was given me at Wilno—an historical one. . . . It is a most remarkable poem. . . . May I read it? I have it in my bag."

"With the greatest pleasure."

He buried himself in an armchair, after asking permission to smoke.

"I can't understand poetry unless I smoke," he said.

"It is called *The Three Sons of Boudrys.*"

"*The Three Sons of Boudrys?*" exclaimed the Count with a gesture of surprise.

"Yes, Boudrys, as Your Excellency knows better than I, is an historic character."

The Count looked at me fixedly with that odd gaze of his. It was something indefinable, both timid and ferocious, and produced an almost painful impression until one grew accustomed to it. I hurriedly began to read to escape it.

"THE THREE SONS OF BOUDRYS.

"In the courtyard of his castle old Boudrys called together his three sons—three genuine Lithuanians like himself.

"'My children,' he said to them, 'feed your war horses, and get ready your saddles; sharpen your swords and your javelins. It is said that at Wilno war has broken out between the three-quarters of the globe. Olgerd will march against Russia; Skirghello against our neighbours, the Poles; Keystut will fall upon the Teutons.* You are young, strong and bold; go and fight; and may the gods of Lithuania protect you! This year I shall not go to war, but I wish to counsel you. There are three of you, and three roads are open to you.

"'One of you must accompany Olgerd to Russia, to the borders of Lake Ilmen, under the walls of Novgorod. Ermine skins and embroidered stuffs you will find there in plenty, and among the merchants as many roubles as there are blocks of ice in the river.

"'The second must follow Keystut in his incursion. May he scatter the cross-bearing rabble! Amber is there as common as is the sea sand; their cloths are without equal for sheen and colours; their priests' vestments are ornamented with rubies.

"'The third shall cross the Nièmen with Skirghello. On the other side he will find base implements of toil. He must choose good lances and strong bucklers to oppose them, and he will bear away a daughter-in-law.

"'The women of Poland, my sons, are the most beautiful of all our captives—sportive as kittens and as white as cream. Under their black brows their eyes sparkle like stars. When I was young, half a century ago, I brought away captive from Poland a beautiful girl who became my wife. She has long been dead, but I can never look at her side of the hearth without remembering her.'

"He blessed the youths, who already were armed and in the saddle. They set out. Autumn came, then winter . . . but they did not come back, and the old Boudrys believed them to be dead.

"There came a snowstorm, and a horseman drew near, who bore under his black bourka† a precious burden.

"'Is it a sackful of roubles from Novgorod?' asked Boudrys.

"'No, father. I am bringing you a daughter-in-law from Poland.'

"In the midst of the snowstorm another horseman appeared. His bourka was also distended with a precious burden.

"'What have you, my child; yellow amber from Germany?'

"'No, father. I bring you a daughter-in-law from Poland.'

"The snow fell in squalls. A horseman

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*The knights of the Teutonic order.
†Felt cloak.

advanced hiding a precious burden under his bourka. . . . But before he had shown his spoil Boudrys had invited his friends to a third wedding."

"Bravo! Professor," cried the Count; "you pronounce Jmoudic to perfection. But who told you this pretty *daïna?*"

"A young lady whose acquaintance I had the honour to make at Wilno, at the house of Princess Katazyna Pac."

"What is her name?"

"The *panna* Iwinska."

"Mlle. Ioulka!"* exclaimed the Count. "The little madcap! I might have guessed it. My dear Professor, you know Jmoudic and all the learned tongues; you have read every old book, but you have let yourself be taken in by a young girl who has only read novels. She has translated to you, more or less correctly, in Jmoudic, one of Mięckiewicz's dainty ballads, which you have not read because it is no older than I am. If you wish it I will show it to you in Polish, or, if you prefer, in an excellent Russian translation by Pushkin."

I confess I was quite dumfounded. How the Dorpat professor would have chuckled if I had published as original the *daïna* of the "Sons of Boudrys" !

Instead of being amused at my confusion, the Count, with exquisite politeness, hastened to turn the conversation.

"So you have met Mlle. Ioulka?" said he.

"I have had the honour of being presented to her."

"What do you think of her? Speak quite frankly."

"She is a most agreeable young lady."

"So you are pleased to say."

"She is exceedingly pretty."

"Oh!"

"Do you not think she has the loveliest eyes in the world?"

"Yes."

"A complexion of the most dazzling whiteness? . . . I was reminded of a Persian *ghazel*, wherein a lover extols the fineness of his mistress's skin. 'When she drinks red wine,' he said, 'you see it pass down her throat.' The *panna* Iwinska made me think of those Persian lines."

"Mlle. Ioulka may possibly embody that phenomenon; but I do not know if she has any blood in her veins. . . . She has no heart. . . . She is as white and as cold as snow!"

He rose and walked round the room some time without speaking, as though to hide his emotion; then, stopping suddenly—

"Pardon me," he said, "we were talking, I believe, of folk-poetry. . . ."

"We were, Your Excellency."

"After all it must be admitted that she translated Mięckiewicz very prettily. . . . 'Frolicsome as a kitten, . . . white as cream, . . . eyes like stars, . . . that is her own portrait, do you not agree?"

"Absolutely, Your Excellency."

"With reference to this roguish trick . . . a very ill-judged one, to be sure, . . . the poor child is bored to death by an old aunt. She leads the life of a nun."

"At Wilno she went into society. I saw her at the ball given by the officers of the —— regiment."

"Ah, yes! the society of young officers suits her exactly. To laugh with one, to backbite with another, and to flirt with all of them. . . . Will you come and see my father's library, Professor?"

I followed him to a long gallery, lined with many handsomely bound books, which, to judge from the dust which covered their edges, were rarely opened. What was my delight to find that one of the first volumes I pulled out of a glass case was the *Catechismus Samogiticus!* I could not help uttering a cry of pleasure. It seemed as though some mysterious power were exerting its influence unknown to us.

The Count took the book, and, after he had turned over the leaves carelessly, wrote on the fly-leaf: "*To Professor Wittembach, from Michael Szémioth.*" I did not know how to express my great gratitude, and I made a mental resolution that after my death this precious book should be the ornament of my own University library.

"If you like to consider this library your workroom," said the Count, "you shall never be disturbed here."

III

After breakfast the following day the Count proposed that I should take a walk with him. The object in view was to visit a *kapas* (the name given by the Lithuanians to tumuli, called by the Russians *kourgâne*), a very noted one in that country, because formerly poets and magicians (they are one and the same thing) gathered there on certain special occasions.

"I have a very quiet horse to offer you," he said. "I regret that I can not take you by carriage, but, upon my word, the road we go by is not fit for carriages."

I would rather have stopped in the library taking my notes, but I could not express any wish contrary to that of my generous host, and I accepted. The horses were waiting for us at the foot of the step in the courtyard, where a groom held a dog in leash.

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*Julienne.

"Do you know much about dogs, Professor?" said the Count, stopping for a minute and turning to me.

"Hardly anything, Your Excellency."

"The Staroste of Zorany, where I have property, sent me this spaniel, of which he thinks highly. Allow me to show him to you." He called to the groom, who came up with the dog. He was indeed a beautiful creature. The dog was quite used to the man, and leapt joyfully and seemed full of life; but when within a few yards of the Count he put his tail between his legs and hung back terrified. The Count patted him, and at this the dog set up a dismal howl.

"I think he will turn out a good dog with careful training," he said, after having examined him for some time with the eye of a connoisseur. Then he mounted his horse.

"Professor," he said, "when we were in the avenue leading from the château you saw that dog's fear. Please give me your honest opinion. In your capacity of savant you must learn to solve enigmas. . . . Why should animals be afraid of me?"

"Really, Your Excellency does me the honour of taking me for an Œdipus, whilst I am only a simple professor of comparative philology. There might—"

"Observe," he interrupted me, "that I never beat either horses or dogs. I have a scruple against whipping a poor beast who commits a mistake through ignorance. But, nevertheless, you can hardly conceive the aversion that I inspire in dogs and horses. It takes me double the time and trouble to accustom them to me that it would other people. It took me a long time before I could subdue the horse you are riding, but now he is as quiet as a lamb."

"I believe, Your Excellency, that animals are physiognomists, and detect at once if people whom they see for the first time like them or not. I expect you only like animals for the services they render you; on the other hand, many people have an instinctive partiality for certain beasts, and they find it out at once. Now I, for instance, have always had an instinctive liking for cats. They very rarely run away from me when I try to stroke them, and I have never been scratched by one."

"That is very likely," said the Count; "I can not say I have a real affection for animals. . . . Human beings are so much more to be preferred. We are now coming into a forest, Professor, where the kingdom of beasts still flourishes—the *matecznik*, the womb, the great nursery of beasts. Yes, according to our national traditions, no one has yet penetrated its depths, no one has been able to reach to the heart of these woods and thickets, unless, always excepted, the poets and magicians have, who go everywhere. Here the beasts all live as in a Republic . . . or under a Constitutional Government, I can not tell which of the two. Lions, bears, elks, the *joubrs*, our wild oxen or aurochs, all live very happily together. The mammoth, which is preserved there, is thought highly of; it is, I believe, the Marshal of the Diet. They have a very strict police force, and if they decide that any beast is vicious they sentence him to banishment. It falls thus out of the frying-pan into the fire; it is obliged to venture into the region of man, and few escape."[*]

"A very curious legend," I exclaimed; "but, Your Excellency, you speak of the aurochs, that noble animal which Cæsar has described in his *Commentaries*, and which the Merovingian kings hunted in the forest of Compiègne. I am told they still exist in Lithuania—is that so?"

"Certainly. My father himself killed a *joubr*, having obtained permission from the Government. You can see the head in the large dining-hall. I have never seen one. I believe they are very scarce. To make amends we have wolves and bears here in abundance. To guard against a possible encounter with one of these gentlemen I have brought this instrument" (and he produced a Circassian tchékholet[†] which he carried in his belt), "and my groom carries in his saddle-box a double-barrelled rifle."

We began to penetrate into the forest. Soon the narrow track that we were following disappeared altogether. Every few moments we were obliged to ride round enormous trees whose low branches barred our passage. Several of these, which were dead of old age and fallen over, looked like bulwarks crowned with a line of *chevaux-de-frise* impossible to scale. Elsewhere we encountered deep pools covered with water-lilies and duckweed. Further on we came to a clearing where the grass shone like emeralds; but woe to those who ventured on it, for this rich and deceptive vegetation usually hides abysses of mud in which both horse and rider would disappear for ever. . . . The arduousness of the route had interrupted our conversation. All my attention was taken up in following the Count and I admired the imperturbable sagacity with which he guided his way without compass, and always regained the right direction, which had to be followed to reach the kapas. It was evident that he had frequently hunted in these wild forests.

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[*] See *Messire Thaddée*, by Mickiewicz, and *Captive Poland*, by M. Charles Edmond.

[†] A Circassian gun-case.

At last we perceived the tumulus in the centre of a large clearing. It was very high and surrounded by a fosse still clearly recognizable in spite of the landslips. It looked as though it had recently been excavated. At the summit I noticed the remains of an erection built of stones, some of which bore traces of fire. A considerable quantity of ashes, mixed with pieces of charcoal, with here and there fragments of coarse crockery, attested that there had been a fire on the top of the tumulus for a considerable time. If one can put faith in popular tradition, human sacrifices had been offered several times in the kapas; but there is hardly any extinct religion to which these abominable rites have not been attributed, and I imagine one could justify a similar theory with regard to the ancient Lithuanians from historic evidence.

We came down from the tumulus to rejoin our horses, which we had left on the far side of the fosse, when we saw an old woman approaching us, leaning on a stick and holding a basket in her hand.

"Good day, gentlemen," she said to us as she came up, "I ask an alms for the love of God. Give me something for a glass of brandy to warm my poor body."

The Count threw her a coin, and asked what she was doing in the wood, so far from habitation. For sole answer she showed him her basket filled with mushrooms. Although my knowledge of botany was but limited, I thought several of the mushrooms looked like poisonous ones.

"My good woman," I said, "you are not going to eat those, I hope."

"Sir," the old woman replied, with a sad smile, "poor folk eat all the good God gives them."

"You are not acquainted with Lithuanian stomachs," the Count put in; "they are lined with sheet iron. Our peasants eat every kind of fungus they find, and are none the worse for them."

"At least prevent her from tasting the *agaricus necator* she has in her basket," I cried, and I stretched out my hand to take one of the most poisonous of the mushrooms, but the old woman quickly withdrew the basket.

"Take care," she said in a frightened tone; "they are protected . . . *Pirkuns! Pirkuns!*"

"*Pirkuns,*" I may explain in passing, is the Samogitian name for the divinity called by the Russians *Pĕroune,* it is the Jupiter *tonans* of the Slavs. If I was surprised when I heard the old woman invoke a pagan god, I was much more astonished to see the mushrooms heave up. The black head of a snake raised itself at least a foot out of the basket. I jumped back, and the Count spat over his shoulder after the superstitious custom of the Slavs, who believe that in this way they turn away misfortune, as did the ancient Romans. The old woman put the basket on the ground, and crouched by its side; then she held out her hand towards the snake, pronouncing some unintelligible words like an incantation. The snake remained quiet a moment, then it curled itself round the shrivelled arm of the old woman and disappeared in the sleeve of her sheepskin cloak, which, with a dirty chemise, comprised, I believe, all the dress of this Lithuanian Circe. The old woman looked at us with a little laugh of triumph, like a conjurer who has just executed a difficult trick. Her face wore that mixture of cunning and stupidity which is often noticeable in would-be witches, who are mostly scoundrels and dupes.

"Here you have," said the Count in German, "a specimen of local colour; a witch who tames snakes, at the foot of a kapas, in the presence of a learned professor and of an ignorant Lithuanian gentleman. It would make a capital subject for a picture of natural life by your countryman Kñaus. . . . If you wish to have your fortune told, this is a good opportunity."

I replied that I did not encourage such practices.

"I would much rather," I added, "ask her if she knows anything about that curious superstition of which you spoke. Good woman," I said to her, "have you heard tell of a part of this forest where the beasts live in a community, independent of man's rule?"

The witch nodded her head in the affirmative, and she gave a low laugh, half silly, half malicious.

"I come from it," she said. "The beasts have lost their king. Noble, the lion, is dead; the animals are about to elect another king. If you go there perhaps they will make you king."

"What are you saying, mother?" and the Count burst into shouts of laughter. "Do you know to whom you are talking? Do you not know that this gentleman is . . . (what the deuce do they call a professor in Jmoudic?) a great savant, a sage, a *waïdelote?*"*

The witch stared at him fixedly.

"I was mistaken," she said. "It is thou who ought to go there. Thou wilt be their king, not he; thou art tall, and strong, and hast claws and teeth."

"What do you think of the epigrams she levels at us?" said the Count. "Can you show us the way, mother?" he asked.

She pointed with her hand to a part of the forest.

"Indeed?" said the Count. "And how can you get across the marsh? You must know, Professor, that she pointed to an impassable swamp, a lake of liquid mud covered over with green grass. Last year a stag that I wounded plunged into this infernal marsh, and I watched him sink slowly, slowly. . . . In five minutes I saw only his horns, and soon he disappeared completely, two of my dogs with him."

"But I am not heavy," said the old woman, chuckling.

"I think you could cross the marsh easily on a broomstick."

A flash of anger shone in the old woman's eyes.

"Sir," she said, returning to the drawling and nasal twang of the beggar, "haven't you a pipe of tobacco to give a poor woman? Thou hadst better search for a passage through the swamp than go to Dowghielly," she added in a lower tone.

"Dowghielly!" said the Count, reddening, "what do you mean?"

I could not help noticing that this word produced a singular effect upon him. He was visibly embarrassed; he lowered his head in order to hide his confusion, and busied himself over opening the tobacco pouch which hung at the hilt of his hunting knife.

"No, do not go to Dowghielly," repeated the old woman. "This little white dove is not for thee, is she, *Pirkuns?*"

At that moment the snake's head appeared out of the collar of the old woman's cloak and stretched up to its mistress's ear. The reptile, trained doubtless to the trick, moved its jaws as though it spoke.

"He says I am right," said the old woman.

The Count gave her a handful of tobacco.

"Do you know me?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"I am the master of Médintiltas. Come and see me one of these days; I will give you tobacco and brandy."

The old woman kissed his hand and moved away with rapid strides. We soon lost sight of her. The Count remained thoughtful, tying and untying the fastenings of his bag, hardly conscious of what he was doing.

"Professor," he said to me after a somewhat long silence, "you will laugh at me. That old crone knew both me and the road which she showed me better than she pretended. . . . After all, there is nothing so very surprising in that. I am as well known in this countryside as the white wolf. The jade has seen me several times on the road to Dowghielly Castle. . . . A marriageable young lady lives there, so she concluded that I was in love. . . . Then some handsome boy has bribed her to tell me bad luck. . . . It is obvious enough. Nevertheless, . . . in spite of myself, her words have affected me. I am almost frightened by them. . . . You have cause to laugh. . . . The truth is that I intended to go and ask for dinner at the Castle of Dowghielly, and now I hesitate. . . . I am a great fool. Come, Professor, you decide it. Shall we go?"

"In questions of marriage I never give advice," I said laughingly. "I take good care not to have an opinion."

We had come back to our horses.

"The horse shall choose for me," cried the Count, as he vaulted into the saddle and let the bridle lie slack.

The horse did not hesitate; he immediately entered a little footpath, which, after several turnings, descended into a metalled road which led to Dowghielly. Half an hour after we reached the Castle steps.

At the sound of our horses a pretty, fair head appeared at a window, framed between two curtains. I recognized the translator of Miękiewicz, who had taken me in.

"You are welcome," she said. "You could not have come more apropos, Count Szémioth. A dress from Paris has just arrived for me. I shall be lovely past recognition."

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*A bad translation of the word "professor." The *waïdelotes* were the Lithuanian bards.

The curtains closed again.

"It is certainly not for me that she is putting on this dress for the first time," muttered the Count between his teeth whilst mounting the steps.

He introduced me to Madam Dowghiello, the aunt of the *panna* Iwinska, who received me courteously and spoke to me of my last articles in the Koenigsberg *Scientific and Literary Gazette.*

"The Professor has come to complain to you," said the Count, "of the malicious trick which Mademoiselle Ioulka played on him.

"She is a child, Professor; you must forgive her. She often drives me to distraction with her follies. I had more sense at sixteen than she has at twenty, but she is a good girl at heart, and she has many good qualities. She is an admirable musician, she paints flowers exquisitely, and she speaks French, German and Italian equally well. . . . She embroiders."

"And she composes Jmoudic verses," added the Count, laughing.

"She is incapable of it," exclaimed Madam Dowghiello; and we had to explain her niece's mischievousness.

Madam Dowghiello was well educated, and knew the antiquities of her country. Her conversation was particularly agreeable to me. She read many of our German reviews, and held very sane views upon philology. I admit that I did not notice the time that Mademoiselle Iwinska took to dress, but it seemed long to Count Szémioth, who got up and sat down again, looked out of the window, and drummed on the pane with his fingers as a man who has lost patience.

At length, at the end of three-quarters of an hour, Mademoiselle Julienne appeared, wearing with exquisite grace a dress which would require more critical knowledge than mine to describe. She was followed by her French governess.

"Do I not look pretty?" she said to the Count, turning round slowly so that he could see her from all sides.

She did not look either at the Count or at me, but at her new dress.

"How is it, Ioulka," said Madam Dowghiello, "that you do not say good day to the Professor? He complains of you."

"Ah, Professor!" she cried, with a charming little pout. "What have I done? Have you come to make me do penance?"

"We shall punish ourselves, Mademoiselle, if we deprive ourselves of your presence," I answered. "I am far from complaining; on the contrary, I congratulate myself on having learnt, thanks to you, that the Lithuanian Muse has reappeared more brightly than ever."

She lowered her head, and, putting her hands before her face, taking care not to disarrange her hair, she said, in the tones of a child who has just stolen some sweetmeats—

"Forgive me; I will not do it again."

"I will only pardon you, my dear Pani," I said to her, "if you will fulfil a certain promise which you were good enough to make to me at Wilno, at the house of the Princess Katazyna Pac."

"What promise?" she asked, raising her head and laughing.

"Have you forgotten so soon? You promised me that if we met in Samogitia you would let me see a certain country dance which you said was enchanting."

"Oh, the roussalka! I shall be charmed; and the very man I need is here."

She ran to a table loaded with music-books, and, turning over one hastily, put it on the piano stand.

"Mind, my dear, *allegro presto,*" she said, addressing her governess. And she played the prelude herself, without sitting down, to show the time.

"Come here, Count Michel! you are too much of a Lithuanian not to be able to dance the roussalka; . . . but dance like a peasant, you understand."

Madam Dowghiello in vain tried to object. The Count and I insisted. He had his motives, for his part in the dance was extremely agreeable, as we soon saw. The governess, after several attempts, said she thought she could play that kind of waltz, strange though it was; so Mademoiselle Ioulka, after moving some chairs and a table that were in the way, took hold of her partner by the collar of his coat and led him into the centre of the room.

"You must know, Professor, that I am a roussalka, at your service."

She made a low bow.

"A roussalka is a water nymph. There is one in each of the big pools of black water which adorn our forests. Do not go near! The roussalka comes out, lovelier even than I, if that be possible; she carries you to the bottom, where, very likely, she gobbles you up. . . ."

"A real siren," I cried.

"He," continued Mademoiselle Ioulka, pointing to Count Szémioth, "is a very foolish young fisherman who exposes himself to my clutches, and, to make the pleasure last longer, I fascinate him by dancing round him for a time. . . . But, alas! to do it properly I want a sarafane.* What a pity! You must please excuse this dress, which has neither character nor local colour. . . . Oh! and I have slippers on. It is quite impossible to dance the roussalka with slippers on . . . and heels on them too."

She picked up her dress, and, daintily shaking a pretty little foot at the risk of showing her leg, she sent the slipper flying to the end of the drawing-room. The other followed the first, and she stood upon the parquetry floor in her silken stockings.

"We are quite ready," she said to the governess. And the dance began.

The roussalka revolves and revolves round her partner; he stretches out his arms to seize her, but she slips underneath them and escapes. It is very graceful, and the music has movement and originality. The figure ends when the partner, believing that he has seized the roussalka, tries to give her a kiss, and she makes a bound, strikes him on the shoulder, and he falls dead at her feet. . . . But the Count improvised a variation, strained the winsome creature in his arms, and kissed her again and again. Mademoiselle Ioulka uttered a little cry, blushed deeply, and threw herself, pouting, onto a couch, complaining that he had hugged her like the bear that he was. I saw that the comparison did not please the Count, for it brought to his mind the family misfortune, and his brow darkened. I thanked Mademoiselle Ioulka most warmly, and praised her dance, which seemed to me to have an antique flavour and recalled the sacred dances of the Greeks. I was interrupted by a servant announcing General and Princess Véliaminof. Mademoiselle Ioulka leaped to the sofa for her shoes, hastily thrust in her little feet, and ran to meet the Princess, making successively two profound bows. I noticed that at each bow she adroitly drew on part of her slipper. The General brought with him two aides-de-camp, and, like us, had come to ask for hospitality. In any other country I imagine the mistress of the house would have been a little embarrassed to receive all at once six hungry and unexpected guests; but Lithuanian hospitality is so lavish that the dinner was not more than half an hour late, I think; there were too many pies, however, both hot and cold.

IV

The dinner was very lively. The General gave us a most interesting account of the dialects spoken in the Caucasus, some of which are Aryan, and others Turanian, although between the different peoples there is a remarkable uniformity in manners and customs. I had to talk of my travels because Count Szémioth congratulated me on the way I sat a horse, and said he had never met a minister or a professor who could have managed so easily such a journey as the one we had taken. I explained to him that, commissioned by the Bible Society to write a work on the language of the *Charruas*, I had spent three and a half years in the Republic of Uruguay, nearly always on horseback, and living in the pampas among the Indians. This led me to relate how, when lost for three days in those boundless plains, without food or water, I had been reduced, like the *gauchos* who accompanied me, to bleed my horse and drink his blood.

All the ladies uttered a cry of horror. The General observed that the Kalmouks did the same in similar extremities. The Count asked me what the drink tasted like.

"Morally, it was most repugnant," I replied, "but, physically, I found it rather good, and it is owing to it that I have the honour of dining here to-day. Many Europeans, I mean white men, who have lived for a long time with the Indians, accustom themselves to it, and even get to like the taste. My good friend Don Fructuoso Rivero, President of the Republic, hardly ever missed a chance of gratifying it. I recollect one day, when he was going to Congress in full uniform, he passed a *rancho* where a young foal was being bled. He got off his horse to ask for a *chupon*, a suck; after which he delivered one of his most eloquent speeches."

"Your President is a hideous monster," cried Mademoiselle Ioulka.

"Pardon me, my dear Pani," I said to her, "he is a very distinguished person, with a most enlightened mind. He speaks several very difficult Indian dialects to perfection, specially the *Charrua*, the verbs of which take innumerable forms, according to whether its objective is direct or indirect, and even according to the social relations of the persons who speak."

I was about to give some very curious instances of the construction of the *Charrua* verb, but the Count interrupted me to ask what part of the horse they bled when they wanted to drink its blood.

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* A peasant's skirt, without a bodice.

"For goodness' sake, my dear Professor," cried Mademoiselle Ioulka, with a comic expression of terror, "do not tell him. He is just the man to slay his whole stable, and to eat us up ourselves when he has no more horses left!"

Upon this sally the ladies laughingly left the table to prepare tea and coffee whilst we smoked. In a quarter of an hour they sent from the drawing-room for the General. We all prepared to go with him; but we were told that the ladies only wished one man at a time. Very soon we heard from the drawing-room loud bursts of laughter and clapping of hands.

"Mademoiselle Ioulka is up to her pranks," said the Count.

He was sent for next; and again there followed laughter and applause. It was my turn after his. By the time I had reached the room every face had taken on a pretended gravity which did not bode well. I expected some trick.

"Professor," said the General to me in his most official manner, "these ladies maintain that we have given too kind a reception to their champagne, and they will not admit us among them until after a test. You must walk from the middle of the room to that wall with your eyes bandaged, and touch it with your finger. You see how easy it is; you have only to walk straight. Are you able to keep a straight line?"

"I think so, General."

Mademoiselle Ioulka then threw a handkerchief over my eyes and tied it tightly behind.

"You are in the middle of the room," she said; "stretch out your hand. . . . That is right! I wager that you will not touch the wall."

"Forward, march!" called out the General.

There were only five or six steps to take. I advanced very cautiously, sure that I should encounter some cord or footstool treacherously placed in my path to trip me up, and I could hear stifled laughter, which increased my confusion. At length I believed I was quite close to the wall, when my outstretched finger suddenly went into something cold and sticky. I made a grimace and started back, which set all the onlookers laughing. I tore off my bandage, and saw Mademoiselle Ioulka standing near me holding a pot of honey, into which I had thrust my finger, thinking that I touched the wall. My only consolation was to watch the two aides-de-camp pass through the same ordeal, with no better result than I.

Throughout the evening Mademoiselle Ioulka never ceased to give vent to her frolicsome humour. Ever teasing, ever mischievous, she made first one, then another, the butt of her fun. I observed, however, that she more frequently addressed herself to the Count, who, I must say, never took offence, and even seemed to enjoy her allurements. But when, on the other hand, she began an attack upon one of the aides-de-camp, he frowned, and I saw his eyes kindle with that dull fire which was almost terrifying. "Frolicsome as a kitten and as white as cream." I thought in writing that verse Miçkiewicz must surely have wished to draw the portrait of the *panna* Ioulka.

V

It was very late before we retired to bed. In many of the great houses in Lithuania there is plenty of splendid silver plate, fine furniture, and valuable Persian carpets; but they have not, as in our dear Germany, comfortable feather beds to offer the tired guest. Rich or poor, nobleman or peasant, a Slav can sleep quite soundly on a board. The Castle of Dowghielly was no exception to this general rule. In the room to which the Count and I were conducted there were but two couches newly covered with morocco leather. This did not distress me much, as I had often slept on the bare earth in my travels, and I laughed a little at the Count's exclamations upon the barbarous customs of his compatriots. A servant came to take off our boots and to bring us dressing-gowns and slippers. When the Count had taken off his coat, he walked up and down awhile in silence, then he stopped in front of the couch, upon which I had already stretched myself.

"What do you think of Ioulka?" he said.

"I think she is bewitching."

"Yes, but such a flirt! . . . Do you believe she has any liking for that fair-haired little captain?"

"The aide-de-camp? . . . How should I tell?"

"He is a fop! . . . So he ought to please women."

"I deny your conclusion, Count. Do you wish me to tell you the truth? Mademoiselle Ioulka thinks far more how to please Count Szémioth than to please all the aides-de-camp in the army."

He blushed without replying; but I saw that my words had given him great pleasure.

He walked about again for some time without speaking; then, after looking at his watch, he said—

"Good gracious! we must really go to sleep; it is very late."

He took his rifle and his hunting knife, which had been placed in our room, put them in a cupboard, and took out the key.

"Will you keep it?" he said; and to my great surprise he gave it to me. "I might forget it. You certainly have a better memory than I have."

"The best way not to forget your weapons would be to place them on that table near your sofa," I said.

"No. . . . Look here, to tell you the truth, I do not like to have arms by me when I am asleep. . . . This is the reason. When I was in the Grodno Hussars, I slept one night in a room with a companion, and my pistols were on the chair near me. In the night I was awakened by a report. I had a pistol in my hand; I had fired, and the bullet had passed within two inches of my comrade's head. . . . I have never been able to remember the dream I had."

I was a little disturbed by his anecdote. I was guarded against having a bullet through my head; but, when I looked at the tall figure of my companion, with his herculean shoulders and his muscular arms covered with black down, I could not help recognising that he was perfectly able to strangle me with his hands if he had a bad dream. I took care, however, not to let him see that I felt the slightest uneasiness. I merely put a light on a chair close to my couch, and began to read the *Catechism* of Lawiçki, which I had brought with me. The Count wished me good night, and lay down on his sofa, upon which he turned over five or six times; at last he seemed asleep although he was doubled up like Horace's lover, who, shut up in a chest, touched his head with his bent knees.

". . . Turpi clausus in arca,
Contractum genibus tangas caput. . . ."

From time to time he sighed heavily, or made a kind of nervous rattle, which I attributed to the peculiar position in which he had chosen to sleep. An hour perhaps passed in this way, and I myself became drowsy. I shut my book, and settled myself as comfortably as was possible on my bed, when an odd giggling sound from my neighbour set me trembling. I looked at the Count. His eyes were shut; his whole body shuddered; from his half-opened lips escaped some hardly articulate words.

"So fresh! . . . so white! . . . The Professor did not know what he said. . . . Horse is not worth a straw. . . . What a delicious morsel!"

Then he began to bite the cushion, on which his head rested, with all his might, growling at the same time so loudly that he woke himself.

I remained quite still on my couch, and pretended to be asleep. Nevertheless, I watched him. He sat up, rubbed his eyes, sighed sadly, and remained for nearly an hour without changing his position, absorbed apparently in his reflections. I was, however, very ill at ease, and I inwardly vowed never again to sleep by the side of the Count. But in the long run weariness overcame disquiet, and when the servant came to our room in the morning, we were both in a profound sleep.

VI

We returned to Médintiltas after breakfast. When I found Dr. Froeber alone, I told him that I believed the Count was unwell, that he had had frightful dreams, was possibly a somnambulist and would be dangerous in that condition.

"I am aware of all that," said the doctor. "With an athletic organisation he is at the same time as nervous as a highly strung woman. Perhaps he gets it from his mother. . . . She has been devilishly bad to-day. . . . I do not believe much in stories of fright and longings of pregnant women; but one thing is certain, the Countess is mad, and madness can be inherited. . . ."

"But the Count," I returned, "is perfectly sane: his mind is sound, he has much higher intelligence than, I admit, I should have expected; he loves reading. . . ."

"I grant it, my dear sir, I grant it; but he is often eccentric. Sometimes he shuts himself up for several days; often he roams about at night. He reads unheard-of books. . . . German metaphysics . . . physiology, and I know not what! Even yesterday a package of them came from Leipzig. Must I speak plainly? A Hercules needs a Hebe. There are some very pretty peasant girls here. . . . On Saturday evenings, when they have washed, you might mistake them for princesses. . . . There is not one of them but would be only too proud to distract my lord. I, at his age, devil take me! . . . No, he has no mistress; he will not marry; it is wrong. He ought to have something to occupy his mind."

The doctor's coarse materialism shocked

me extremely, and I abruptly terminated the conversation by saying that I sincerely wished that Count Szémioth should find a wife worthy of him. I was surprised, I must admit, when I learnt from the doctor of the Count's taste for philosophical studies. It went against all my preconceived ideas that this officer of the Hussars, this ardent sportsman, should read German metaphysics and engage himself in physiology. The doctor spoke the truth, however, as I had proof thereof even that very day.

"How do you explain, Professor," he said to me suddenly towards the close of dinner—"how do you explain the *duality* or the *twofold nature* of our being?"

And when he observed that I did not quite follow him, he went on—

"Have you never found yourself at the top of a tower, or even at the edge of a precipice, having at the same time a desire to throw yourself down into space, and a feeling of terror absolutely the reverse? . . ."

"That can be explained on purely physical grounds," said the doctor; "first, the fatigue of walking up hill sends a rush of blood to the brain, which—"

"Let us leave aside the question of the blood, doctor," broke in the Count impatiently, "and take another instance. You hold a loaded firearm. Your best friend stands by. The idea occurs to you to put a ball through his head. You hold assassination in the greatest horror, but all the same, you have thought of it. I believe, gentlemen, that if all the thoughts which come into our heads in the course of an hour . . . I believe that if all *your* thoughts, Professor, whom I hold to be so wise, were written down, they would form a folio volume probably, after the perusal of which there would not be a single lawyer who could successfully defend you, nor a judge who would not either put you in prison or even in a lunatic asylum."

"That judge, Count, would certainly not condemn me for having hunted, for more than an hour this morning, for the mysterious law that decides which Slavonic verbs take a future tense when joined to a preposition; but if by chance I had some other thought, what proof of it could you bring against me? I am no more master of my thoughts than of the external accidents which suggest them to me. Because a thought springs up in my mind, it can not be implied that I have put it into execution, or even resolved to do so. I have never thought of killing anybody; but if the thought of a murder comes into my mind, is not my reason there to drive it away?"

"You talk with great certainty of your reason; but is it always with us, as you say, to guide us? Reflection, that is to say, time and coolness are necessary to make the reason speak and be obeyed. Has one always both of these? In battle I see a shell coming towards me; it misses me because I drop flat; by so doing I expose my friend, for whose life I would have given my own if I had had time for reflection. . . ."

I tried to point out to him our duty as men and Christians, the obligation we are under to imitate the warrior of the Scriptures, always ready for battle; at length I made him see that in constantly struggling against our passions we gain fresh strength to weaken and to overcome them. I only succeeded, I fear, in reducing him to silence, and he did not seem convinced.

I stayed but ten days longer at the Castle. I paid one more visit to Dowghielly, but we did not sleep there. As on the first occasion, Mlle. Ioulka acted like a frolicsome and spoilt child. She exercised a kind of fascination over the Count, and I did not doubt that he was very much in love with her. At the same time he knew her faults thoroughly, and was under no illusions. He knew she was a frivolous coquette, and indifferent to all that did not afford her amusement. I could see that he often suffered internally at seeing her so unreasonable; but as soon as she paid him some little attention his face shone, and he beamed with joy, forgetful of all else. He wished to take me to Dowghielly for the last time the day before my departure, possibly because while I could stay talking with the aunt, he could walk in the garden with the niece; but I had so much work to do I was obliged to excuse myself, however much he urged. He returned to dinner, although he had told us not to wait. He came to table, but could not eat. He was gloomy and ill-tempered all through the meal. From time to time his eyebrows contracted and his eyes assumed a sinister expression. When the doctor returned to the Countess, the Count followed me to my room, and told me all that was on his mind.

"I heartily repent," he exclaimed, "having left you to go and see that little fool who makes game of me, and only cares for fresh faces; but, fortunately, all is over between us; I am utterly disgusted, and I will never see her again. . . ."

For some time he paced up and down according to his usual habit.

"You thought, perhaps, I was in love with her?" he went on. "That is what the silly doctor thinks. No, I have never loved her. Her merry look amused me. Her white skin gave me pleasure to look at. . . . That is all there is pleasing about her, . . . her complexion especially. She has no brains. I have never seen anything in her but just a pretty doll, agreeable to look at when one is tired and lacks a new book. . . . There is no doubt she is beautiful. . . . Her skin is marvellous! . . . The blood under that skin ought to be better than a horse's. . . . Do you not think so, Professor?"

And he laughed aloud, but his laugh was not pleasant to hear.

I said good-bye to him the next day, to continue my explorations in the north of the Palatinate.

VII

THEY lasted nearly two months, and I can say that there is hardly a village in Samogitia where I did not stop and where I did not collect some documents. I may here be allowed, perhaps, to take this opportunity of thanking the inhabitants of that province, and especially the Church dignitaries, for the truly warm coöperation they accorded me in my researches, and the excellent contributions with which they have enriched my dictionary.

After staying a week at Szawlé, I intended to embark at Klaypeda (the seaport which we call Memel) to return to my home, when I received the following letter from Count Szémioth, which was brought by one of his huntsmen:—

"MY DEAR PROFESSOR.—Allow me to write to you in German, for I should commit too many errors in grammar if I wrote in Jmoudic, and you would lose all respect for me. I am not sure you have much of that as it is, and the news that I am about to communicate to you will probably not increase it. Without more ado, I am going to be married, and you will guess to whom. *Jove laughs at lovers' vows.* So said Pirkuns, our Samogitian Jupiter. It is, then, Mlle. Julienne Ioulka that I am to marry on the 8th of next month. You will be the kindest of men if you will come and assist at the ceremony. All the peasantry of Médintiltas and the neighbouring districts will come to devour several oxen and countless swine, and, when they are drunk, they will dance in the meadow, which, you will remember, lies on the right of the avenue. You will see costumes and customs worthy of your consideration. It will give me and also Julienne the greatest pleasure if you come, and I must add that your refusal would place us in a most awkward situation. You know that I belong to the Evangelical Communion, as does my betrothed; now, our minister, who lives about thirty leagues away, is crippled with gout, and I ventured to hope you would be so good as to act in his stead.

"Believe me, my dear Professor,

"Yours very devotedly,

"MICHEL SZÉMIOTH."

At the end of the letter, in the form of a postscript, had been added in Jmoudic, in a pretty feminine handwriting:

"I, the muse of Lithuania, write in Jmoudic. Michel is very impertinent to question your approval. There is no one but I, indeed, who would be so silly as to marry such a fellow as he. You will see, Professor, on the 8th of next month, a bride who may be called *chic*. That is not a Jmoudic word; it is French. But please do not be distracted during the ceremony."

Neither the letter nor the postscript pleased me. I thought the engaged couple showed an inexcusable levity concerning such a solemn occasion. However, how was I to decline? Besides I will admit that the promised pageant had its attractions for me. According to all appearance, I should not fail to find among the great number of gentlefolk, who would be gathered together at the Castle of Médintiltas, some learned people who would furnish me with useful information. My Jmoudic glossary was very good; but the sense of a certain number of words which I had learnt from the lips of the lowest of the peasants was still, relatively speaking, somewhat obscure to me. All these considerations combined were sufficiently strong to make me consent to the Count's request, and I replied that I would be at Médintiltas by the morning of the 8th.

How greatly had I occasion to repent of my decision!

VIII

ON entering the avenue which led to the Castle I saw a great number of ladies and gentlemen in morning dress standing in groups on the steps of the entrance or walking about the paths of the park. The court was filled with peasants in their Sunday attire. The Castle bore a festive air; everywhere were flowers and wreaths, flags and festoons. The head servant led me to the room on the ground floor which had been assigned to me, apologising for not being able to offer me a better one; but there were so many visitors in the Castle that it had been impossible to reserve me the room I had occupied during my first visit, which had been given to the wife of the premier Marshal. My new chamber was, however, very comfortable; it looked on the park, and was below the Count's apartment. I dressed myself hastily for the ceremony, and put on my surplice, but neither the Count nor his betrothed made their appearance. The Count had gone to fetch her from Dowghielly. They should have come back a long time before this; but a bride's toilet is not a light business, and the doctor had warned the guests that as the breakfast would not take place till after the religious ceremony, those whose appetites were impatient would do well to fortify themselves at a sideboard, which was spread with cakes and all kinds of drinks. I remarked at the time that the delay excited ill-natured remarks; two mothers of pretty girls invited to the fête did not refrain from epigrams launched at the bride.

It was past noon when a salvo of cannon and muskets heralded her arrival, and soon after a state carriage entered the avenue drawn by four magnificent horses. It was easily seen by the foam which covered their chests that the delay had not been on their part. There was no one in the carriage besides the bride, Madam Dowghiello and the Count. He got out and gave his hand to Madam Dowghiello. Mademoiselle Ioulka, with a gracefully coquettish gesture, pretended to hide under a shawl to avoid the curious looks which surrounded her on all sides. But she stood up in the carriage, and was just about to take the Count's hand when the wheelers, terrified maybe by the showers of flowers that the peasants threw at the bride, perhaps also seized with that strange terror which animals seemed to experience at the sight of Count Szémioth, pranced and snorted; a wheel struck the column at the foot of the flight of steps, and for a moment an accident was feared. Mademoiselle Ioulka uttered a little cry, . . . but all minds were soon relieved, for the Count snatched her in his arms and carried her to the top of the steps as easily as though she had been a dove. We all applauded his presence of mind and his chivalrously gallant conduct. The peasants yelled terrific hurrahs, and the blushing bride laughed and trembled simultaneously. The Count, who was not at all in a hurry to rid himself of his charming burden, evidently exulted in showing her picture to the surrounding crowd. . . .

Suddenly a tall, pale, thin woman, with disordered dress and dishevelled hair, and every feature in her face drawn with terror, appeared at the top of the flight of stairs before anyone could tell whence she sprang.

"Look at the bear!" she shrieked in a piercing voice, "look at the bear! . . Get your guns! . . . He has carried off a woman! Kill him! Fire! fire!"

It was the Countess. The bride's arrival had attracted everybody to the entrance and to the courtyard or to the windows of the Castle. Even the women who kept guard over the poor maniac had forgotten their charge; she had escaped, and, without being observed by anyone, had come upon us all. It was a most painful scene. She had to be removed, in spite of her cries and resistance. Many of the guests knew nothing about the nature of her illness, and matters had to be explained to them. People whispered in a low tone for a long time after. All faces looked shocked. "It is an ill omen," said the superstitious, and their number is great in Lithuania.

However, Mlle. Ioulka begged for five minutes to settle her toilet and put on her bridal veil, an operation which lasted a full hour. It was more than was required to inform the people who did not know of the Countess's illness, of the cause and of its details.

At last the bride reappeared, magnificently attired and covered with diamonds. Her aunt introduced her to all the guests, and, when the moment came to go into the chapel, Madam Dowghiello, to my great astonishment, slapped her niece on the cheek, in the presence of the whole company, hard enough to make those whose attention was not otherwise engaged to turn round. The blow was received with perfect equanimity, and no one seemed surprised; but a man in black wrote something on a paper which he carried, and several of the persons present signed their names with the most nonchalant air. Not until after the ceremony did I find a clue to the riddle. Had I guessed it I should not have failed to oppose the abominable custom with the whole weight of my sacred office as a minister of religion. It was to set up a case for divorce by pretending that the marriage only took place by reason of the physical force exercised against one of the contracting parties.

After the religious service I felt it my duty to address a few words to the young couple, confining myself to putting before them the gravity and sacredness of the bond by which they had just united themselves; and, as I still had Mlle. Ioulka's postscript on my mind, I reminded her that she was now entering a new life, no longer accompanied by childish pleasures and amusements, but filled with serious duties and grave trials. I thought that this portion of my sermon produced much effect upon the bride, as well as on everyone present who understood German.

Volleys of firing and shouts of joy greeted the procession as it came out of the chapel on its way to the dining-hall. The repast was splendid and the appetites very keen; at first no other sounds were audible but the clatter of knives and forks. Soon, however, warmed by champagne and Hungarian wines, the people began to talk and laugh, and even to shout. The health of the bride was drunk with enthusiastic cheers. They had scarcely resumed their seats when an old *pane* with white moustaches rose up.

"I am grieved to see," he said in a loud voice, "that our ancient customs are disappearing. Our forefathers would never have drunk this toast from glasses of crystal. We drank out of the bride's slipper, and even out of her boot; for in my time ladies wore red morocco boots. Let us show, my friends, that we are still true Lithuanians. And you, Madam, condescend to give me your slipper."

"Come, take it, Monsieur," replied the bride, blushing and stifling a laugh; . . . but I can not satisfy you with a boot."

The *pane* did not wait a second bidding; he threw himself gracefully on his knees, took off a little white satin slipper with a red heel, filled it with champagne, and drank so quickly and so cleverly that not more than half fell on his clothes. The slipper was passed round, and all the men drank out of it, but not without difficulty. The old gentleman claimed the shoe as a precious relic, and Madam Dowghiello sent for a maid to repair her niece's disordered toilet.

This toast was followed by many others, and soon the guests became so noisy that it did not become me to remain with them longer. I escaped from the table without being noticed and went outside the Castle to get some fresh air, but there, too, I found a none too edifying spectacle. The servants and peasants who had had beer and spirits to their heart's content were nearly all of them already tipsy. There had been quarrelling and some heads broken. Here and there drunken men lay rolling on the grass in a state of stupidity, and the general aspect of the fête looked much like a field of battle. I should have been interested to watch the popular dances quite close, but most of them were led by impudent gipsies, and I did not think it becoming to venture into such a hubbub. I went back, therefore, to my room and read for some time; then I undressed and soon fell asleep.

When I awoke the Castle clock was striking three o'clock. It was a fine night, although the moon was half shrouded by a light mist. I tried to go to sleep again, but I could not manage it. According to my usual habit when I could not sleep I thought to take up a book and read, but I could not find matches within reach. I got up and was going to grope about the room when a dark body of great bulk passed before my window and fell with a dull thud into the garden. My first impression was that it was a man, and I thought possibly it was one of the drunken men, who had fallen out of the window. I opened mine and looked out, but I could not see anything. I lighted a candle at last, and, getting back into bed, I had gone through my glossary again just as they brought me a cup of tea. Towards eleven o'clock I went to the salon, where I found many scowling eyes and disconcerted looks. I learnt, in short, that the table had not been left until a very late hour. Neither the Count nor the young Countess had yet appeared. At half-past eleven, after many ill-timed jokes, people began to grumble—at first below their breath, but soon aloud. Dr. Froeber took upon himself to send the Count's valet to knock at his master's door. In a quarter of an hour the man came back looking anxious, and reported to Dr. Froeber that he had knocked more than a dozen times without getting any answer. Madam Dowghiello, the doctor and I consulted together. The valet's uneasiness influenced me. We all three went upstairs with him and found the young Countess's maid outside the door very scared, declaring that something dreadful had happened, for Madam's window was wide open. I recollected with horror that heavy body falling past my window. We knocked loudly; still no answer. At length the valet brought an iron bar, and we forced the door. . . . No! courage fails me to describe the scene which presented itself to our eyes. The young Countess was stretched dead on her bed, her face horribly torn, her throat cut open and covered with blood. The Count had disappeared, and no one has ever heard news of him since.

The doctor examined the young girl's ghastly wound.

"It was not a steel blade," he exclaimed, "which did this wound. . . . It was a bite. . . ."

. . . .

The doctor closed his book, and looked thoughtfully into the fire.

"And is that the end of the story?" asked Adelaide.

"The end," replied the Professor in a melancholy voice.

"But," she continued, "why have you called it '*Lokis*'? Not a single person in it is so called."

"It is not the name of a man," said the Professor. 'Come, Théodore, do you understand what '*Lokis*' means?"

"Not in the very least."

"If you were thoroughly steeped in the law of transformation from the Sanskrit into Lithuanian, you would have recognised in *lokis* the Sanskrit *arkcha*, or *rikscha*. The Lithuanians call *lokis* that animal which the Greeks called ἄρκτος, the Latins *ursus*, and the Germans *bär*.

"Now you will understand my motto:

"Miszka su Lokiu,
Abu du tokiu.

"You remember that in the romance of *Renard* the bear is called *damp Brun*. The Slavs called it Michel, which becomes Miszka in Lithuanian, and the surname nearly always replaces the generic name *lokis*. In the same way the French have forgotten their new Latin word *goupil*, or *gorpil*, and have substituted *renard*. I could quote you endless other instances. . . ."

But Adelaide observed that it was late, and we ought to go to bed.

From the Greeks

Beauty without charm only pleases us, but does not hold us; it is like a bait floating without a hook. CAPITO.

Yesterday Hermonassa, as after a carouse I was hanging a wreath on her outer door, poured a jug of water on me, and flattened my hair, which I had taken such pains to curl that it would have lasted three days. But the water set me all the more aglow, for the hidden fire of her lips was in the jug. PAULUS SILENTARIUS.

You say "one should fly from Love." It is labour lost; how shall I on foot escape from a winged creature that pursues me close? ARCHIAS.

I was young but poor; now in old age I am rich; alas of all men pitiable at both periods, who then could enjoy when I had nothing, and now have what I cannot enjoy.
UNKNOWN AUTHOR.

Eutychus the portrait painter got twenty sons, and never got one likeness even among his children. LUCILIUS.

I love everything in you. I hate only your undiscerning eye which is pleased by odious men. RUFINUS DOMESTICUS.

Give her this message, Dorcas; look! tell her it twice and repeat the whole a third time. Off with you! don't delay, fly!—just wait a moment, Dorcas! Dorcas, where are you off to before I've told you all? Just add to what I told you before—or rather (what a fool I am!). Don't say anything at all—only that—Tell her everything, don't hesitate to say everything. But why am I sending you, Dorcas? Don't you see I am going with you—in front of you?
MELEAGER.

Curious to find out if lovely Ereutho were fond of me, I tested her heart by a subtle falsehood. I said, "I am going abroad, but remain, my dear, faithful and ever mindful of my love." But she gave a great cry, and leapt up, and beat her face with her hands, and tore the clusters of her braided hair, begging me to remain. Then, as one not easily persuaded and with a dissatisfied expression, I just consented. I am happy in my love, for what I wished to do in any case, that I granted as a great favor.
AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS.

Men in Love

Through the Centuries

A Greek Hero—Odysseus to Nausicaa

"I beseech thee, O queen—art thou a goddess or art thou mortal? If a goddess, one of those who hold broad heaven, I must liken thee to Artemis, daughter of great Zeus, in comeliness and stature and form. But if thou art of this earth, then thrice-blessed are thy father and thy honoured mother, and thrice-blessed thy brethren. Full well, I ween, are their hearts ever warmed with joy because of thee, as they see thee entering the dance, a plant so fair. But blessed above all others is he who shall prevail with wooing-gifts and lead thee to his home. For never yet have mine eyes looked upon a mortal such as thou."

Homer.

A Rajah of India

. . . . And Ranga looked at her, and his heart swelled in his breast: for she touched it not only by her beauty but by the strength of her soul. And he laughed for joy, and said: ". . . . O thou fair woman, thy loveliness is wonderful, and yet it is the least part of thy excellence. Now thou art worthy of one better than I am. And yet, if thou wilt give thyself to me for a wife, I will be thy lord and thy protector in this life and the next, and thou shalt be my divinity in human form. And I will want food and clothing, before thou shalt want sweetmeats and jewels." And he stooped down and touched her feet, and put his hand on his head: and then stood and looked at her with a smile. And she looked at him with affection, and said: "Thou art the man whom I have desired to have for a husband, and now I see that my dream was a true one. And now I am thy wife and thy servant."

F. W. Bain.

The Arab of a Thousand Years Ago

"When I considered" (quoth Ibrahim), "I took leave of my senses and wit and I was dazed and my thought was confounded for amazement at the sight of loveliness whose like is not on the face of the earth. So I fell into a swoon, and coming to myself, weeping-eyed, recited these two couplets:

"I see thee and close not mine eyes for fear,
Lest their lids prevent me beholding thee:
An I gazed with mine every glance, these eyne
Ne'er could sight all the loveliness moulding thee."

The Thousand Nights and a Night: Sir Richard Burton's Translation.

An Idyll of Twelfth Century France: Aucassin and Nicolette

"Fair, sweet friend," quoth he, "thou shalt not go, for then wouldst thou be my death. And the first man that saw thee and had the might withal, would take thee straightway into his bed to be his leman. And once thou camest into a man's bed, and that bed not mine, wit ye well that I would not tarry till I had found a knife to pierce my heart and slay myself. Nay, verily, wait so long I would not; but would hurl myself so far as I might see a wall, or a black stone, and I would dash my head against it so mightily that the eyes would start and the brain burst."

"Aucassin," she said, "I trow thou lovest me not as much as thou sayest, but I love thee more than thou lovest me."

"Ah, fair, sweet friend," said Aucassin, "it may not be that thou shouldst love me even as I love thee. Woman may not love man as man loves woman; for a woman's love lies in her eye, and the bud of her breast, and her foot's tiptoe, but the love of a man is in his heart planted, whence it can never issue forth and pass away."

A German Minstrel of the Thirteenth Century

She stirred a little, and leant against him, and the springs of her heart-sorrow rose to her lips and weighed down her head.

Then Tristan laid his arm around her gently, and spake softly: . . . "I ween, fair Iseult, that the sea and the wind troubleth thee; the sea and the salt wind; thou dost taste them, and they are alike bitter to thee."

"Nay, nay, what sayest thou? I taste nor wind nor sea. L'Amer alone doth trouble me."

And Tristan whispered: "Of a sooth, sweet heart, so doth it me. L'Amer and thou, ye are my sorrow! Heart's lady, sweet Iseult, thou and the love of thee have turned my heart aside; so far have I wandered that never more may I find the right path. All that mine eyes behold is but weariness and sorrow, weakness of spirit and heaviness of heart; in all the world is there naught that my heart doth love save thee only." .

Iseult spake: "Even so is it with me."

So the twain made their confession of love each to the other; he kissed her, and she him; and each drank of the sweetness that the heart may offer.

GOTTFRIED OF STRASBURG.

The Flower of the Seventeenth Century

ROMEO—With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.
JULIET—If they do see thee, they will murther thee.
ROMEO—Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
JULIET—I would not for the world they saw thee here.
ROMEO—I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;
And but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love. SHAKESPEARE.

French Swordsman and Poet

ROXANE—Well, if that moment's come for us—suppose it!
What words would serve you?
CYRANO— All, all, all, whatever
That came to me, e'en as they came, I'd fling them
In a wild cluster, not a careful bouquet.
I love thee! I am mad! I love, I stifle!
Thy name is in my heart as in a sheep-bell,
And as I ever tremble, thinking of thee,
Ever the bell shakes, ever thy name ringeth!
All things of thine I mind, for I love all things;
I know that last year on the twelfth of May-month,
To walk abroad one day you changed your hair-plaits!
I am so used to take your hair for daylight
That—like as when the eye stares on the sun's disk,
One sees long after a red blot on all things—
So, when I quit thy beams, my dazzled vision
Sees upon all things a blond stain imprinted.
ROXANE (*agitated*)—Why, this is love indeed! EDMOND ROSTAND.

SENTIMENT INSPIRED BY CLARISSA—IN SEVEN VOLUMES

He threw himself upon his knees at my feet. Who can bear, said he (with an ardour that could not be feigned, his own eyes glistening), who can bear to behold such sweet emotion? O charmer of my heart! (and, respectfully still kneeling, he took my hand with both his, pressing it to his lips). Command me *with* you, command me *from* you; in every way I am all implicit obedience—but . . . . I appeal to everything you know, to all you have suffered . . . . whether you can possibly have such another opportunity—the chariot ready: my friends with impatience expecting the result of *your own* appointment: a man whose will shall be entirely your will, imploring you, thus on his knees imploring you—to be *your own mistress;* that is all; *nor will I ask for your favour but as upon full proof I shall* appear to deserve it. Fortune, alliance, unobjectionable! O my beloved creature! (pressing my hand once more to his lips) let not such an opportunity slip. You never, never will have such another. SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

MR. VERDANT GREEN, OF A GENERATION BACK

Mr. Verdant Green managed to say, in a choking, faltering tone, "I wonder how much you like me—very much?"

"Oh, I couldn't tell—how should I? . . . You saved my life; so, of course, I am very, very grateful; and I hope I shall always be your friend."

"Yes, I hope so indeed—always—and something more. Do you hope the same?"

"What *do* you mean? Hadn't we better go back to the house?"

"Not just yet—it's so cool here—at least, not cool exactly, but hot—pleasanter, that is—much pleasanter here. . . . Don't mind me; I always feel hot when—when I am out of doors."

"Then we had better go indoors."

"Pray, don't—not yet—do stop a little longer." And his hand . . . timidly seized Miss Patty's arm, and then naturally, but very gently, fell upon her waist. A thrill shot through him like an electric flash. . . .

"Well," said Mr. Verdant Green, who was now desperate, and mentally prepared to take the dreaded plunge into that throbbing sea that beats upon the strand of matrimony, "whether *you* like *me* very much or not, *I* like *you* very much!—very much indeed! Ever since I saw you, since last Christmas, I've—I've liked you—very much indeed!"

"CUTHBERT BEDE" [Rev. Edward Bradley].

THE BARONET AND BECKY SHARP

"I say again, I want you," Sir Pitt said, thumping the table. "I can't git on without you. I didn't see what it was till you went away. The house all goes wrong. It's not the same place. All my accounts has got muddled agin. You *must* come back. Do come back. Dear Becky, do come."

"Come—as what, sir?" Rebecca gasped out.

"Come as Lady Crawley, if you like," the Baronet said, grasping his crape hat. "There! will that zatusfy you? Come back and be my wife. You're vit vor't. Birth be hanged. You're as good a lady as ever I see. . . . Will you come? Yes or no?"

"Oh, Sir Pitt!" Rebecca said, very much moved.

"Say yes, Becky," Sir Pitt continued. "I'm an old man, but a good'n. I'm good for twenty years. I'll make you happy, zee if I don't. You shall do what you like; spend what you like; and 'ave it all your own way. I'll make you a settlement. I'll do everything reg'lar. Look yere!" and the old man fell down on his knees and leered at her like a satyr. W. M. THACKERAY.

ANGEL CLARE AND TESS

Clare jumped up from his seat, and, leaving his pail to be kicked over if the milcher had such a mind, went quickly towards the desire of his eyes, and, kneeling down beside her, clasped her in his arms.

Tess was taken completely by surprise, and she yielded to his embrace with unreflecting inevitableness. Having seen that it was really her lover who had advanced, and no one else, her lips parted, and she sank upon him in her momentary joy, with something very like an ecstatic cry.

He had been on the point of kissing that too tempting mouth of hers, but he checked himself, even for tender conscience' sake. "Forgive me, Tess dear," he whispered. "I ought to have asked. I—did not know what I was doing. I do not mean it as a liberty at all—I—am devoted to you, Tessie, dearest, with all my soul." THOMAS HARDY.

THE PASSION OF OSMOND

"What I wish to say to you," he went on at last, looking up, "is that I find I am in love with you."

Isabel instantly rose from her chair.

"Ah, keep that till I am tired!" she murmured.

"Tired of hearing it from others?" And Osmond sat there, looking up at her. "No, you may heed it now, or never, as you please. But, after all, I must say it now." . . . Then he got up and came near her, deeply respectful, as if he were afraid he had been too familiar.

"I am thoroughly in love with you."

The tears came into Isabel's eyes. . . . "Oh, don't say that, please," she answered . . . in a tone of entreaty which had nothing of conventional modesty, but which expressed the dread of having . . . to choose and decide.

"I haven't the idea that it will matter much to you," said Osmond. "I have too little to offer you. What I have—it's enough for me; but it's not enough for you. I have neither fortune, nor fame, nor extrinsic advantages of any kind. So I offer nothing. I only tell you because I think it can't offend you, and some day or other it may give you pleasure. It gives me pleasure, I assure you," he went on, standing there before her, bending forward a little, turning his hat, which he had taken up, slowly round, with a movement which had all the decent tremor of awkwardness and none of its oddity, and presenting to her his keen, expressive, emphatic face. "It gives me no pain, because it is perfectly simple. For me you will always be the most important woman in the world."

HENRY JAMES.

A SHEIK OF TO-DAY—À L'ANGLAISE

Her body was aching with the grip of his powerful arms, her mouth was bruised with his savage kisses. She clenched her hands in anguish. "Oh, God!" she sobbed, with scalding tears that scorched her cheeks. "Curse him! Curse him!"

And with the words on her lips he came, silent, noiseless, to her side. With his hands on her shoulders he forced her to her feet. His eyes were fierce, his stern mouth parted in a cruel smile, his deep, slow voice half angry, half impatiently amused. "Must I be valet as well as lover?" EDITH M. HULL.

THE FRENCH SCULPTOR

Dechartre insisted on wishing to make Thérèse admire what she did not understand. For her sake certainly he would have sacrificed Dante and all the poets, with the rest of the universe. But by her side, in the ardour of his desire, beholding her tranquil, he was irritated by her smiling beauty. He felt bound to impose on her his ideas, his artistic passions, even his fancies and caprices. In a low voice and in quick argumentative words he remonstrated with her.

"How vehement you are," she said.

Then he whispered in her ear, in a passionate voice which he vainly sought to moderate:

"You must take my soul with me. It would give me no joy to win you with a soul that was not my own."

At these words there passed over Thérèse a little shudder of fear and joy.

ANATOLE FRANCE.

A Passage in the Life of Mr. John Oakhurst

By BRET HARTE

Bret Harte

HE always thought it must have been Fate. Certainly nothing could have been more inconsistent with his habits than to have been in the Plaza at seven o'clock of that midsummer morning. The sight of his colourless face in Sacramento was rare at that season, and indeed at any season, anywhere, publicly, before two o'clock in the afternoon. Looking back upon it after years, in the light of a chanceful life, he determined, with the characteristic philosophy of his profession, that it must have been Fate.

Yet it is my duty, as a strict chronicler of facts, to state that Mr. Oakhurst's presence there that morning was due to a very simple cause. At exactly half-past six, the bank being then a winner to the amount of twenty thousand dollars, he had risen from the faro-table, relinquished his seat to an accomplished assistant, and withdrawn quietly, without attracting a glance from the silent, anxious faces bowed over the table. But when he entered his luxurious sleeping-room, across the passageway, he was a little shocked at finding the sun streaming through an inadvertently opened window. Something in the rare beauty of the morning, perhaps something in the novelty of the idea, struck him as he was about to close the blinds, and he hesitated. Then, taking his hat from the table, he stepped down a private staircase into the street.

The people who were abroad at that early hour were of a class quite unknown to Mr. Oakhurst. There were milkmen and hucksters delivering their wares, small tradespeople opening their shops, housemaids sweeping doorsteps, and occasionally a child. These Mr. Oakhurst regarded with a certain cold curiosity, perhaps quite free from the cynical disfavor with which he generally looked upon the more pretentious of his race whom he was in the habit of meeting. Indeed, I think he was not altogether displeased with the admiring glances which these humble women threw after his handsome face and figure, conspicuous even in a country of fine-looking men. While it is very probable that this wicked vagabond, in the pride of his social isolation, would have been coldly indifferent to the advances of a fine lady, a little girl who ran admiringly by his side in a ragged dress had the power to call a faint flush into his colourless cheek. He dismissed her at last, but not until she had found out—what sooner or later her large-hearted and discriminating sex inevitably did—that he was exceedingly free and open-handed with his money, and also—what perhaps none other of her sex ever did—that the bold black eyes of this fine gentleman were in reality of a brownish and even tender grey.

There was a small garden before a white cottage in a side-street that attracted Mr. Oakhurst's attention. It was filled with roses, heliotrope, and verbena,—flowers familiar enough to him in the expensive and more portable form of bouquets, but, as it seemed to him then, never before so notably lovely. Perhaps it was because the dew was yet fresh upon them, perhaps it was because they were unplucked, but Mr. Oakhurst admired them, not as a possible future tribute to the fascinating and accomplished Miss Ethelinda, then performing at the Varieties, for Mr. Oakhurst's especial benefit, as she had often assured him; nor yet as a *douceur* to the enthralling Miss Montmorrissy, with whom Mr. Oakhurst expected to sup that evening, but simply for himself, and mayhap for the flowers' sake. Howbeit, he passed on, and so out into the open plaza, where, finding a bench under a cottonwood-tree, he first dusted the seat with his handkerchief, and then sat down.

It was a fine morning. The air was so still and calm that a sigh from the sycamores seemed like the deep-drawn breath of the just awakening tree, and the faint rustle of its boughs as the outstretching of cramped and reviving limbs. Far away the Sierras stood out against a sky so remote as to be of no positive colour—so remote that even the sun despaired of ever reaching it, and so expended its strength recklessly on the whole landscape, until it fairly glittered in a white and vivid contrast. With a very rare impulse, Mr. Oakhurst took off his hat, and half reclined on the bench, with his face to the sky. Certain birds who had taken a critical attitude on a spray above him apparently began an animated discussion regarding his possible malevolent intentions. One or two, emboldened by the silence, hopped on the ground at his feet, until the sound of wheels on the gravel walk frightened them away.

Looking up, he saw a man coming slowly towards him, wheeling a nondescript vehicle in which a woman was partly sitting, partly reclining. Without knowing why, Mr. Oakhurst instantly conceived that the carriage was the invention and workmanship of the man, partly from its oddity, partly from the strong, mechanical hand that grasped it, and partly from a certain pride and visible consciousness in the manner in which the man handled it. Then Mr. Oakhurst saw something more—the man's face was familiar. With that regal faculty of not forgetting a face that had ever given him professional audience, he instantly classified it under the following mental formula: "At 'Frisco, Polka Saloon. Lost his week's wages. I reckon seventy dollars—on red. Never came again." There was, however, no trace of this in the calm eyes and unmoved face that he turned upon the stranger, who, on the contrary, blushed, looked embarrassed, hesitated, and then stopped with an involuntary motion that brought the carriage and its fair occupant face to face with Mr. Oakhurst.

I should hardly do justice to the position she will occupy in this veracious chronicle by describing the lady now—if, indeed, I am able to do it at all. Certainly, the popular estimate was conflicting. The late Colonel Starbottle—to whose large experience of a charming sex I have before been indebted for many valuable suggestions—had, I regret to say, depreciated her fascinations. "A yellow-faced cripple, by dash—a sick woman, with mahogany eyes. One of your blanked spiritual creatures, with no flesh on her bones." On the other hand, however, she enjoyed later much complimentary disparagement from her own sex. Miss Celestina Howard, second leader in the ballet at the Varieties, had, with great alliterative directness, in after years, denominated her as an "aquiline asp." Mlle. Brimborion remembered that she had always warned "Mr. Jack" that this woman would "empoison" him. But Mr. Oakhurst, whose impressions are perhaps the most important, only saw a pale, thin, deep-eyed woman, raised above the level of her companion by the refinement of long suffering and isolation, and a certain shy virginity of manner. There was a suggestion of physical purity in the folds of her fresh-looking robe, and a certain picturesque tastefulness in the details, that, without knowing why, made him think that the robe was her invention and handiwork, even as the carriage she occupied was evidently the work of her companion. Her own hand, a trifle too thin, but well-shaped, subtle-fingered, and gentlewomanly, rested on the side of the carriage, the counterpart of the strong mechanical grasp of her companion's.

There was some obstruction to the progress of the vehicle, and Mr. Oakhurst stepped forward to assist. While the wheel was being lifted over the curbstone, it was necessary that she should hold his arm, and for a moment her thin hand rested there, light and cold as a snowflake, and then—as it seemed to him—like a snowflake melted away. Then there was a pause, and then conversation—the lady joining occasionally and shyly.

It appeared that they were man and wife. That for the past two years she had been a great invalid, and had lost the use of her lower limbs from rheumatism. That until lately she had been confined to her bed, until her husband—who was a master carpenter—had bethought himself to make her this carriage. He took her out regularly for an airing before going to work, because it was his only time, and—they attracted less attention. They had tried many doctors, but without avail. They had been advised to go to the Sulphur Springs, but it was expensive. Mr. Decker, the husband, had once saved eighty dollars for that purpose, but while in San Francisco had his pocket picked—Mr. Decker was so senseless. (The intelligent reader need not be told that it is the lady who is speaking.) They had never been able to make up the sum again, and they had given up the idea. It was a dreadful thing to have one's pocket picked. Did he not think so?

Her husband's face was crimson, but Mr. Oakhurst's countenance was quite calm and unmoved, as he gravely agreed with her, and walked by her side until they passed the little garden that he had admired. Here Mr. Oakhurst commanded a halt, and, going to the door, astounded the proprietor by a preposterously extravagant offer for a choice of the flowers. Presently he returned to the carriage with his arms full of roses, heliotrope, and verbena, and cast them in the lap of the invalid. While she was bending over them with childish delight, Mr. Oakhurst took the opportunity of drawing her husband aside.

"Perhaps," he said in a low voice, and a manner quite free from any personal annoyance—"perhaps it's just as well that you lied to her as you did. You can say now that the pickpocket was arrested the other day, and you got your money back." Mr. Oakhurst quietly slipped four twenty-dollar gold-pieces into the broad hand of the bewildered Mr. Decker. "Say that—or anything you like—but the truth. Promise me you won't say that!"

The man promised. Mr. Oakhurst quietly returned to the front of the little carriage. The sick woman was still eagerly occupied with the flowers, and as she raised her eyes to his, her faded cheek seemed to have caught some colour from the roses, and her eyes some of their dewy freshness. But at that instant Mr. Oakhurst lifted his hat, and before she could thank him was gone.

I grieve to say that Mr. Decker shamelessly broke his promise. That night, in the very goodness of his heart and uxorious self-abnegation, he, like all devoted husbands, not only offered himself, but his friend and benefactor, as a sacrifice on the family altar. It is only fair, however, to add that he spoke with great fervour of the generosity of Mr. Oakhurst, and dealt with an enthusiasm quite common with his class on the mysterious fame and prodigal vices of the gambler.

"And now, Elsie, dear, say that you'll forgive me," said Mr. Decker, dropping on one knee beside his wife's couch. "I did it for the best. It was for you, dearey, that I put that money on them cards that night in 'Frisco. I thought to win a heap—enough to take you away, and enough left to get you a new dress."

Mrs. Decker smiled and pressed her husband's hand. "I do forgive you, Joe, dear," she said, still smiling, with eyes abstractedly fixed on the ceiling; "and you ought to be whipped for deceiving me so, you bad boy, and making me make such a speech. There, say no more about it. If you'll be very good hereafter, and will just now hand me that cluster of roses, I'll forgive you." She took the branch in her fingers, lifted the roses to her face, and presently said, behind their leaves—

"Joe!"

"What is it, lovey?"

"Do you think that this Mr.—what do you call him?—Jack Oakhurst would have given that money back to you if I hadn't made that speech?"

"Yes."

"If he hadn't seen me at all?"

Mr. Decker looked up. His wife had managed in some way to cover up her whole face with the roses, except her eyes, which were dangerously bright.

"No; it was you, Elsie—it was all along of seeing you that made him do it."

"A poor sick woman like me?"

"A sweet, little, lovely, pooty Elsie—Joe's own little wifey! How could he help it?"

Mrs. Decker fondly cast one arm around her husband's neck, still keeping the roses to her face with the other. From behind them she began to murmur gently and idiotically, "Dear, ole square Joey. Elsie's oney booful big bear." But, really, I do not see that my duty as a chronicler of facts compels me to continue this little lady's speech any further, and out of respect to the unmarried reader I stop.

Nevertheless, the next morning Mrs. Decker betrayed some slight and apparently uncalled-for irritability on reaching the plaza, and presently desired her husband to wheel her back home. Moreover, she was very much astonished at meeting Mr. Oakhurst just as they were returning, and even doubted if it were he, and questioned her husband as to his identity with the stranger of yesterday as he approached. Her manner to Mr. Oakhurst, also, was quite in contrast with her husband's frank welcome. Mr. Oakhurst instantly detected it. "Her husband has told her all, and she dislikes me," he said to himself, with that fatal appreciation of the half-truths of a woman's motives that causes the wisest masculine critic to stumble. He lingered only long enough to take the business address of the husband, and then, lifting his hat gravely, without looking at the lady, went his way. It struck the honest master carpenter as one of the charming anomalies of his wife's character that, although the meeting was evidently very much constrained and unpleasant, instantly afterward his wife's spirits began to rise. "You was hard on him—a leetle hard, wasn't you, Elsie?" said Mr. Decker deprecatingly. "I'm afraid he may think I've broke my promise." "Ah, indeed," said the lady indifferently. Mr. Decker instantly stepped round to the front of the vehicle. "You look like an A 1 first-class lady riding down Broadway in her own carriage, Elsie," said he; "I never seed you lookin' so peart and sassy before."

A few days later the proprietor of the San Isabel Sulphur Springs received the following note in Mr. Oakhurst's well-known dainty hand:—

Dear Steve—I've been thinking over your proposition to buy Nichols's quarter interest and have concluded to go in. But I don't see how the thing will pay until you have more accommodation down there, and for the best class—I mean *my* customers. What we want is an extension to the main building, and two or three cottages put up. I send down a builder to take hold of the job at once. He takes his sick wife with him, and you are to look after them as you would for one of us.

I may run down there myself, after the races, just to look after things; but I sha'n't set upon any game this season.

Yours always,
John Oakhurst.

It was only the last sentence of this letter that provoked criticism. "I can understand," said Mr. Hamlin, a professional brother, to whom Mr. Oakhurst's letter was shown—"I can understand why Jack goes in heavy and builds, for it's a sure spec, and is bound to be a mighty soft thing in time, if he comes here regularly. But why in blank he don't set up a bank this season and take the chance of getting some of the money back that he puts into circulation in building, is what gets me. I wonder now," he mused deeply, "what *is* his little game."

The season had been a prosperous one to Mr. Oakhurst, and proportionally disastrous to several members of the Legislature, judges, colonels, and others who had enjoyed but briefly the pleasure of Mr. Oakhurst's midnight society. And yet Sacramento had become very dull to him. He had lately formed a habit of early morning walks,—so unusual and startling to his friends, both male and female, as to occasion the intensest curiosity. Two or three of the latter set spies upon his track, but the inquisition resulted only in the discovery that Mr. Oakhurst walked to the plaza, sat down upon one particular bench for a few moments, and then returned without seeing anybody, and the theory that there was a woman in the case was abandoned. A few superstitious gentlemen of his own profession believed that he did it for "luck." Some others, more practical, declared that he went out to "study points."

After the races at Marysville, Mr. Oakhurst went to San Francisco; from that place he returned to Marysville, but a few days after was seen at San José, Santa Cruz, and Oakland. Those who met him declared that his manner was restless and feverish, and quite unlike his ordinary calmness and phlegm. Colonel Starbottle pointed out the fact that at San Francisco, at the Club, Jack had declined to deal. "Hand shaky, sir—depend upon it; don't stimulate enough—blank him!"

From San José he started to go to Oregon by land with a rather expensive outfit of horses and camp equipage, but on reaching Stockton he suddenly diverged, and four hours later found him, with a single horse, entering the cañon of the San Isabel Warm Sulphur Springs.

It was a pretty triangular valley lying at the foot of three sloping mountains, dark with pines and fantastic with madroño and manzanita. Nestling against the mountain-side, the straggling buildings and long piazza of the hotel glittered through the leaves; and here and there shone a white toy-like cottage. Mr. Oakhurst was not an admirer of nature, but he felt something of the same novel satisfaction in the view that he experienced in his first morning walk in Sacramento. And now carriages began to pass him on the road filled with gayly dressed women, and the cold California outlines of the landscape began to take upon themselves somewhat of a human warmth and color. And then the long hotel piazza came in view, efflorescent with the full-toileted fair. Mr. Oakhurst, a good rider after the California fashion, did not check his speed as he approached his destination, but charged the hotel at a gallop, threw his horse on his haunches within a foot of the piazza, and then quietly emerged from the cloud of dust that veiled his dismounting.

Whatever feverish excitement might have raged within, all his habitual calm returned as he stepped upon the piazza. With the instinct of long habit he turned and faced the battery of eyes with the same cold indifference with which he had for years encountered the half-hidden sneers of men and the half-frightened admiration of women. Only one person stepped forward to welcome him. Oddly enough, it was Dick Hamilton, perhaps the only one present who, by birth, education, and position, might have satisfied the most fastidious social critic. Happily for Mr. Oakhurst's reputation, he was a very rich banker and social leader. "Do you know who that is you spoke to?" asked young Parker, with an alarmed expression. "Yes," replied Hamilton, with characteristic effrontery; "the man you lost a thousand dollars to last week. *I* only know him *socially*." "But isn't he a gambler?" queried the youngest Miss Smith. "He is," replied Hamilton; "but I wish, my dear young lady, that we all played as open and honest a game as our friend yonder, and were willing as he is to abide by its fortunes."

But Mr. Oakhurst was happily out of hearing of this colloquy, and was even then lounging listlessly, yet watchfully, along the upper hall. Suddenly he heard a light footstep behind him, and then his name called in a familiar voice that drew the blood quickly to his heart. He turned, and she stood before him.

But how transformed! If I have hesitated to describe the hollow-eyed cripple—the quaintly dressed artisan's wife, a few pages ago—what shall I do with this graceful, shapely, elegantly attired gentlewoman into whom she has been merged within these two months? In good faith, she was very pretty. You and I, my dear madam, would have been quick to see that those charming dimples were misplaced for true beauty, and too fixed in their quality for honest mirthfulness; that the delicate lines around those aquiline nostrils were cruel and selfish; that the sweet, virginal surprise of those lovely eyes was as apt to be opened on her plate as upon the gallant speeches of her dinner partner; that her sympathetic colour came and went more with her own spirits than yours. But you and I are not in love with her, dear madam, and Mr. Oakhurst is. And even in the folds of her Parisian gown, I am afraid this poor fellow saw the same subtle strokes of purity that he had seen in her homespun robe. And then there was the delightful revelation that she could walk, and that she had dear little feet of her own in the tiniest slippers of her French shoemaker, with such preposterous blue bows, and Chappell's own stamp, Rue de something or other, Paris, on the narrow sole.

He ran toward her with a heightened colour and outstretched hands But she whipped her own behind her, glanced rapidly up and down the long hall, and stood looking at him with a half-audacious, half-mischievous admiration in utter contrast to her old reserve.

"I've a great mind not to shake hands with you at all. You passed me just now on the piazza without speaking, and I ran after you, as I suppose many another poor woman has done."

Mr. Oakhurst stammered that she was so changed.

"The more reason why you should know me. Who changed me? You. You have re-created me. You found a helpless, crippled, sick, poverty-stricken woman, with one dress to her back, and that her own make, and you gave her life, health, strength, and fortune. You did, and you know it, sir. How do you like your work?" She caught the side seams of her gown in either hand and dropped him a playful courtesy. Then, with a sudden, relenting gesture, she gave him both her hands.

Outrageous as this speech was, and unfeminine, as I trust every fair reader will deem it, I fear it pleased Mr. Oakhurst. Not but that he was accustomed to a certain frank female admiration; but then it was of the *coulisses* and not of the cloister, with which he always persisted in associating Mrs. Decker. To be addressed in this way by an invalid Puritan, a sick saint, with the austerity of suffering still clothing her—a woman who had a Bible on the dressing-table, who went to church three times a day, and was devoted to her husband, completely bowled him over. He still held her hands as she went on—

"Why didn't you come before? What were you doing in Marysville, in San José, in Oakland? You see I have followed you. I saw you as you came down the cañon, and knew you at once. I saw your letter to Joseph, and knew you were coming. Why didn't you write to me? You will some time! Good-evening, Mr. Hamilton."

She had withdrawn her hands, but not until Hamilton, ascending the staircase, was nearly abreast of them. He raised his hat to her with well-bred composure, nodded familiarly to Oakhurst, and passed on. When he had gone Mrs. Decker lifted her eyes to Mr. Oakhurst. "Some day I shall ask a great favour of you!"

Mr. Oakhurst begged that it should be now. "No, not until you know me better. Then, some day, I shall want you to—kill that man!"

She laughed, such a pleasant little ringing laugh, such a display of dimples—albeit a little fixed in the corners of her mouth—such an innocent light in her brown eyes, and such a lovely colour in her cheeks, that Mr. Oakhurst—who seldom laughed—was fain to laugh too. It was as if a lamb had proposed to a fox a foray into a neighbouring sheepfold.

A few evenings after this, Mrs. Decker arose from a charmed circle of her admirers on the hotel piazza, excused herself for a few moments, laughingly declined an escort, and ran over to her little cottage—one of her husband's creation—across the road. Perhaps from the sudden and unwonted exercise in her still convalescent state, she breathed hurriedly and feverishly as she entered her boudoir, and once or twice placed her hand upon her breast. She was startled on turning up the light to find her husband lying on the sofa.

"You look hot and excited, Elsie, love," said Mr. Decker; "you ain't took worse, are you?"

Mrs. Decker's face had paled, but now flushed again. "No," she said, "only a little pain here," as she again placed her hand upon her corsage.

"Can I do anything for you?" said Mr. Decker, rising with affectionate concern.

"Run over to the hotel and get me some brandy, quick!"

Mr. Decker ran. Mrs. Decker closed and bolted the door, and then putting her hand to her bosom, drew out the pain. It was folded foursquare, and was, I grieve to say, in Mr. Oakhurst's handwriting.

She devoured it with burning eyes and cheeks until there came a step upon the porch. Then she hurriedly replaced it in her bosom and unbolted the door. Her husband entered; she raised the spirits to her lips and declared herself better.

"Are you going over there again tonight?" asked Mr. Decker submissively.

"No," said Mrs. Decker, with her eyes fixed dreamily on the floor.

"I wouldn't if I was you," said Mr. Decker with a sigh of relief. After a pause he took a seat on the sofa, and drawing his wife to his side, said, "Do you know what I was thinking of when you came in, Elsie?" Mrs. Decker ran her fingers through his stiff black hair, and couldn't imagine.

"I was thinking of old times, Elsie; I was thinking of the days when I built that kerridge for you, Elsie—when I used to take you out to ride, and was both hoss and driver! We was poor then, and you was sick, Elsie, but we was happy. We've got money now, and a house, and you're quite another woman. I may say, dear, that you're a *new* woman. And that's where the trouble comes in. I could build you a kerridge, Elsie; I could build you a house, Elsie—but there I stopped. I couldn't build up *you*. You're strong and pretty, Elsie, and fresh and new. But somehow, Elsie, you ain't no work of mine!"

He paused. With one hand laid gently on his forehead and the other pressed upon her bosom as if to feel certain of the presence of her pain, she said sweetly and soothingly:

"But it was your work, dear."

Mr. Decker shook his head sorrowfully. "No, Elsie, not mine. I had the chance to do it once and I let it go. It's done now; but not by me."

Mrs. Decker raised her surprised, innocent eyes to his. He kissed her tenderly, and then went on in a more cheerful voice.

"That ain't all I was thinking of, Elsie. I was thinking that maybe you give too much of your company to that Mr. Hamilton. Not that there's any wrong in it, to you or him. But it might make people talk. You're the only one here, Elsie," said the master carpenter, looking fondly at his wife, "who isn't talked about; whose work ain't inspected or condemned."

Mrs. Decker was glad he had spoken about it. She had thought so, too, but she could not well be uncivil to Mr. Hamilton, who was a fine gentleman, without making a powerful enemy. "And he's always treated me as if I was a born lady in his own circle," added the little woman, with a certain pride that made her husband fondly smile. "But I have thought of a plan. He will not stay here if I should go away. If, for instance, I went to San Francisco to visit ma for a few days, he would be gone before I should return."

Mr. Decker was delighted. "By all means," he said; "go to-morrow. Jack Oakhurst is going down, and I'll put you in his charge."

Mrs. Decker did not think it was prudent. "Mr. Oakhurst is our friend, Joseph, but you know his reputation." In fact, she did not know that she ought to go now, knowing that he was going the same day; but with a kiss Mr. Decker overcame her scruples. She yielded gracefully. Few women, in fact, knew how to give up a point as charmingly as she.

She stayed a week in San Francisco. When she returned she was a trifle thinner and paler than she had been. This she explained as the result of perhaps too active exercise and excitement. "I was out of doors nearly all the time, as ma will tell you," she said to her husband, "and always alone. I am getting quite independent now," she added gaily. "I don't want any escort—I believe, Joey, dear, I could get along even without you—I'm so brave!"

But her visit, apparently, had not been productive of her impelling design. Mr. Hamilton had not gone, but had remained, and called upon them that very evening. "I've thought of a plan, Joey, dear," said Mrs. Decker when he had departed. "Poor Mr. Oakhurst has a miserable room at the hotel—suppose you ask him when he returns from San Francisco to stop with us. He can have our spare room. I don't think," she added archly, "that Mr. Hamilton will call often." Her husband laughed, intimated that she was a little coquette, pinched her cheek, and complied. "The queer thing about a woman," he said afterwards confidentially to Mr. Oakhurst, "is, that without having any plan of her own, she'll take anybody's and build a house on it entirely different to suit herself. And dern my skin, if you'll be able to say whether or not you didn't give the scale and measurements yourself. That's what gets me."

The next week Mr. Oakhurst was installed in the Deckers' cottage. The business relations of her husband and himself were known to all, and her own reputation was above suspicion. Indeed, few women were more popular. She was domestic, she was prudent, she was pious. In a country of great feminine freedom and latitude, she never rode or walked with anybody but her husband; in an epoch of slang and ambiguous expression, she was always precise and formal in her speech; in the midst of a fashion of ostentatious decoration she never wore a diamond, nor a single valuable jewel. She never permitted an indecorum in public; she never countenanced the familiarities of California society. She declaimed against the prevailing tone of infidelity and scepticism in religion. Few people who were present will ever forget the dignified yet stately manner with which she rebuked Mr. Hamilton in the public parlour for entering upon the discussion of a work on materialism, lately published; and some among them, also, will not forget the expression of amused surprise on Mr. Hamilton's face, that gradually changed to sardonic gravity as he courteously waived his point. Certainly, not Mr. Oakhurst, who from that moment began to be uneasily impatient of his friend, and even—if such a term could be applied to any moral quality in Mr. Oakhurst—to fear him.

For, during this time, Mr. Oakhurst had begun to show symptoms of a change in his usual habits. He was seldom, if ever, seen in his old haunts, in a bar-room, or with his old associates. Pink and white notes, in distracted handwriting, accumulated on the dressing-table in his rooms at Sacramento. It was given out in San Francisco that he had some organic disease of the heart, for which his physician had prescribed perfect rest. He read more, he took long walks, he sold his fast horses, he went to church.

I have a very vivid recollection of his first appearance there. He did not accompany the Deckers, nor did he go into their pew, but came in as the service commenced, and took a seat quietly in one of the back pews. By some mysterious instinct his presence became presently known to the congregation, some of whom so far forgot themselves, in their curiosity, as to face around and apparently address their responses to him. Before the service was over it was pretty well understood that "miserable sinners" meant Mr. Oakhurst. Nor did this mysterious influence fail to affect the officiating clergyman, who introduced an allusion to Mr. Oakhurst's calling and habits in a sermon on the architecture of Solomon's Temple, and in a manner so pointed and yet laboured as to cause the youngest of us to flame with indignation. Happily, however, it was lost upon Jack; I do not think he even heard it. His handsome, colourless face—albeit a trifle worn and thoughtful—was inscrutable. Only once, during the singing of a hymn, at a certain note in the contralto's voice, there crept into his dark eyes a look of wistful tenderness, so yearning and yet so hopeless that those who were watching him felt their own glisten. Yet I retain a very vivid remembrance of his standing up to receive the benediction, with the suggestion, in his manner and tightly buttoned coat, of taking the fire of his adversary at ten paces. After church he disappeared as quietly as he had entered, and fortunately escaped hearing the comments on his rash act. His appearance was generally considered as an impertinence—attributable only to some wanton fancy—or possibly a bet. One or two thought that the sexton was exceedingly remiss in not turning him out after discovering who he was; and a prominent pewholder remarked that if he couldn't take his wife and daughters to that church without exposing them to such an influence, he would try to find some church where he could. Another traced Mr. Oakhurst's presence to certain Broad Church radical tendencies, which he regretted to say he had lately noted in their pastor. Deacon Sawyer, whose delicately organized, sickly wife had already borne him eleven children, and died in an ambitious attempt to complete the dozen, avowed that the presence of a person of Mr. Oakhurst's various and indiscriminate gallantries was an insult to the memory of the deceased that, as a man, he could not brook.

It was about this time that Mr. Oakhurst, contrasting himself with a conventional world in which he had hitherto rarely mingled, became aware that there was something in his face, figure, and carriage quite unlike other men—something that if it did not betray his former career, at least showed an individuality and originality that was suspicious. In this belief he shaved off his long, silken moustache, and religiously brushed out his clustering curls every morning. He even went so far as to affect a negligence of dress, and hid his small, slim, arched feet in the largest and heaviest walking-shoes. There is a story told that he went to his tailor in Sacramento, and asked him to make him a suit of clothes like everybody else. The tailor, familiar with Mr. Oakhurst's fastidiousness, did not know what he meant. "I mean," said Mr. Oakhurst savagely, "something *respectable*—something that doesn't exactly fit me, you know." But however Mr. Oakhurst might hide his shapely limbs in homespun and home-made garments, there was something in his carriage, something in the pose of his beautiful head, something in the strong and fine manliness of his presence, something in the perfect and utter discipline and control of his muscles, something in the high repose of his nature—a repose not so much a matter of intellectual ruling as of his very nature—that go where he would, and with whom, he was always a notable man in ten thousand. Perhaps this was never so clearly intimated to Mr. Oakhurst as when, emboldened by Mr. Hamilton's advice and assistance and his predilections, he became a San Francisco broker. Even before objection was made to his presence in the Board—the objection, I remember, was urged very eloquently by Watt Sanders, who was supposed to be the inventor of the "freezing-out" system of disposing of poor stockholders, and who also enjoyed the reputation of having been the impelling cause of Briggs of Tuolumne's ruin and suicide—even before this formal protest of respectability against lawlessness, the aquiline suggestions of Mr. Oakhurst's mien and countenance not only prematurely fluttered the pigeons, but absolutely occasioned much uneasiness among the fish-hawks, who circled below him with their booty. "Dash me! but he's as likely to go after us as anybody," said Joe Fielding.

It wanted but a few days before the close of the brief summer season at San Isabel Warm Springs. Already there had been some migration of the more fashionable, and there was an uncomfortable suggestion of dregs and lees in the social life that remained. Mr. Oakhurst was moody; it was hinted that even the secure reputation of Mrs. Decker could no longer protect her from the gossip which his presence excited. It is but fair to her to say that during the last few weeks of this trying ordeal she looked like a sweet, pale martyr, and conducted herself toward her traducers with the gentle, forgiving manner of one who relied not upon the idle homage of the crowd, but upon the security of a principle that was dearer than popular favour. "They talk about myself and Mr. Oakhurst, my dear," she said to a friend, "but Heaven and my husband can best answer their calumny. It never shall be said that my husband ever turned his back upon a friend in the moment of his adversity because the position was changed, because his friend was poor and he was rich." This was the first intimation to the public that Jack had lost money, although it was known generally that the Deckers had lately bought some valuable property in San Francisco.

A few evenings after this an incident occurred which seemed to unpleasantly discord with the general social harmony that had always existed at San Isabel. It was at dinner, and Mr. Oakhurst and Mr. Hamilton, who sat together at a separate table, were observed to rise in some agitation. When they reached the hall, by a common instinct they stepped into a little breakfast-room which was vacant, and closed the door. Then Mr. Hamilton turned, with a half-amused, half-serious smile, toward his friend, and said—

"If we are to quarrel, Jack Oakhurst—you and I—in the name of all that is ridiculous, don't let it be about a"—

I do not know what was the epithet intended. It was either unspoken or lost. For at that very instant Mr. Oakhurst raised a wine-glass and dashed its contents into Hamilton's face.

As they faced each other the men seemed to have changed natures. Mr. Oakhurst was trembling with excitement, and the wine-glass that he returned to the table shivered between his fingers. Mr. Hamilton stood there, greyish white, erect, and dripping. After a pause he said coldly—

"So be it. But remember! our quarrel commences here. If I fall by your hand, you shall not use it to clear her character; if you fall by mine, you shall not be called a martyr. I am sorry it has come to this, but amen!—the sooner now the better."

He turned proudly, dropped his lids over his cold steel-blue eyes, as if sheathing a rapier, bowed, and passed coldly out.

They met twelve hours later in a little hollow two miles from the hotel, on the Stockton road. As Mr. Oakhurst received his pistol from Colonel Starbottle's hands he said to him in a low voice, "Whatever turns up or down I shall not return to the hotel. You will find some directions in my room. Go there"—but his voice suddenly faltered, and he turned his glistening eyes away, to his second's intense astonishment. "I've been out a dozen times with Jack Oakhurst," said Colonel Starbottle afterwards, "and I never saw him anyways cut before. Blank me if I didn't think he was losing his sand, till he walked to position."

The two reports were almost simultaneous. Mr. Oakhurst's right arm dropped suddenly to his side, and his pistol would have fallen from his paralyzed fingers, but the discipline of trained nerve and muscle prevailed, and he kept his grasp until he had shifted it to the other hand, without changing his position. Then there was a silence that seemed interminable, a gathering of two or three dark figures where a smoke curl still lazily floated, and then the hurried, husky, panting voice of Colonel Starbottle in his ear, "He's hit hard—through the lungs—you must run for it!"

Jack turned his dark, questioning eyes upon his second, but did not seem to listen; rather seemed to hear some other voice, remoter in the distance. He hesitated, and then made a step forward in the direction of the distant group. Then he paused again as the figures separated, and the surgeon came hastily toward him.

"He would like to speak with you a moment," said the man. "You have little time to lose, I know; but," he added in a lower voice, "it is my duty to tell you he has still less."

A look of despair so hopeless in its intensity swept over Mr. Oakhurst's usually impassive face that the surgeon started. "You are hit," he said, glancing at Jack's helpless arm.

"Nothing—a mere scratch," said Jack hastily. Then he added, with a bitter laugh, "I'm not in luck today. But come! We'll see what he wants."

His long feverish stride outstripped the surgeon's, and in another moment he stood where the dying man lay—like most dying men—the one calm, composed, central figure of an anxious group. Mr. Oakhurst's face was less calm as he dropped on one knee beside him and took his hand. "I want to speak with this gentleman alone," said Hamilton, with something of his old imperious manner, as he turned to those about him. When they drew back, he looked up in Oakhurst's face.

"I've something to tell you, Jack."

His own face was white, but not so white as that which Mr. Oakhurst bent over him—a face so ghastly, with haunting doubts and a hopeless presentiment of coming evil, a face so piteous in its infinite weariness and envy of death, that the dying man was touched, even in the languor of dissolution, with a pang of compassion, and the cynical smile faded from his lips.

"Forgive me, Jack," he whispered more feebly, "for what I have to say. I don't say it in anger, but only because it must be said. I could not do my duty to you—I could not die contented until you knew it all. It's a miserable business at best, all around. But it can't be helped now. Only I ought to have fallen by Decker's pistol and not yours."

A flush like fire came into Jack's cheek, and he would have risen, but Hamilton held him fast.

"Listen! in my pocket you will find two letters. Take them—there! You will know the handwriting. But promise you will not read them until you are in a place of safety. Promise me!"

Jack did not speak, but held the letters between his fingers as if they had been burning coals.

"Promise me," said Hamilton faintly.

"Why?" asked Oakhurst, dropping his friend's hand coldly.

"Because," said the dying man with a bitter smile—"because—when you have read them—you—will—go back—to capture—and death!"

They were his last words. He pressed Jack's hand faintly. Then his grasp relaxed, and he fell back a corpse.

It was nearly ten o'clock at night, and Mrs. Decker reclined languidly upon the sofa with a novel in her hand, while her husband discussed the politics of the country in the bar-room of the hotel. It was a warm night, and the French window looking out upon a little balcony was partly open. Suddenly she heard a foot upon the balcony, and she raised her eyes from the book with a slight start. The next moment the window was hurriedly thrust wide and a man entered.

Mrs. Decker rose to her feet with a little cry of alarm.

"For Heaven's sake, Jack, are you mad? He has only gone for a little while—he may return at any moment. Come an hour later—tomorrow—any time when I can get rid of him—but go, now, dear, at once."

Mr. Oakhurst walked toward the door, bolted it, and then faced her without a word. His face was haggard, his coat-sleeve hung loosely over an arm that was bandaged and bloody.

Nevertheless, her voice did not falter as she turned again toward him. "What has happened, Jack? Why are you here?"

He opened his coat, and threw two letters in her lap.

"To return your lover's letters—to kill you—and then myself," he said in a voice so low as to be almost inaudible.

Among the many virtues of this admirable woman was invincible courage. She did not faint, she did not cry out. She sat quietly down again, folded her hands in her lap, and said calmly,—

"And why should you not?"

Had she recoiled, had she shown any fear or contrition, had she essayed an explanation or apology, Mr. Oakhurst would have looked upon it as an evidence of guilt. But there is no quality that courage recognizes so quickly as courage, there is no condition that desperation bows before but desperation; and Mr. Oakhurst's power of analysis was not so keen as to prevent him from confounding her courage with a moral quality. Even in his fury he could not help admiring this dauntless invalid.

"Why should you not?" she repeated with a smile. "You gave me life, health, and happiness, Jack. You gave me your love. Why should you not take what you have given? Go on. I am ready."

She held out her hands with that same infinite grace of yielding with which she had taken his own on the first day of their meeting at the hotel. Jack raised his head, looked at her for one wild moment, dropped upon his knees beside her, and raised the folds of her dress to his feverish lips. But she was too clever not to instantly see her victory; she was too much of a woman, with all her cleverness, to refrain from pressing that victory home. At the same moment, as with the impulse of an outraged and wounded woman, she rose, and with an imperious gesture pointed to the window. Mr. Oakhurst rose in his turn, cast one glance upon her, and without another word passed out of her presence forever.

When he had gone, she closed the window and bolted it, and going to the chimney-piece placed the letters, one by one, in the flame of the candle until they were consumed. I would not have the reader think that during this painful operation she was unmoved. Her hand trembled and—not being a brute—for some minutes (perhaps longer) she felt very badly, and the corners of her sensitive mouth were depressed. When her husband arrived it was with a genuine joy that she ran to him, and nestled against his broad breast with a feeling of security that thrilled the honest fellow to the core.

"But I've heard dreadful news to-night, Elsie," said Mr. Decker, after a few endearments were exchanged.

"Don't tell me anything dreadful, dear; I'm not well tonight," she pleaded sweetly.

"But it's about Mr. Oakhurst and Hamilton."

"Please!" Mr. Decker could not resist the petitionary grace of those white hands and that sensitive mouth, and took her to his arms. Suddenly he said, "What's that?"

He was pointing to the bosom of her white dress. Where Mr. Oakhurst had touched her there was a spot of blood.

It was nothing; she had slightly cut her hand in closing the window; it shut so hard! If Mr. Decker had remembered to close and bolt the shutter before he went out, he might have saved her this. There was such a genuine irritability and force in this remark that Mr. Decker was quite overcome by remorse. But Mrs. Decker forgave him with that graciousness which I have before pointed out in these pages, and with the halo of that forgiveness and marital confidence still lingering above the pair, with the reader's permission we will leave them and return to Mr. Oakhurst.

But not for two weeks. At the end of that time he walked into his rooms in Sacramento, and in his old manner took his seat at the faro-table.

"How's your arm, Jack?" asked an incautious player.

There was a smile followed the question, which, however, ceased as Jack looked up quietly at the speaker.

"It bothers my dealing a little, but I can shoot as well with my left."

The game was continued in that decorous silence which usually distinguished the table at which Mr. John Oakhurst presided.

Comparisons Beyond Compare

Some Similes, from Various Writers, that the Memory Assimilates

He felt as if an angel had spit in his face. Corra Harris.

Like the Divil wint through Athlone—in standin' leps. Old Irish.

The same sense of privacy as a goldfish in a glass globe. Irvin Cobb.

At this young Riviere raised his hands, and eyed her as a moral alligator. Charles Reade.

In her rich maturity, with her disordered hair, lustrous eyes, and ripe lips . . . . she reminded one of a cluster of golden grapes. Anatole France.

To admit art because it can improve individuals or the crowd, is like admitting roses because an eye-wash can be distilled from them. Remy de Gourmont.

She had ceased to comprehend Mrs. Lawrence, even to the degree of thinking her unfeminine. She should have known that the "angelical chimpanzee" . . . could not simulate a feeling. George Meredith.

She lacked equilibrium, like all women who are spinsters at the age of fifty. She seemed to be preserved in a pickle of innocence. De Maupassant.

"I been that way myself—all wonderized, so that I felt jest like I was a melting piece of the hull creation, and it was all shifting and drifting and changing and flowing, and not solid anywhere, and I could hardly keep myself from flowing into it." Don Marquis.

He was weary of himself . . . This sham diving into the stream of life, while all the time you sat angling after yourself, fishing yourself up in one curious disguise after another. J. P. Jacobsen.

She was looking like a bulbul, a gazelle, and a tea-rose, and her eyes were as soft and bright as two quarts of cream skimmed off from the Milky Way. . . . . I sat down and opened my mouth to tell Anabela what she loved to hear—that she was a trust, monopolizing all the loveliness of earth. O. Henry.

The Living Dead

By COUNT LYOF N. TOLSTOY

Translation by Louise and Aylmer Maude

[Under the title of "Redemption," this play was produced in New York in 1924. The text of this stage version presented changes from the Russian original which in places seriously altered the whole significance of the author's characterization. Mr. and Mrs. Maude's title was "The Live Corpse," and upon their translation of his play, Count Tolstoy himself has placed his stamp of approval.]

CHARACTERS

THEODORE VASILICH PROTASOV (FEDYA).

ELISABETH ANDREVNA PROTASOVA (LISA). *His wife.*

MISHA. *Their son.*

ANNA PAVLOVNA. *Lisa's mother.*

SASHA (ALEXANDRA). *Lisa's younger, unmarried sister.*

VICTOR MIKHAYLOVICH KARENIN.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA KARENINA. *His mother.*

HER FOOTMAN.

PRINCE SERGIUS DMITRICH ABREZKOV.

MASHA. *A handsome young gipsy girl.*

IVAN MAKARICH. *An old gipsy man.* } *Masha's parents.*

NASTASYA IVANOVNA. *An old gipsy woman.* } *Masha's parents.*

DUNYASHA. *A housemaid.*

OFFICER.

MUSICIAN.

FIRST GIPSY MAN.

SECOND GIPSY MAN.

GIPSY WOMAN.

GIPSY CHOIR.

DOCTOR.

MICHAEL ALEXANDROVICH AFREMOV. *A man of the world, of gay life.*

HIS FOOTMAN.

STAKHOV. } *Fedya's boon companions.*

BUTKEVICH. } *Fedya's boon companions.*

KOROTKOV. } *Fedya's boon companions.*

IVAN PETROVICH ALEXANDROV. *A drunkard.*

VOZNESENSKI. *Karenin's secretary.*

PETUSHKOV. *An artist.*

ARTEM'EV.

WAITER AT A RESTAURANT.

WAITER IN A LOW-CLASS RESTAURANT.

MANAGER OF THE SAME.

POLICEMAN.

INVESTIGATING MAGISTRATE.

MELNIKOV. *An acquaintance of his.*

PETRUSHIN. *A lawyer.*

ACT I

SCENE I

PROTASOV'S* *flat in Moscow. The scene represents a small dining-room.*

ANNA PAVLOVNA, *a stout grey-haired lady, tightly laced, is sitting alone at the tea-table on which is a samovar. Enter nurse, carrying a teapot.*

NURSE—May I have a little hot water, ma'am?

ANNA PAVLOVNA—Yes. How's Baby?

NURSE—He's restless. . . . There's nothing worse than for a lady to nurse her baby herself! She has her troubles, and the child must suffer. What can her milk be like, when she lies awake crying all night?

ANNA PAVLOVNA—But she seems quieter now.

NURSE—Quiet, indeed! It makes one ill to see her. She's been writing something, and crying. [*Enter* SASHA.]

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* Protasov is his family name, but the name by which he is usually addressed is Fedya, an abbreviation of his Christian name—Theodore. The ceremonious form of address would be Theodore Vasilich.

Sasha (*to* Nurse) Lisa is looking for you.

Nurse—I'm coming, I'm coming. [*Exit.*]

Anna Pavlovna—Nurse says she keeps on crying. . . . How is it she can't control herself?

Sasha—Well really, mother, you are amazing! . . . A woman has left her husband, her child's father, and you expect her to be calm!

Anna Pavlovna—Well, not calm . . . But what's done is done! If I, her own mother, not only allowed my daughter to leave her husband, but even feel glad she has done it, that shows he deserved it. One ought to rejoice, not to grieve, at the chance of freeing oneself from such a bad man—to be free of such a treasure!

Sasha—Mother, why say such things? You know it's not true! He's not bad—on the contrary, he's a wonderful man, in spite of his weaknesses.

Anna Pavlovna—Yes, a "wonderful" man indeed—when he has money in his pocket—his own or other people's. . . .

Sasha—Mother! He has never taken other people's!

Anna Pavlovna—Yes, he has—his wife's! Where's the difference?

Sasha—But he gave all his property to his wife!

Anna Pavlovna—Of course, when he knew that otherwise he was sure to squander it all!

Sasha—Squander or not, I only know that a wife should not separate from her husband, especially from such a one as Fedya.

Anna Pavlovna—Then in your opinion she ought to wait till he has squandered everything, and brought his gipsy mistresses into the house?

Sasha—He has no mistresses!

Anna Pavlovna—That's the misfortune—he seems to have bewitched you all! But not me—no! He won't come over me! I see through him, and he knows it. Had I been in Lisa's place it is not now I should be leaving him. I should have done it a year ago.

Sasha—How lightly you say it!

Anna Pavlovna—Not at all lightly. It's not a light thing for me, as a mother, to see my daughter divorced. Believe me it's not! But yet it is better than ruining a young life. . . . No, I'm thankful to God that she has at last made up her mind, and that it is all over.

Sasha—Perhaps it's not all over!

Anna Pavlovna—Oh! If he only consents to a divorce. . . .

Sasha—What good will that do?

Anna Pavlovna. This good: she is young, and may again be happy.

Sasha—Oh, mother! It's dreadful to hear you speak like that! Lisa can't love another.

Anna Pavlovna—Why not, when she's free? Many a man a thousand times better than your Fedya might turn up who would be only too happy to marry Lisa.

Sasha—Mother, it's not right! I know you're thinking of Victor Karenin. . . .

Anna Pavlovna—And why shouldn't I? He has loved her these ten years, and she loves him.

Sasha—Yes, but not as a husband! They have been friends from childhood.

Anna Pavlovna—We know those friendships! If only there were no obstacles in the way! [*Enter* Maid.]

Anna Pavlovna—What is it?

Maid—The mistress has sent the porter with a note for Mr. Karenin.

Anna Pavlovna—What mistress?

Maid—*Our* mistress—Mrs. Protasova.

Anna Pavlovna—Well?

Maid—Mr. Karenin has sent back word that he will come round at once.

Anna Pavlovna (*surprised.*) We were just speaking of him! Only I can't think why . . . (*to* Sasha.) Do you know?

Sasha—Perhaps I do, and perhaps I don't!

Anna Pavlovna—You always have secrets!

Sasha—Lisa will tell you herself when she comes.

Anna Pavlovna (*shakes her head. To* Maid.) The samovar must be made to boil up again. Take it, Dunyasha. [Maid *takes samovar, and exit.*]

Anna Pavlovna (*to* Sasha *who has risen and is going out.*) It turns out just as I told you! She sent for him at once. . . .

Sasha—She may have sent for him for quite a different reason.

Anna Pavlovna—What for, then?

Sasha—Now, at this moment, Karenin is the same to her as old Nurse Trifovna.

Anna Pavlovna—Well, you'll see. . . . Don't I know her? She has sent for him to comfort her.

Sasha—Oh mama, how little you know her, to be able to suppose . . . !

Anna Pavlovna—Well, we'll see! . . . And I am very, very glad.

Sasha—We *shall* see! [*Exit, humming a tune.*]

Anna Pavlovna (*alone, shakes her head and mutters.*) It's a good thing, and let her.

It's a good thing, and let her. Yes. . . . [*Enter* MAID.]

MAID—Mr. Karenin has come.

ANNA PAVLOVNA—Well then, ask him in, and tell your mistress. [MAID *goes out by inner door. Enter* KARENIN, *who bows to* ANNA PAVLOVNA.]

KARENIN—Your daughter wrote asking me to come. I meant to come and see you to-night, anyhow. So I was very pleased . . . Is Elisabeth Andrevna* well?

ANNA PAVLOVNA—Yes, she is well, but Baby is a bit restless. She will be here directly. [*In a melancholy voice.*] Ah yes! It is a sad time. . . . But you know all about it, don't you?

KARENIN—I do. I was here, you know, the day before yesterday, when his letter came. But is it possible that everything is irrevocably settled?

ANNA PAVLOVNA—Why of course! Naturally! To go through it all again would be intolerable.

KARENIN—This is a case where the proverb applies: 'Measure ten times before you cut once.' . . . It is very painful to cut into the quick.

ANNA PAVLOVNA—Of course it is; but then their marriage has long had a rift in it, so that the tearing asunder was easier than one would have thought. He himself sees that, after what has occurred, it is impossible for him to return.

KARENIN—Why so?

ANNA PAVLOVNA—How can you expect it, after all his horrid goings-on—after he swore it should not happen again, and that if it did he would renounce all rights as a husband and set her perfectly free?

KARENIN—Yes, but how can a woman be free when she is bound by marriage?

ANNA PAVLOVNA — By divorce. He promised her a divorce, and we shall insist on it.

KARENIN—Yes, but Elisabeth Andrevna loved him so. . . .

ANNA PAVLOVNA—Ah, but her love has suffered such trials that there can hardly be anything left of it! Drunkenness, deception, and infidelity . . . Can one love such a husband?

KARENIN—Nothing is impossible to love.

ANNA PAVLOVNA—You talk of love! But how can one love such a man—a broken reed, whom one can never depend on? Don't you know what it came to . . . ? [*Looks round at the door, and continues hurriedly.*] All his affairs in a muddle, everything pawned, nothing to pay with! Then uncle sends 2,000 roubles to pay the interest on their mortgaged estates, and he takes the money and disappears. His wife is left at home, with a sick baby, waiting for him—and at last gets a note asking her to send him his clothes and things!

KARENIN—Yes, yes; I know. [*Enter* LISA *and* SASHA.]

ANNA PAVLOVNA—Well, here is Victor Mikhaylovich,* obedient to your summons.

KARENIN—Yes, but I am sorry I was delayed for a few minutes. [*Greets the sisters.*]

LISA—Thank you. I have a great favour to ask of you, and I have no one to turn to but you.

KARENIN—Anything in my power . . .

LISA—You know all about . . . ?

KARENIN—I do.

ANNA PAVLOVNA—Well, I shall leave you. [*To Sasha.*] Come, we'll leave them alone. [*Exit with* SASHA.]

LISA—Yes, he wrote to me saying that he considers everything at an end . . . (*struggling with her tears.*) . . . and I was hurt! . . . and so . . . In a word, I consented to break—I answered, accepting his renunciation.

KARENIN—And now you repent?

LISA—Yes. I feel that I was wrong, and that I cannot do it. Anything is better than to be separated from him. In short—I want you to give him this letter. . . . Please, Victor, give him the letter, and tell him . . . and bring him back!

KARENIN (*surprised.*) Yes, but how?

LISA—Tell him I ask him to forget everything, and to return. I might simply send the letter, but I know him: his first impulse, as always, will be the right one—but then some one will influence him, and he'll change his mind and not do what he really wants to. . . .

KARENIN—I will do what I can.

LISA—You're surprised at my asking *you?*

KARENIN—No. . . . Yet, to tell you the truth—yes, I am surprised.

LISA—But you are not angry?

KARENIN—As if I could be angry with you!

LISA—I asked you because I know you care for him.

KARENIN—Him, and you too! You know that. I am thinking not of myself, but of you. Thank you for trusting me! I will do what I can.

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* Elisabeth Andrevna is the polite way of speaking of Mrs. Protasova, otherwise Lisa.

* The customary and courteous way of naming Mr. Karenin.

Lisa—I know. . . . I will tell you everything. To-day I went to Afremov's to find out where he was. I was told he had gone to the gipsies—which is just what I am afraid of. I know he will get carried away if he is not stopped in time—and that's what has to be done. . . . So you'll go?

Karenin—Of course, and at once.

Lisa—Go! . . . Find him, and tell him all is forgotten and I am waiting for him.

Karenin (*rises.*) But where am I to look for him?

Lisa—He is with the gipsies. I went there myself. . . . I went as far as the porch, and wanted to send in the letter, but changed my mind and decided to ask you. Here is the address. . . . Well, then, tell him to return: tell him nothing has happened . . . all is forgotten. Do it for love of him, and for the sake of our friendship!

Karenin—I will do all in my power! [*Pauses, bows, and exit.*]

Lisa—I can't, I can't! Anything rather than . . . I can't! [*Enter* Sasha.]

Sasha—Well, have you sent? [Lisa *nods affirmatively.*]

Sasha—And he agreed?

Lisa—Of course.

Sasha—But why just *him?* I don't understand.

Lisa—But who else?

Sasha—Don't you know he is in love with you?

Lisa—That's dead and gone. Whom would you have had me send? . . . Do you think he *will* come back?

Sasha—I am sure of it, because . . . [*Enter* Anna Pavlovna. Sasha *is silent.*]

Anna Pavlovna—And where is Victor Mikhaylovich?

Lisa—He's gone.

Anna Pavlovna—Gone! How's that?

Lisa—I asked him to do something for me.

Anna Pavlovna—"Do something"? Another secret!

Lisa—It's not a secret. I simply asked him to give a letter into Fedya's own hands.

Anna Pavlovna—Fedya? What—to Theodore Vasilich?

Lisa—Yes, to Fedya.

Anna Pavlovna—I thought all relations between you were over!

Lisa—I can't part from him.

Anna Pavlovna—What? Are you going to begin all over again?

Lisa—I wanted to, I tried . . . but I can't! Anything you like—only I can't part from him!

Anna Pavlovna—Then do you want to have him back again?

Lisa—Yes.

Anna Pavlovna—To let that skunk into the house again?

Lisa—Mama, I beg you not to speak so of my husband!

Anna Pavlovna—He *was* your husband.

Lisa—No, he is my husband still.

Anna Pavlovna—A spendthrift, a drunkard, a rake . . . and you can't part from him?

Lisa—Why do you torment me! You seem to want to do it. . . . It's hard enough for me without that.

Anna Pavlovna—I torment you! Well then, I'll go. I can't stand by and see it. . . . [Lisa *is silent.*]

I see! That's just what you want—I'm in your way. . . . I can't live like this. I can't make you out at all! It's all so newfangled—first you make up your mind to separate, then you suddenly send for a man who is in love with you . . .

Lisa—Nothing of the kind!

Anna Pavlovna—Karenin once proposed to you . . . and you send him to fetch your husband! Why? To arouse jealousy?

Lisa—Mama, what you are saying is terrible! Leave me alone!

Anna Pavlovna—Very well! Turn your mother out of the house, and let in your rake of a husband! . . . No, I will not remain here! Good-bye, then—I leave you to your fate; you can do as you please! [*Exit, slamming door.*]

Lisa (*drops into a chair*)—That's the last straw!

Sasha—Never mind. . . . It will be all right; we'll soon pacify mother.

Anna Pavlovna (*passing through*)—Dunyasha! My trunk!

Sasha—Mother, listen! . . . [*Follows her out with a significant glance to* Lisa.]

SCENE II

A room in the gipsies' house. The choir is singing a song, "Kanavala." Fedya *in his shirt-sleeves is lying prone on the sofa* Afremov *sits astride a chair over against the leader of the choir. An officer sits at a table, on which are bottles of champagne and glasses. A musician is taking notes.*

Afremov—Fedya, are you asleep?

Fedya (*rising*)—Don't talk! Now let's have "Not at Eve."

Gipsy Leader—That won't do, Theodore Vasilich! Let Masha sing a solo now.

Fedya—All right! And then, "Not at Eve." [*Lies down again.*]

OFFICER—Sing "Fateful Hour." All agreed?

AFREMOV—Go on!

OFFICER (*to musician*)—Have you taken it down?

MUSICIAN—Quite impossible! It's different every time. . . . And the scale is somehow different. Look here! [*Beckons to a gipsy woman who is looking on.*] Is this right? [*Hums.*]

GIPSY—That's it, that's splendid!

FEDYA—He'll never get it; and if he does take it down and shoves it into an opera, he'll only spoil it. Now, Masha, start off! Let's have "Fateful Hour"—take your guitar. [*Rises, sits down opposite her, and gazes into her eyes.* MASHA *sings.*]

FEDYA—That's good too! Masha, you're a brick! Now then, "Not at Eve!"

AFREMOV—No, wait! First, my burial song.

OFFICER—Why *burial?*

AFREMOV—Because, when I'm dead . . . you know, dead and laid in my coffin, the gipsies will come (you know I shall leave instructions with my wife) and they will begin to sing, "I Walked a Mile" . . . and then I'll jump out of my coffin! . . . Do you understand? [*To the* MUSICIAN.] You just write this down. [*To the* GIPSIES.] Well, rattle along! [GIPSIES *sing.*]

AFREMOV—What do you think of that? Now then, "My Brave Lads!" [GIPSIES *sing.*]

[AFREMOV *gesticulates and dances. The gipsies smile and continue to sing, clapping their hands.* AFREMOV *sits down and the song ends.*]

GIPSIES—Bravo, Michael Andreich! He's a real gipsy!

FEDYA—Well, *now,* "Not at Eve!" [GIPSIES *sing.*]

FEDYA—That's it! It's wonderful! And where does it all happen—all that this music expresses? Ah, it's fine! And how is it man can reach such ecstasy, and cannot keep it?

MUSICIAN (*taking notes*)—Yes, it's very original.

FEDYA—Not "original"—it's the real thing!

AFREMOV (*to Gipsies*)—Well, have a rest now. [*Takes the guitar and sits down beside* KATYA, *one of the gipsies.*]

MUSICIAN—It's really simple, except the rhythm.

FEDYA (*waving his hand, goes to* MASHA, *and sits down on sofa beside her*)—Oh, Masha, Masha! How you do turn me inside-out!

MASHA—And how about what I asked you for?

FEDYA—What? Money? . . . [*Takes some out of his trouser-pocket.*] Here, take it! [MASHA *laughs, takes it, and hides it in her bosom.*]

FEDYA (*to the Gipsies*)—Who can make it out? She opens heaven for me, and then asks for money to buy scents with! [*To* MASHA.] Why, you don't in the least understand what you're doing!

MASHA—Not understand indeed! I understand that for a man I love, I take pains and sing better.

FEDYA—Do you love me?

MASHA—Looks like it!

FEDYA—Wonderful! [*Kisses her.*] [*Most of the gipsies go out. Some couples remain:* FEDYA *with* MASHA, AFREMOV *with* KATYA, *and the officer with* GASHA. *The musician writes. A gipsy man strums a valse tune on the guitar.*]

FEDYA—But I'm married, and your choir won't allow it.

MASHA—The choir is one thing, my heart's another! I love those I love, and a man I dislike I dislike!

FEDYA—Ah! This is good! Isn't it?

MASHA—Of course it's good—we've jolly visitors, and we're all merry. [*Enter a gipsy man.*]

GIPSY (*to* FEDYA)—A gentleman is asking for you.

FEDYA—What gentleman?

GIPSY—I don't know. Well dressed, wears a sable overcoat—

FEDYA—A swell? Well, ask him in. [*Exit* GIPSY.]

AFREMOV—Who has come to see you here?

FEDYA—The devil knows! Who can want me? [*Enter* KARENIN *and looks round.*]

FEDYA—Ah, Victor! I never expected *you!* Take off your coat! What wind has blown you here? Come, sit down and listen to "Not at Eve."

KARENIN—*Je voudrais vous parler sans témoins.**

FEDYA—What about?

KARENIN—*Je viens de chez vous. Votre femme m'a chargé de cette lettre et puis . . .*†

FEDYA (*takes letter, reads, frowns, then smiles amiably*)—I say, Karenin, of course you know what is in this letter?

KARENIN—I know. And I want to say. . . .

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* I wanted to speak to you alone.

† I have come from your home. Your wife has entrusted me with this letter, and then . . .

Fedya—Wait, wait a bit! Please don't imagine that I am drunk and my words irresponsible; I mean, that I am irresponsible! I am drunk, but in this matter I see quite clearly. Well, what were you commissioned to say?

Karenin—I was commissioned to find you, and to tell you that . . . she . . . is waiting for you. She asks you to forget everything and come back.

Fedya (*listens in silence, gazing into* Karenin's *eyes*)—Still, I don't understand why *you* . . .

Karenin—Elisabeth Andrevna sent for me, and asked me . . .

Fedya—So . . .

Karenin—But I ask you, not so much in your wife's name as from myself. . . . Come home!

Fedya—You are a better man than I. (What nonsense! It is easy enough to be better than I.) I am a scoundrel, and you are a good—yes, a good man. And that is the very reason why I won't alter my decision. . . . No! Not on that account either—but simply because I can't and won't. . . . How could I return?

Karenin—Let us go to my rooms now, and I'll tell her that you will return to-morrow.

Fedya—And to-morrow, what? I shall still be I, and she—she. [*Goes to the table and drinks.*] It's best to have the tooth out at one go. Didn't I say that if I broke my word she was to throw me over? Well, I have broken it, and that's the end of it.

Karenin—For you, but not for her!

Fedya—It is extraordinary that *you* should take pains to prevent our marriage being broken up!

Karenin (*is about to speak, but* Masha *comes up*) . . .

Fedya (*interrupting him*)—You just listen, just listen. . . . Masha, sing! [*The Gipsies re-enter.*]

Masha (*whispers*)—An ovation, eh?

Fedya (*laughs*)—An ovation! . . . "Victor, my Lord! Son of Michael!" [*Gipsies sing a song of greeting and laudation.*]

Karenin (*listens in confusion, then asks*)—How much shall I give them?

Fedya—Well, give them twenty-five roubles.* [Karenin *gives the money.*]

Fedya—Splendid! And now, "The Flax!" [*Gipsies sing. Exit* Karenin.]

Fedya (*looks round*)—Karenin's bunked! Well, devil take him! [*Gipsy group breaks up.*]

Fedya (*sits down by* Masha)—Do you know who that was?

Masha—I heard his name.

Fedya—He's an excellent fellow! He came to take me home to my wife. She loves a fool like me, and see what I am doing here!

Masha—Well, and it's wrong! You ought to go back to her. You ought to pity her.

Fedya—You think I ought to? Well, I think I ought not.

Masha—Of course, if you don't love her you need not. Only love counts.

Fedya—And how do you know that?

Masha—Seems I do!

Fedya—Well, kiss me then! Now let's have "The Flax" once more and then finish up. [*Gipsies sing.*]

Fedya—Ah, how good it is! If only one hadn't to wake up! If one could die so . . .

ACT II

Scene I

Two weeks have passed since Act I. Anna Pavlovna *and* Karenin *are sitting in* Lisa's *dining-room. Enter* Sasha.

Karenin—Well, what news?

Sasha—The doctor says there is no danger now, as long as he does not catch cold.

Anna Pavlovna—Yes, but Lisa is quite worn out.

Sasha—He says it's false croup, and a very mild attack. [*Points to a basket.*] What's that?

Anna Pavlovna — Grapes. Victor brought them.

Karenin—Won't you have some?

Sasha—Yes, she likes grapes. She has become terribly nervous.

Karenin—Naturally—after not sleeping for two nights, and not eating.

Sasha (*smiling*)—And you also!

Karenin—That's quite another matter. [*Enter* Doctor *and* Lisa.]

Doctor (*impressively*)—Yes, that's it. Change it every half-hour if he's awake, but if he's asleep don't disturb him. You need not paint the throat. The room must be kept at its present temperature. . . .

Lisa—But if he begins to choke again?

Doctor—He probably won't, but if he should, use the spray. And give him the powders: one in the morning and the other at night. I will give you the prescription now.

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* At that time about £2 10s.

ANNA PAVLOVNA—Have a cup of tea, doctor?

DOCTOR—No, thanks, my patients are expecting me. [*Sits down to the table.* SASHA *brings him paper and ink.*]

LISA—So you're sure it is not croup?

DOCTOR (*smiling*)—Perfectly certain! [*Writes.*]

KARENIN (*to* LISA)—And now have some tea, or better still, go and lie down! . . . Just see what you look like. . . .

LISA—Oh, now I am alive again. Thanks to you, you are a true friend! [*Presses his hand.* SASHA *moves angrily to the door.*] I am so grateful to you, dear friend! At such times one recog—

KARENIN—What have I done? There's really no cause at all to thank me.

LISA—And who stopped up all night? Who fetched the very best doctor?

KARENIN—I am already fully rewarded by the fact that Misha is out of danger; and above all by your kindness.

LISA (*presses his hand again and laughs, showing him some money in her hand*)—That's for the doctor; but I never know how to give it.

KARENIN—Neither do I.

ANNA PAVLOVNA—Don't know what?

LISA—How to give money to a doctor. He has saved more than my life, and I give him money! It seems so unpleasant.

ANNA PAVLOVNA—Let me give it. I know how. It's quite simple.

DOCTOR (*rises and hands the prescription to* LISA)—These powders are to be well mixed in a tablespoonful of boiled water . . . (*goes on talking.*) [KARENIN *sits at the table drinking tea.* SASHA *and* ANNA PAVLOVNA *come forward.*]

SASHA—I can't bear the way they go on! It's just as if she were in love with him.

ANNA PAVLOVNA — Well, can it be wondered at?

SASHA—It's disgusting! [DOCTOR *takes leave of everybody, and exit.* ANNA PAVLOVNA *goes with him.*]

LISA (*to* KARENIN)—He's so sweet now! As soon as he was a little better he at once began to smile and crow. I must go to him, but I don't like leaving you.

KARENIN—You had better have a cup of tea, and eat something.

LISA—I don't want anything now. I am so happy after all that anxiety. [*Sobs.*]

KARENIN—There! You see how worn out you are!

LISA—I'm so happy! Would you like to have a look at him?

KARENIN—Of course.

LISA—Then come with me. [*Exeunt.*]

ANNA PAVLOVNA (*returning to* SASHA)—What are you looking so glum about? I gave him the money quite easily, and he took it.

SASHA—It's disgusting! She has taken him with her to the nursery. It's just as if he were her *fiancé* or her husband.

ANNA PAVLOVNA—Whatever does it matter to you? Why need you get excited about it? Did you mean to marry him yourself?

SASHA—I? Marry that pikestaff? I'd rather marry I don't know whom, than him! Such a thing never entered my head. I am only disgusted that, after Fedya, Lisa can be so attracted by a stranger.

ANNA PAVLOVNA—Not a stranger, but an old playfellow!

SASHA—Don't I see by their smiles and looks that they are in love?

ANNA PAVLOVNA—Well, what is there to be surprised at in that? He shared her anxiety about her baby, showed sympathy and helped her . . . and she feels grateful. Besides, why should she not love and marry Victor?

SASHA—That would be disgusting—disgusting. [*Enter* KARENIN *and* LISA. KARENIN *silently takes leave.* SASHA *goes off angrily.*]

LISA (*to* ANNA PAVLOVNA)—What's the matter with her?

ANNA PAVLOVNA—I really don't know. [LISA *sighs, and is silent.*]

SCENE II

AFREMOV'S *sitting-room. Glasses of wine on the table.* AFREMOV, FEDYA, STAKHOV (*shaggy*), BUTKEVICH (*clean-shaven*), *and* KOROTKOV (*a tuft-hunter.*)

KOROTKOV—And I tell you that he'll be out of the running! La Belle-Bois is the best horse in Europe. Will you bet?

STAKHOV—Don't, my dear fellow. You know very well that nobody believes you, or will bet with you.

KOROTKOV—I tell you your Cartouche won't be in it!

AFREMOV—Stop quarrelling! Let me settle it. Ask Fedya—he'll give you the right tip.

FEDYA—Both horses are good. All depends on the jockey.

STAKHOV—Gusev is a rascal. What he needs is a firm hand on him.

KOROTKOV (*shouts*)—No!

FEDYA—Wait a bit—I'll settle your differences. Who won the Moscow Derby?

Korotkov—He did—but what of that? It was only chance. If Crakus had not fallen ill . . . Look here . . . [*Enter* Footman.]

Afremov—What is it?

Footman—A lady has come, and is asking for Mr. Protasov.

Afremov—What is she like? A real lady?

Footman—I don't know her name, but she's a real lady.

Afremov—Fedya! a lady to see you!

Fedya (*startled*)—Who is it?

Afremov—He doesn't know.

Footman—Shall I ask her into the dining-room?

Fedya—No, wait. I'll go and see. [*Exeunt* Fedya *and* Footman.]

Korotkov—Who can it be? It must be Masha.

Stakhov—Which Masha?

Korotkov—The gipsy. She's in love with him, like a cat.

Stakhov—What a darling she is! And how she sings!

Afremov—Charming! Tanyusha and she! They sang with Peter yesterday.

Stakhov—What a lucky fellow that is!

Afremov—Why? Because the girls are sweet on him? Not much luck in that!

Korotkov—I can't bear gipsies—nothing refined about them.

Butkevich—No, you can't say that!

Korotkov—I'd give the whole lot for one French girl!

Afremov—Yes, we know you—and your æsthetics! I'll go and see who it is. . . . [*Exit.*]

Stakhov—If it's Masha, bring her in here! Let her sing. No, the gipsies aren't what they used to be! Tanyusha, now—by Gad!

Butkevich—I believe they're just the same.

Stakhov—Just the same? When instead of their own songs they sing empty drawing-room pieces?

Butkevich—Some drawing-room pieces are good.

Korotkov—Will you bet I don't get them to sing and you won't know whether it's a drawing-room piece or a song of their own?

Stakhov—Korotkov always wants to bet! [*Enter* Afremov.]

Afremov—I say, you fellows, it's not Masha—and there's no room he can ask her into but this. Let us clear out to the billiard room. [*Exeunt.*] [*Enter* Fedya *and* Sasha.]

Sasha (*confused*)—Fedya, forgive me if it's unpleasant, but for God's sake hear me! [*Her voice trembles.*] [Fedya *walks up and down the room.* Sasha *sits down, and follows him with her eyes.*]

Sasha—Fedya! Come home!

Fedya—Just listen to me, Sasha. I quite understand you, Sasha dear, and in your place I should do the same: I should try to find some way to bring back the old state of affairs. But if you were me, if—strange as it sounds—you, dear sensitive girl, were in my place you would certainly have done as I have, and gone away and left off spoiling some one else's life. . . .

Sasha—Spoil? How? As if Lisa could live without you!

Fedya—Oh, Sasha dear! Dear heart! She can, she can! And she will be happy—far happier than with me.

Sasha—Never!

Fedya—It seems so to you. [*Holds her hand in his.*] But that's not the point. The chief thing is, that *I* can't! . . . You know, one folds a piece of thick paper this way and that a hundred times and still it holds together; but fold it once more, and it comes in half. . . . So it was with Lisa and me. It hurts me too much to look into her eyes. And she feels the same, believe me!

Sasha—No, no!

Fedya—You say "No," but you yourself know that it is "Yes"!

Sasha—I can only judge by myself. If I were in her place, and you answered as you are doing, it would be dreadful for me!

Fedya—Yes, for *you* . . . [*Pause; both are agitated.*]

Sasha (*rises*)—Must things really remain so?

Fedya—I suppose so.

Sasha—Fedya, come back!

Fedya—Thank you, Sasha, dear! You will always remain a precious memory to me. . . . But good-bye, dear heart! Let me kiss you. [*Kisses her forehead.*]

Sasha (*agitated*)—No, I don't say good-bye, and I don't believe, I won't believe . . . Fedya!

Fedya—Well, then, listen! Only give me your word that what I tell you, you won't repeat to anybody—do you promise?

Sasha—Of course!

Fedya—Well, then, listen, Sasha. It's true that I am her husband and the father of her child, but I am—superfluous! Wait, wait—don't reply. You think I'm jealous? Not at all! In the first place, I have no right; secondly, I have no cause. Victor

Karenin is her old friend and mine, too. He loves her, and she him.

Sasha—No!

Fedya—She does—as an honest, moral woman can, who does not allow herself to love any one but her husband. But she loves, and will love him when this obstacle (*points to himself*) is removed; and I will remove it, and they shall be happy! [*His voice trembles.*]

Sasha—Fedya, don't talk like that!

Fedya—Why, you know very well that it's true! And I shall be glad of their happiness, and it's the best I can do . . . I shall not return, but shall give them their freedom. . . . Tell them so. Don't answer — and good-bye! [*Kisses her on the forehead, and opens the door for her.*]

Sasha—Fedya—you are wonderful!

Fedya—Good-bye, good-bye! . . . [*Exit* Sasha.]

Fedya—Yes, yes. . . . That's the thing . . . that's the thing! . . . [*Rings.*] [*Enter* Footman.]

Fedya—Call your master. [*Exit* Footman] . . . And it's true—it's true. [*Enter* Afremov.]

Fedya—Come along!

Afremov—Have you settled matters?

Fedya—Splendidly! [*Sings.*]

And she swore by ev'ry power . . .

Splendidly! Where are they all?

Afremov—They're playing billiards.

Fedya—That's right—we will too. [*Sings.*] Rest here, just an hour . . . Come along!

ACT III

Scene I

Prince Abrezkov, *a sixty-year-old bachelor with moustaches, a retired army man, elegant, very dignified, and melancholy-looking.* Anna Dmitrievna Karenina (Victor's *mother*), *a fifty-year-old "grande dame" who tries to appear younger and intersperses her remarks with French expressions.*

Anna Dmitrievna's *sitting-room, furnished with expensive simplicity, and filled with souvenirs.*

Anna Dmitrievna *is writing.* Footman *enters.*

Footman—Prince Abrezkov . . .

Anna Dmitrievna—Yes, certainly . . . [*Turns round and touches herself up before the looking-glass.*] [*Enter* Abrezkov.]

Prince Abrezkov—*J'espère que je ne force pas la consigne. . . .*[*] [*Kisses her hand.*]

Anna Dmitirevna—You know that *vous êtes toujours le bienvenu*[†]—and to-day especially! You got my note?

Prince Abrezkov—I did, and this is my answer.

Anna Dmitrievna—Ah, my friend! I begin quite to despair. *Il est ensorcelé, positivement ensorcelé!*[‡]. I never before knew him so insistent, so obstinate, so pitiless, and so indifferent to me. He has quite changed since that woman abandoned her husband!

Prince Abrezkov—But what are the facts? How do matters actually stand?

Anna Dmitirevna—He wants to marry her, come what may.

Prince Abrezkov—And how about the husband?

Anna Dmitrievna—He agrees to a divorce.

Prince Abrezkov—Dear me!

Anna Dmitrievna—And he, Victor, lends himself to it, with all the abominations—lawyers, proofs of guilt—*tout ça est dégoûtant!*[§] And it doesn't seem to repel him. I don't understand him—he was always so sensitive, so reserved . . .

Prince Abrezkov—He is in love! Ah when a man really loves . . .

Anna Dmitirevna—Yes, but how is it that in our day love could be pure—could be a loving friendship, lasting through life? That kind of love I understand and value.

Prince Abrezkov—Nowadays the young generation no longer contents itself with those ideal relations. *La possession de l'âme ne leur suffit plus.*[**] It can't be helped! What can one do with him?

Anna Dmitrievna—You must not say that of *him*—but it's as if he were under a spell. It's just as if he were some one else. You know, I called on her. He begged me so. I went there, did not find her in, and left my card. *Elle m'a fait demander si je ne pouvais la recevoir;*[††] and to-day (*looks at the clock*) at two o'clock, that is in a few minutes' time, she will be here. I promised Victor I would receive her, but do you understand my position! I am not myself at all; and so, from old habit, I sent for you. I need your help!

Prince Abrezkov—Thank you.

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[*] I hope I am not forcing myself on you.

[†] You are always welcome.

[‡] He is bewitched, positively bewitched!

[§] All that is disgusting!

[**] Possession of the soul is no longer enough for them.

[††] She inquired whether I would receive her.

Anna Dmitrievna—This visit of hers, you understand, will decide the whole matter—Victor's fate! I must either refuse my consent—but how can I?

Prince Abrezkov—Don't you know her at all?

Anna Dmitrievna—I have never seen her. But I'm afraid of her. A good woman could not consent to leave her husband, and he a good man, too! As a fellow-student of Victor's he used to visit us, you know, and was very nice. But whatever he may be, *quels que soient les torts qu'il a eu vis-à-vis d'elle*,* one must not leave one's husband. One has to bear one's cross. What I don't understand is how Victor, with the convictions he holds, can think of marrying a divorced woman! How often —quite lately—he has argued warmly with Spitsiyn in my presence that divorce was incompatible with true Christianity; and now he himself is going in for it! *Si elle a pu le charmer à un tel point*† . . . I am afraid of her! But I sent for you to know what *you* have to say to it all, and instead of that I have been doing all the talking myself! What do you think of it? Tell me your opinion. What ought I to do? Have you spoken with Victor?

Prince Abrezkov—I have: and I think he loves her. He has grown used to loving her; and love has got a great hold on him. He is a man who takes things slowly but firmly. What has once entered his heart will never leave it again; and he will never love any one but her; and he can never be happy without her, or with any one else.

Anna Dmitrievna—And how willingly Varya Kazantseva would have married him! What a girl she is, and how she loves him!

Prince Abrezkov (*smiling*)—*C'est compter sans son hôtel!*‡ That is quite out of the question now. I think it's best to submit, and help him to get married.

Anna Dmitrievna—To a divorced woman—and have him meet his wife's husband? . . . I can't think how you can speak of it so calmly. Is she a woman a mother could wish to see as the wife of her only son—and such a son?

Prince Abrezkov—But what is to be done, my dear friend? Of course it would be better if he married a girl whom you knew and liked; but since that's impossible . . . Besides it's not as if he were going to marry a gipsy, or goodness knows who . . .! Lisa Protasova is a very nice, good woman. I know her, through my niece Nelly, and know her to be a modest, kind-hearted, affectionate, and moral woman.

Anna Dmitrievna—A moral woman—who makes up her mind to leave her husband!

Prince Abrezkov—This is not like you! You're unkind and harsh! Her husband is the kind of man of whom one says that they are their own worst enemies; but he is an even greater enemy to his wife. He is a weak, fallen, drunken fellow. He has squandered all his property and hers too. She has a child. . . . How can you condemn her for leaving such a man? Nor has she left him: he left her.

Anna Dmitrievna—Oh, what mud! What mud! And I have to soil myself with it!

Prince Abrezkov—And how about your religion?

Anna Dmitrievna—Of course, of course! To forgive, "as we forgive them that trespass against us." *Mais, c'est plus fort que moi!**

Prince Abrezkov—How could she live with such a man? Even if she had not loved any one else she would have had to leave him. She would have had to, for her child's sake. The husband himself—an intelligent, kind-hearted man when he is in his senses—advises her to do it. . . . [*Enter* Victor, *who kisses his mother's hand and greets* Prince Abrezkov.]

Victor—Mother, I have come to say this: Elizabeth Andrevna will be here in a minute, and I beg, I implore you—if you still refuse your consent to my marriage . . .

Anna Dmitrievna (*interrupting him*)—Of course I still refuse my consent . . .

Victor (*continues his speech and frowns*) —In that case I beg, I implore you, not to speak to her of your refusal! Don't settle matters negatively . . .

Anna Dmitrievna—I don't expect we shall mention the subject at all. For my part, I certainly won't begin.

Victor—And she is even less likely to. I only want you to make her acquaintance.

Anna Dmitrievna—The one thing I can't understand is how you reconcile your desire to marry Mrs. Protasova, who has a husband living, with your religious conviction that divorce is contrary to Christianity.

Victor—Mother, this is cruel of you! Are we really so immaculate that we must always be perfectly consistent when life is so complex? Mother, why are you so cruel to me?

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* However he may have wronged her.
† If she has been able to charm him to such a degree . . .
‡ That's reckoning without your host.

* But it's beyond me!

ANNA DMITRIEVNA—I love you. I desire your happiness.

VICTOR [*to* PRINCE ABREZKOV] Prince!

PRINCE ABREZKOV—Of course you desire his happiness. But it is not easy for you and me, with our grey hairs, to understand the young; and it is particularly difficult for a mother grown accustomed to her own idea of how her son is to be happy. Women are all like that.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA—Yes, yes, indeed! You are all against me! You may do it, of course. *Vous êtes majeur** . . . But you will kill me!

VICTOR—You are not yourself. This is worse than cruelty!

PRINCE ABREZKOV [*to* VICTOR] Be quiet, Victor. Your mother's words are always worse than her deeds.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA—I shall tell her how I think and feel, but I will do it without offending her.

PRINCE ABREZKOV—Of that I am sure. [*Enter* FOOTMAN.]

PRINCE ABREZKOV—Here she is.

VICTOR—I'll go.

FOOTMAN—Elisabeth Andrevna Protasova.

VICTOR—I am going. *Please,* Mother! [*Exit.* PRINCE ABREZKOV *also rises.*]

ANNA DMITRIEVNA—Ask her in. [*To* PRINCE ABREZKOV.] No, you must please stay here!

PRINCE ABREZKOV—I thought you'd find a *tête-à-tête* easier.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA—No, I'm afraid . . . [*Is restless.*] If I want to be left *tête-à-tête* with her, I will nod to you. *Cela dêpendra.*† . . . To be left alone with her may make if difficult for me. But I'll do like that if . . . [*Makes a sign.*]

PRINCE ABREZKOV—I shall understand. I feel sure you will like her. Only be just.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA—How you are all against me! [*Enter* LISA, *in visiting dress and hat.*]

ANNA DMITRIEVNA [*rising*] I was sorry not to find you in; it is kind of you to call.

LISA—I never dreamed that you'd be so good as to call. . . . I am so grateful to you for wishing to see me.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA [*indicating* PRINCE ABREZKOV] You know one another?

PRINCE ABREZKOV—Yes, certainly. I have had the pleasure of being introduced. [*They shake hands and sit down.*] My niece Nelly has often mentioned you to me.

LISA—Yes, she and I were great friends [*glancing timidly at* ANNA DMITRIEVNA], and we are still friendly. [*To* ANNA DMITRIEVNA.] I never expected that you would wish to see me.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA—I knew your husband well. He was friendly with Victor, and used to come to our house before he left for Tambov. I think it was there you married?

LISA—Yes, it was there we married.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA—But after his return to Moscow he never visited us.

LISA—No, he hardly went out anywhere.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA—And he never introduced you to me. [*Awkward silence.*]

PRINCE ABREZKOV—The last time I met you was at the theatricals at the Denisovs'. They went off very well; and you were acting.

LISA—No . . . Yes . . . Of course . . . I did act. [*Silence again.*] Anna Dmitrievna, forgive me if what I am going to say displeases you, but I can't dissemble and don't know how! I have come because Victor Mikhaylovich said . . . because he—I mean, because you wished to see me. . . . . But it is best to speak out [*with a catch in her voice*] . . . It is very hard for me. . . . But you are kind.

PRINCE ABREZKOV—I'd better go.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA—Yes, do.

[PRINCE ABREZKOV *takes leave of both women, and exit.*]

ANNA DMITRIEVNA—Listen, Lisa . . . I am very sorry for you, and I like you. But I love Victor. He is the one being I love in the world. I know his soul as I know my own. It is a proud soul. He was proud as a boy of seven. . . . Not proud of his name or wealth, but proud of his high moral standard and innocence, which he has guarded. He is as pure as a maiden.

LISA—I know.

ANNA DMITRIEVNA—He has never loved any woman. You are the first. I do not say I am not jealous. I am jealous. But we mothers—your son is still a baby, and it is too soon for you—we prepare for that. I was prepared to give him up to his wife and not to be jealous—but to a wife as pure as himself . . .

LISA—I . . . have I . . .

ANNA DMITRIEVNA—Forgive me! I know it was not your fault, but you are unfortunate. And I know him. Now he is ready to bear—and will bear—anything, and he would never speak of it, but he would suffer. His wounded pride would suffer, and he would not be happy.

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* You are of age.
† It will depend.

Lisa—I have thought of that.

Anna Dmitrievna—Lisa, my dear, you are a wise and good woman. If you love him you must desire his happiness more than your own. And if that is so, you will not wish to bind him and give him cause to repent—though he would never *say* a word.

Lisa—I know he wouldn't! I have thought about it, and have asked myself that question. I have thought of it, and have spoken of it to him. But what can I do, when he says he cannot live without me? I said to him: "Let us be friends, but do not spoil your life; do not bind your innocent life to my unfortunate one!" But he does not wish for that.

Anna Dmitrievna—No, not at present. . .

Lisa—Persuade him to leave me, and I will agree. I love him for his own happiness and not for mine. Only help me! Do not hate me! Let us lovingly work together for his happiness!

Anna Dmitrievna—Yes, yes! I have grown fond of you. [*Kisses her.* Lisa *cries.*] And yet, and yet it is dreadful! If only he had loved you before you married. . .

Lisa—He says he did love me then, but did not wish to prevent a friend's happiness.

Anna Dmitrievna—Ah, how hard it all is! Still, we will love one another, and God will help us to find what we want.

Victor [*entering*]—Mother, dear! I have heard everything! I expected this: you are fond of her, and all will be well!

Lisa—I am sorry you heard. I should not have said it if . . .

Anna Dmitrievna—Still, nothing is settled. All I can say is, that if it were not for all these unfortunate circumstances, I should have been glad. [*Kisses her.*]

Victor—Only please don't change!

Scene II

A plainly furnished room; bed, table, sofa. Fedya *alone.*

A knock at the door. A woman's voice outside. Why have you locked yourself in, Theodore Vasilich? Fedya! Open . . .!

Fedya [*gets up and unlocks door*]—That's right! Thank you for coming. It's dull, terribly dull!

Masha—Why didn't you come to us? Been drinking again? Eh, eh! And after you'd promised!

Fedya—D'you know what—I've no money!

Masha—And why have I taken it into my head to care for you?

Fedya—Masha!

Masha—Well, what about "Masha, Masha"? If you were really in love, you'd have got a divorce long ago. They themselves asked you to. You say you don't love her, but you stick to her all the same! I see you don't wish . . .

Fedya—But you know why I don't wish!

Masha—That's all rubbish. People say quite truly that you're an empty fellow.

Fedya—What can I say to you? That your words hurt me, you know without being told!

Masha—Nothing hurts you!

Fedya—You know that the one joy I have in life is your love.

Masha—*My* love—yes; but yours doesn't exist.

Fedya—All right. I'm not going to reassure you. Besides, what's the good? You know!

Masha—Fedya, why torment me?

Fedya—Which of us is it that torments?

Masha [*cries*]—You are unkind!

Fedya [*goes up and embraces her*]—Masha! What's it all about? Stop that. One must live, and not whine. It doesn't suit you at all, my lovely one!

Masha—You do love me?

Fedya—Whom else could I love?

Masha—Only me? Well then, read me what you have been writing.

Fedya—It will bore you.

Masha—You wrote it, so it's sure to be good.

Fedya—Well then listen. [*Reads*] "One day, late in autumn, my friend and I agreed to meet on the Murygin fields, where there was a close thicket with many young birds in it. The day was dull, warm and quiet. The mist . . ." [*Enter two old gipsies,* Masha's *parents,* Ivan Makarovich *and* Nastasia Ivanovna.]

Nastasia [*stepping up to her daughter*]—Here you are then, you damned runaway sheep! [*To* Fedya.] My respects to you, sir! [*To* Masha.] Is that how you treat us, eh?

Ivan [*to* Fedya.]—It's wrong, sir, what you're doing! You're ruining the wench! Oh, but it's wrong . . . You're doing a dirty deed.

Nastasia—Put on your shawl! March at once! . . . Running away like this! What can I say to the choir? Gallivanting with a beggar—what can you get out of him?

Masha—I don't gallivant! I love this gentleman, that's all. I've not left the choir. I'll go on singing, and what . . .

Ivan—Say another word, and I'll pull the hair off your head! . . . Slut! . . . Who behaves like that? Not your father, nor your mother, nor your aunt! . . . It's bad, sir! We were fond of you—often and often we sang to you without pay. We pitied you, and what have you done?

NASTASIA—You've ruined our daughter for nothing . . . our own, our only daughter, the light of our eyes, our priceless jewel—you've trodden her into the mire, that's what you've done! You've no conscience.

FEDYA—Nastasia Ivanovna, you suspect me falsely. Your daughter is like a sister to me. I care for her honour. You must think no evil . . . but I love her! What is one to do?

IVAN—But you didn't love her when you had money! If you'd then subscribed ten thousand roubles or so to the choir, you might have had her honourably. But now you've squandered everything, and carry her off by stealth! It's a shame, sir, a shame!

MASHA—He has not carried me off! I came to him myself, and if you take me away now, I shall come back again. I love him, and there's an end of it! My love is stronger than all your locks . . . I won't!

NASTASIA—Come, Masha, dearest! Come, my own! Don't sulk. You've done wrong, and now come along.

IVAN—Now then, you've talked enough! March! [*Seizes her hand.*] Excuse us, sir! [*Exeunt the three gipsies.*] [*Enter* PRINCE ABREZKOV.]

PRINCE ABREZKOV—Excuse me. I have been an unwilling witness of an unpleasant scene. . . .

FEDYA—Whom have I the honour . . . ? [*Recognizes the* PRINCE.] Ah, Prince Abrezkov! [*They shake hands.*]

PRINCE ABREZKOV—An unwilling witness of an unpleasant scene. I should have been glad not to hear, but having overheard it, I consider it my duty to tell you so. I was directed here, and had to wait at the door for those people to come out—more particularly as their very loud voices rendered my knocking inaudible.

FEDYA—Yes, yes—please take a seat. Thank you for telling me: it gives me the right to explain that scene to you. I don't mind what you may think of me, but I should like to tell you that the reproaches you heard addressed to that girl, that gipsy singer, were unjust. The girl is morally as pure as a dove; and my relations with her are those of a friend. There may be a tinge of romance in them, but that does not destroy the purity—the honour—of the girl. That is what I wished to tell you; but what is it you want of me? In what way can I be of service?

PRINCE ABREZKOV—In the first place, I . . .

FEDYA—Forgive me, Prince. My present social standing is such that my former slight acquaintance with you does not entitle me to a visit from you, unless you have some business with me. What is it?

PRINCE ABREZKOV—I won't deny it. You have guessed right. I have business with you; but I beg you to believe that the alteration in your position in no wise affects my attitude towards you.

FEDYA—I am sure of it.

PRINCE ABREZKOV—My business is this: The son of my old friend, Anna Dmitrievna Karenina, and she herself, have asked me to ascertain directly from you what are your relations . . . May I speak out? . . . your relations with your wife, Elisabeth Andrevna Protasova.

FEDYA—My relations with my wife, or rather with her who *was* my wife, are entirely at an end.

PRINCE ABREZKOV—So I understood, and that is why I accepted this difficult mission.

FEDYA—At an end, and, I hasten to add, not by her fault, but by mine—by my innumerable faults. She is, as she always was, quite irreproachable.

PRINCE ABREZKOV—Well then, Victor Karenin, or rather his mother, asked me to find out what your intentions are.

FEDYA [*growing excited*]—What intentions? I have none. I set her quite free! Moreover, I will never disturb her peace. I know she loves Victor Karenin. Well, let her! I consider him a very dull, but very good and honourable man, and I think that she will, as the phrase goes, be happy with him; and—*que le bon Dieu les benisse!** That's all. . . .

PRINCE ABREZKOV—Yes, but we . . .

FEDYA [*interrupting*]—And don't suppose that I feel the least bit jealous. If I said that Victor is dull, I withdraw the remark. He is an excellent, honourable, moral man: almost the direct opposite of myself. And he has loved her from childhood. Perhaps she too may have loved him when she married me—that happens sometimes! The very best love is unconscious love. I believe she always did love him; but as an honest woman she did not confess it even to herself. But . . . a shadow of some kind always lay across our family life . . . but why am I confessing to you?

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* May the good God bless them!

PRINCE ABREZKOV—Please do! Believe me, my chief reason for coming to you was my desire to understand the situation fully. I understand you. I understand that the shadow, as you so well express it, may have been . . .

FEDYA—Yes, it was; and that perhaps is why I could not find satisfaction in the family life she gave me, but was always seeking something, and being carried away. However, that sounds like excusing myself. I don't want to excuse myself; I can't. I was (I say with assurance, *was*) a bad husband. I say *was*, because in my consciousness I am not, and for a long time have not been, her husband. I consider her perfectly free. So there you have my answer to your question.

PRINCE ABREZKOV—Yes, but you know Victor's family, and himself too. His relation to Elisabeth Andrevna is, and has been all through, most respectful and distant. He assisted her when she was in trouble.

FEDYA—Yes, I by my dissipation helped to draw them together. What's to be done? It has to be so!

PRINCE ABREZKOV—You know the strictly orthodox convictions of that family. Having myself a broader outlook on things, I do not share them; but I respect and understand them. I understand that for him, and especially for his mother, union with a woman without a Church marriage is unthinkable.

FEDYA—Yes, I know his stu . . . his strictness, his conservatism in these matters. But what do they want? A divorce? I told them long ago that I am quite willing; but the business of taking the blame on myself, and all the lies connected with it, are very trying. . . . *

PRINCE ABREZKOV—I quite understand you, and sympathize. But how can it be avoided? I think it might be arranged that way—but you are right. It is dreadful, and I quite understand you.

FEDYA [*pressing the* PRINCE'S *hand*]—Thank you, dear Prince! I always knew you were a kind and honourable man. Tell me what to do. How am I to act? Put yourself in my place. I am not trying to improve. I am a good-for-nothing; but there are things I cannot do quietly. I cannot quietly tell lies.

PRINCE ABREZKOV—I don't understand you! You, a capable, intelligent man, so sensitive to what is good—how can you let yourself be so carried away—so forget what you expect of yourself? How have you ruined your life and come to this?

FEDYA [*forcing back tears of emotion*]—I have led this disorderly life for ten years, and this is the first time a man like you has pitied me! I have been pitied by my boon-companions, by rakes, and by women; but a reasonable, good man like you . . . Thank you! How did I come to my ruin? First, through drink. It is not that drink tastes nice; but do what I will, I always feel I am not doing the right thing, and I feel ashamed. I talk to you now, and feel ashamed. As for being a marshal of the nobility, or a Bank Director—I should feel ashamed, so ashamed! It is only when I drink that I do not feel this shame. And music: not operas or Beethoven, but gipsies! . . . That is life! Energy flows into one's veins! And then those dear black eyes, and those smiles! And the more delicious it is, the more ashamed one feels afterwards.

PRINCE ABREZKOV—How about work?

FEDYA—I have tried it, but it's no good. I am always dissatisfied with it—but what's the use of talking about myself? I thank you.

PRINCE ABREZKOV—Then what am I to say?

FEDYA—Tell them I will do what they wish. They want to get married, and they wish no obstacle to their marriage?

PRINCE ABREZKOV—Of course.

FEDYA—I'll do it! Tell them I will certainly do it.

PRINCE ABREZKOV—But when?

FEDYA—Wait a bit. Well, say in a fortnight. Will that do?

PRINCE ABREZKOV—Then I may tell them so?

FEDYA—You may. Good-bye, Prince! Thank you once again! [*Exit* PRINCE.]

FEDYA [*sits for a long time and smiles silently.*]—That's the way, that's the way! It must be so, must be, must be! Splendid!

ACT IV

SCENE I

A private room in a restaurant. A WAITER *shows in* FEDYA *and* IVAN PETROVICH ALEXANDROV.

WAITER—Here, please. No one will

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* Under the Russian law divorce was only obtainable if ocular evidence of adultery was forthcoming, and a great deal of perjury was usually involved in such cases.

disturb you here, and I'll bring some paper directly.

IVAN PETROVICH—Protasov, I'll come in too.

FEDYA [*seriously*]—If you like, but I'm busy and . . . Come in, if you want to.

IVAN PETROVICH—You wish to reply to their demands? I'll tell you what to say. I should not do it that way. I always speak straight out, and act with decision.

FEDYA [*to* WAITER]—A bottle of champagne! [*Exit* WAITER.]

FEDYA [*taking out a revolver and putting it on the table.*]—Wait a bit!

IVAN PETROVICH—What's that? Do you want to shoot yourself? You can if you like. I understand you! They wish to humiliate you, and you will show them the sort of man you are! You will kill yourself with a revolver, and them with magnanimity. I understand you. I understand everything, because I am a genius.

FEDYA—Of course—of course. Only . . .

Enter Waiter with paper and ink and the champagne.

FEDYA [*covers the revolver with a napkin*]—Uncork it—let's have a drink. [*They drink.* FEDYA *writes.*] Wait a bit!

IVAN PETROVICH—Here's to your . . . great journey! You know I'm above all this. I'm not going to restrain you! Life and death are alike to genius. I die in life, and live in death. You will kill yourself that two people should pity you; and I—I shall kill myself that the whole world should understand what it has lost. I won't hesitate, or think about it! I seize it [*snatches revolver*]—now! And all is over. But it is too soon yet. [*Lays down revolver.*] Nor shall I write anything; they must understand it themselves. . . . Oh, you . . .

FEDYA [*writing*]—Wait a bit.

IVAN PETROVICH—Pitiful people! They fuss, they bustle, and don't understand—don't understand anything at all. . . . I'm not talking to you, I am only expressing my thoughts. And, after all, what does humanity need? Very little—only to value its geniuses. But they are always executed, persecuted, tortured. . . . No! I'm not going to be your toy! I will drag you out into the open! No-o-o! Hypocrites!

FEDYA [*having finished writing, drinks and reads over his letter*]—Go away, please!

IVAN PETROVICH—Go away? Well, goodbye then! I am not going to restrain you. I shall do the same. But not yet. I only want to tell you . . .

FEDYA—All right! You'll tell me afterwards. And now, dear chap, just one thing: give this to the manager [*gives him money*] and ask if a parcel and a letter have come for me. Please do!

IVAN PETROVICH—All right—then you'll wait for me? I have still something important to tell you—something that you will not hear in this world nor in the next, at any rate not till I come there. Am I to let him have *all* of this?

FEDYA—As much as is necessary. [*Exit* IVAN PETROVICH.] [FEDYA *sighs with relief, locks the door behind* IVAN PETROVICH, *takes up the revolver, cocks it, puts it to his temple; shudders, and carefully lowers it again. Groans.*]

FEDYA—No; I can't. I can't. I can't! [*Some one knocks at the door.*] Who's there? [MASHA'S *voice from outside.*] It's me!

FEDYA—Who's "me"? Oh, Masha . . . [*opens door.*]

MASHA—I've been to your place, to Popov's, to Afremov's, and guessed that you must be here. [*Sees revolver.*] That's a nice thing! There's a fool! A regular fool! Is it possible you really meant to?

FEDYA—No, I couldn't.

MASHA—Do I count for nothing at all? You heathen! You had no pity for me! Oh, Theodore Vasilich, it's a sin, a sin! In return for my love . . .

FEDYA—I wanted to release them. I promised to, and I can't lie.

MASHA—And what about me?

FEDYA—What about you? It would have set you free too. Is it better for you to torment yourself with me?

MASHA—Seems it's better. I can't live without you.

FEDYA—What sort of life could you have with me? You'd have cried a bit, and then gone on living your own life.

MASHA—I shouldn't have cried at all! If you don't pity me, go to the devil! [*Cries.*]

FEDYA—Masha, dearest! I meant to do it for the best.

MASHA—Best for yourself!

FEDYA (*smiles*)—How's that, when I meant to kill myself?

MASHA—Of course, best for yourself! But what is it you want? Tell me.

FEDYA—What do I want? I want a great deal.

MASHA—Well, what? What?

FEDYA—First of all, to keep my promise. That is the first thing, and quite sufficient. To lie, and do all the dirty work necessary to get a divorce—I can't!

Masha—Granted that it's horrid—I myself . . .

Fedya—Next, they must really be free—my wife and he. After all, they are good people. Why should they suffer? That's the second thing.

Masha—Well, there isn't much good in her, if she's thrown you over.

Fedya—She didn't—I threw her over.

Masha—All right, all right! It's always you. She's an angel! What else!

Fedya—This—that you are a good, dear girl—and that I love you, and if I live I shall ruin you.

Masha—That's not your business. I know quite well what will ruin me.

Fedya (*sighs*)—But above all, above all . . . What use is my life? Don't I know that I am a lost good-for-nothing? I am a burden to myself and to everybody—as your father said. I'm worthless.

Masha—What rubbish! I shall stick to you. I've stuck to you already, and there's an end of it! As to your leading a bad life, drinking and going on the spree—well, you're a living soul! Give it up, and have done with it!

Fedya—That's easily said.

Masha—Well, then, do it.

Fedya—Yes, when I look at you I feel as if I could really do anything.

Masha—And so you shall! Yes, you'll do it! [*Sees the letter.*] What's that? You've written to them? What have you written?

Fedya—What have I written? . . . [*Takes the letter and is about to tear it up.*] It's no longer wanted now.

Masha (*snatches the letter*)—You've said you would kill yourself? Yes? You did not mention the revolver—only said that you'd kill yourself?

Fedya—Yes, that I should be no more.

Masha—Give it me—give it, give it! . . . Have you read *What to Do?**

Fedya—I think I have.

Masha—It's a tiresome novel, but there's one very, very good thing in it. That what's his name?—Rakhmanov—goes and pretends he has drowned himself. And you—can you swim?

Fedya—No.

Masha—That's all right. Let me have your clothes—everything, and your pocket-book too.

Fedya—How can I?

Masha—Wait a bit, wait, wait! Let's go home; then you'll change your clothes.

Fedya—But it will be a fraud.

Masha—All right! You go to bathe, your clothes remain on the bank, in the pocket is your pocket-book and this letter.

Fedya—Yes, and then?

Masha—And then? Why, then we'll go off together and live gloriously. [*Enter* Ivan Petrovich.]

Ivan Petrovich—There now! And the revolver? I'll take it.

Masha—Take it; take it! We're off.

Scene II

The Protasovs' *drawing-room.* Karenin *and* Lisa.

Karenin—He promised so definitely, that I am sure he will keep his word.

Lisa—I am ashamed to say it, but I must confess that what I have heard about that gipsy girl makes me feel quite free. Don't think it is jealousy; it isn't, but you know—it sets me free. I hardly know how to tell you, Victor Mikhaylovich.

Karenin—Why speak to me so formally?

Lisa (*smiling*)—Well, then, Victor. Only let me explain what I feel. The chief thing that tormented me was, that I felt I loved two men; and that meant that I was an immoral woman.

Karenin—*You* immoral!

Lisa—But since I knew that he had some one else, and that he therefore did not need me, I felt free, and felt that I might truthfully say that I love you. Now things are clear within me, and only my position torments me. This divorce! It is such torture—and then this waiting!

Karenin—It will be settled soon, very soon. Besides his promise, I sent my secretary to him with the petition ready for signature, and told him not to leave till it is signed. If I did not know him so well, I should think he was purposely behaving as he does.

Lisa—He? No, it is the result both of his weakness and his honesty. He doesn't want to say what is not true. Only you were wrong to send him money.

Karenin—I had to. The want of it might be the cause of the delay.

Lisa—No, there is something wrong about money.

Karenin—Well, anyhow, *he* need not have been so punctilious.

Lisa—How selfish we are becoming!

Karenin—Yes, I confess it. It's your own fault. After all that waiting, that hopelessness, I am now so happy! And happiness makes one selfish. It's your fault!

Lisa—Do you think it's you only? I

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*A famous novel by N. G. Chernishevski written in 1863.

too—I feel full of happiness, bathed in bliss! I have everything—Misha has recovered, your mother likes me, and you—and above all, I, I love!

KARENIN—Yes? And no repenting? No turning back?

LISA—Since that day everything has changed in me.

KARENIN—And cannot change again?

LISA—Never! I only wish you to have done with it all as completely as I have. [*Enter* NURSE, *with baby.* LISA *takes the baby on her lap.*]

KARENIN—What wretched people we are!

LISA (*kissing baby*)—Why?

KARENIN—When you married, and I heard of it on my return from abroad, and was wretched because I felt that I had lost you, it was a relief to me to find that you still remembered me. I was content even with that. Then when our friendship was established and I felt your kindness to me, and even a little gleam of something in our friendship that was more than friendship, I was almost happy. I was only tormented by a fear that I was not being honest towards Fedya. But no! I was always so firmly conscious that no other relation than one of purest friendship with my friend's wife was possible—besides which, I knew you—that I was not really troubled about that, and I was contented. Afterwards, when Fedya began to cause you anxiety, and I felt that I was of some use to you, and that my friendship was beginning to alarm you—I was quite happy, and a sort of vague hope awoke in me. Still later, when he became altogether impossible and you decided to leave him, and I spoke to you plainly for the first time, and you did not say "No," but went away in tears—then I was perfectly happy; and had I then been asked what more I wanted, I should have answered "Nothing!" But later on, when there came the possibility of uniting our lives: when my mother grew fond of you and the possibility began to be realized; when you told me that you loved me and had loved me, and then (as you did just now) that he no longer exists for you, and that you love only me—what more, one would think, could I wish for? But no! Now the past torments me! I wish that past had not existed, and that there were nothing to remind me of it.

LISA (*reproachfully*)—Victor!

KARENIN—Lisa, forgive me! If I tell you this, it is only because I don't want a single thought of mine about you to be hidden from you. I have purposely told you all this, to show how bad I am, and how well I know that I must struggle with and conquer myself. And now I've done it! I love him.

LISA—That's as it should be. I did all I could, but it was not I that did all that you desired: it happened in my heart, from which everything but you has vanished.

KARENIN—Everything?

LISA—Everything, everything—or I would not say so. [*Enter* FOOTMAN.]

FOOTMAN—Mr. Voznesenski.

KARENIN—He's come with Fedya's answer.

LISA (*to* KARENIN)—Ask him in here.

KARENIN (*rising and going to the door*)—Well, here is the answer!

LISA (*gives baby to nurse, who goes out*)—Is it possible, Victor, that everything will now be decided? [*Kisses* KARENIN.] [*Enter* VOZNESENSKI.]

KARENIN—Well?

VOZNESENSKI—He has gone.

KARENIN—Gone! And without signing the petition?

VOZNESENSKI—The petition is not signed, but a letter was left for you and Elisabeth Andrevna. [*Takes letter out of his pocket and gives it to* KARENIN.] I went to his lodgings, and was told he was at the restaurant. I went there, and Mr. Protasov told me to return in an hour and I should then have his answer. I went back and then . . .

KARENIN—Is it possible that this means another delay? More excuses? No, that would be downright wicked. How he has fallen!

LISA—But do read the letter! [KARENIN *opens letter.*]

VOZNESENSKI—You do not require me any longer?

KARENIN—Well, no. Good-bye! Thank you . . . [*Pauses in astonishment as he reads.*] [*Exit* VOZNESENSKI.]

LISA—What—what is it?

KARENIN—This is awful!

LISA (*takes hold of letter*)—Read!

KARENIN (*reads*)—"Lisa and Victor, I address myself to you both. I won't lie and call you 'dear' or anything else. I cannot master a feeling of bitterness and reproach (I reproach myself, but all the same it is painful) when I think of you and of your love and happiness. I know everything. I know that though I was the husband, I have—by a series of accidents—been in your way. *C'est moi qui suis* *l'intrus.** But all the same, I cannot restrain a feeling of bitterness and coldness towards you. I love you both in theory, especially Lisa, Lisette! But actually I am more than cold towards you. I know I am wrong, but cannot change."

LISA—How can he . . .

KARENIN (*continues reading*)—"But to business! This very feeling of discord within me forces me to fulfil your desire—not in the way you wish. Lying, acting so disgusting a comedy, bribing the Consistorium, and all those horrors, are intolerably repulsive to me. Vile as I may be, I am vile in a different way, and cannot take part in those abominations—simply cannot! The solution at which I have arrived is the simplest: to be happy, you must marry. I am in the way; consequently I must destroy myself. . . ."

LISA (*seizes* VICTOR'S *hand*)—Victor!

KARENIN (*reads*)— . . . must destroy myself. And I will do it. When you get this letter, I shall be no more.

"What a pity you sent me money to pay for the divorce proceedings! It is unpleasant, and unlike you! But it can't be helped. I have so often made mistakes, why shouldn't you make one? I return the money. My way of escape is shorter, cheaper, and surer. All I ask is, don't be angry with me, and think kindly of me. And, one thing more—there is a clock-maker, Evgen'ev, here. Can't you help him, and set him on his feet? He's a good man, though weak.—Good-bye,

"Fedya."

LISA—He has taken his life! Yes . . .

KARENIN (*rings, and runs out to the hall*)—Call Mr. Voznesenski back!

LISA—I knew it! I knew it! Fedya, dear Fedya!

KARENIN—Lisa!

LISA—It's not true, not true that I didn't love him—that I don't love him! I love only him! I love him! And I've killed him. Leave me! [*Enter* VOZNESENSKI.]

KARENIN—Where is Mr. Protasov? What did they tell you?

VOZNESENSKI—They told me he went out this morning, left this letter, and had not returned.

KARENIN—We shall have to find out about it, Lisa. I must leave you.

LISA—Forgive me, but I too can't lie! Go now—go, and find out . . .

ACT V

SCENE I

A dirty room in a low-class restaurant. A table, at which people sit drinking tea and vodka. In the foreground a small table, at which sits FEDYA, *tattered, and much come down in the world. With him is* PETUSHKOV, *a gentle, mild man, with long hair, of clerical appearance. Both are slightly drunk.*

PETUSHKOV—I understand, I understand. That is true love! Yes? Go on.

FEDYA—Well, you know, if a woman of our class showed such feeling and sacrificed everything for the man she loved. . . . But she was a gipsy, brought up to money-hunting, and yet she had this self-sacrificing love! Gave everything, and wanted nothing herself! The contrast was so wonderful!

PETUSHKOV—Yes, in art we call it "value." You can only get quite bright red by putting green round it. But that's not to the point. I understand, quite understand.

FEDYA—Yes, and I believe the one good action of my life is that I never took advantage of her love. And do you know why?

PETUSHKOV—Pity.

FEDYA—Oh no! I never felt pity for her. What I felt for her was always rapturous admiration—and when she sang! Ah, how she sang—and perhaps still sings! I always regarded her as far above me. I did not ruin her, simply because I loved her; loved her truly. And now she's a good, happy memory! [*Drinks.*]

PETUSHKOV—Yes, I understand, I understand. It's ideal.

FEDYA—I'll tell you something. I have had my passions, and once I was in love with a lady—very handsome—and I loved her nastily, like a dog. She gave me a rendezvous. And I did not go, because I thought it was treating the husband shabbily. And it is wonderful that, even now, when I remember it I want to feel pleased and to approve of myself for having acted honourably, but I always repent as if I had committed a sin! But in the case of Masha, on the contrary, I am always pleased—pleased that I did not pollute that feeling of mine. . . . I may fall lower still, but this jewel . . . no, not jewel, but ray of sunshine, is still with me and in me.

PETUSHKOV—I understand, I understand! And where is she now?

FEDYA—I don't know! And I'd rather not know. All *that* belonged to a different life; and I don't want to mix it up with this. . . . [*A woman is heard screaming at a table behind. The manager and a policeman come in and take her out.* FEDYA *and* PETUSHKOV *listen, and look on in silence. When all is quiet again:*]

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* It is I who am the intruder.

PETUSHKOV—Yes, your life is astonishing.

FEDYA—No, it's most simple! You know, in the society in which I was born there are only three careers open to a man—only three. The first is to enter the civil or military service, to earn money and increase the abominations amid which we live. That was repulsive to me. Perhaps I had not the capacity for it; but above all it repelled me. Then the second is to destroy those abominations. To do that you must be a hero; and I am not a hero. And the third is to forget it all by going on the spree, drinking and singing. That is what I did. And this is what my singing has brought me to! [*Drinks.*]

PETUSHKOV—And what about family life? I should be happy if I had a wife. My wife ruined me.

FEDYA—Family life? Yes, my wife was an ideal woman. She is still living. But how shall I tell you? There was no yeast in it—you know, the yeast that makes the beer froth! Well, there was nothing of that in our life: It was flat, and I wanted something to help me to forget—and one can't forget when there's no sparkle in life. Then I began to do all sorts of nasty things. And you know, we love people for the good we do them, and dislike them for the harm we do them; and I did her much harm. She seemed to love me. . . .

PETUSHKOV—Why do you say "seemed"?

FEDYA—I say it because there was never anything about her that made her creep into my soul as Masha did. But that's not what I meant to say. When she was pregnant, or nursing her baby, I used to vanish, and come home drunk; and of course, just because of that, I loved her less and less. Yes, yes! [*in ecstasy*] I have it! The reason I love Masha is that I did her good and not harm. That's why I love her. The other one I tormented, and therefore I don't like her. . . . No, after all, I simply don't like her! Was I jealous? Yes, but that, too, is past. . . . [*Enter* ARTEM'EV, *with a cockade on his cap, dyed moustaches, and old renovated clothes.*]

ARTEM'EV—Wish you a good appetite! [*Bows to* FEDYA.] I see you've made acquaintance with our painter, our artist.

FEDYA (*coldly*)—Yes, we are acquainted.

ARTEM'EV (*to* PETUSHKOV)—And have you finished the portrait?

PETUSHKOV—No, I lost the order.

ARTEM'EV (*sits down*)—I'm not in your way? [FEDYA *and* PETUSHKOV *do not answer.*]

PETUSHKOV—Theodore Vasilich was telling me about his life.

ARTEM'EV—Secrets? Then I won't disturb you—go on! I'm sure I don't want you. Swine! [*Goes to next table and calls for beer. He listens all the time to* FEDYA'S *conversation with* PETUSHKOV, *and leans towards them without their noticing it.*]

FEDYA—I don't like that gentleman.

PETUSHKOV—He was offended.

FEDYA—Well, let him be offended! I can't stand him. When there is a man like that about, my words won't come. Now with you I feel at ease, and comfortable. Well, what was I saying?

PETUSHKOV—You were speaking about your jealousy. And how was it you parted from your wife?

FEDYA—Ah! [*Pauses and considers.*] It's a curious story. My wife is married . . .

PETUSHKOV—How's that? Are you divorced?

FEDYA (*smiles*)—No, I left her a widow.

PETUSHKOV—What do you mean?

FEDYA—I mean that she's a widow! I don't exist.

FEDYA—No, I'm a corpse! Yes. [ARTEM'EV *leans over, listening.*] Well, you see—I *can* tell *you* about it; and besides, it happened long ago; and you don't know my real name. It was this way. When I had tired out my wife and had squandered everything I could lay my hands on, and had become unbearable, a protector turned up for her. Don't imagine that there was anything dirty or bad about it—no, he was my friend and a very good fellow—only in everything my exact opposite! And as there is far more evil than good in me, it follows that he was a good—a very good man: honourable, firm, self-restrained, and, in a word, virtuous. He had known my wife from her childhood, and loved her. When she married me he resigned himself to his fate. But later, when I became horrid and tormented her, he began to come oftener to our house. I myself wished it. They fell in love with one another, and meanwhile I went altogether to the bad, and abandoned my wife of my own accord. And besides, there was Masha. I myself advised them to marry. They did not want to, but I became more and more impossible, and it ended in . . .

Petushkov—The usual thing?

Fedya—No. I am sure, I know for certain that they remained pure. He is a religious man, and considers marriage without the Church's blessing a sin. So they began asking me to agree to a divorce. I should have had to take the blame on myself. It would have been necessary to tell all sorts of lies . . . and I couldn't! Believe me, it would have been easier for me to take my life than to tell such lies—and I wished to do so. But then a kind friend came and said, "Why do it?" and arranged it all for me. I wrote a farewell letter, and next day my clothes, pocket-book, and letters were found on the river bank. I can't swim.

Petushkov—Yes, but how about the body? They did not find that!

Fedya—They did! Fancy! A week later somebody's body was found. My wife was called to identify the decomposing body. She just glanced at it. "Is it he?" "It is." And so it was left. I was buried, and they married and are living in this town, happily. And I—here I am, living and drinking! Yesterday I passed their house. The windows were lit up, and some one's shadow crossed the blind. Sometimes it's horrid, and sometimes not. It's horrid when I've no money . . . [*Drinks.*]

Artem'ev (*approaches*)—Excuse me, but I heard your story. It's a very good story, and more than that—a very useful one! You say it's horrid when one has no money? There's nothing more horrid. But you, in your position, should always have money. Aren't you a corpse? Well then . . .

Fedya—Excuse me! I did not speak to you and don't want your advice.

Artem'ev—But I want to give it! You are a corpse; but suppose you come to life again? Then they, your wife and that gentleman, who are so happy—they would be bigamists, and at best would be sent to the less distant parts of Siberia. So why should you lack money?

Fedya—I beg you to leave me alone.

Artem'ev—Simply write a letter. I'll write it for you if you like; only give me their address, and you'll be grateful to me.

Fedya—Be off, I tell you! I have told you nothing!

Artem'ev—Yes, you have! Here's my witness. The waiter heard you say you were a corpse.

Waiter—I know nothing about it.

Fedya—You scoundrel!

Artem'ev—Am I a scoundrel? Eh, police! I'll give him in charge! [Fedya *rises to go, but* Artem'ev *holds him. Enter* Policeman.]

Scene II

The ivy-covered veranda of a bungalow in the country. Anna Dmitrievna, Karenina Lisa (*pregnant*), Nurse, *and* Boy.

Lisa—Now he's on his way from the station.

Boy—Who is?

Lisa—Papa.

Boy—Papa's coming from the station?

Lisa—*C'ést étonnant comme il l'aime, tout à fait comme son père.*[*]

Anna Dmitrievna—*Tant mieux! Se souvient-il de son père véritable?*[†]

Lisa (*sighs*)—I never speak to him about it. I say to myself, "Why confuse him?" Sometimes I think I ought to tell him. What is your opinion, *Maman?*

Anna Dmitrievna—I think it is a matter of feeling, Lisa, and if you obey your feelings your heart will tell you what to say and when to say it. What a wonderful reconciler death is! I confess there was a time when Fedya—whom I had known from a child—was repulsive to me; but now I only remember him as that nice lad, as Victor's friend, and as the passionate man who sacrificed himself—illegally and irreligiously, but still sacrificed himself—for those he loved. *On aura beau dire, l'action est belle.*[‡] . . . I hope Victor will not forget to bring the wool: I've hardly any left. [*Knits.*]

Lisa—I hear him coming. [*The sound of wheels and bells is heard.* Lisa *rises, and goes to the edge of the veranda.*]

Lisa—There's some one with him, a lady in a bonnet—It's mother! I have not seen her for an age. [*Goes to the door.*] [*Enter* Karenin *and* Anna Pavlovna.]

Anna Pavlovna (*kisses* Lisa *and* Anna Dmitrievna.] Victor met me, and has brought me here.

Anna Dmitrievna—He did quite right.

Anna Pavlovna— Yes, certainly. I thought to myself, "When shall I see her again?" and kept putting it off. But now I've come, and if you don't turn me out I will stay till the last train.

Karenin (*kisses his wife, mother, and the boy*)—D'you know what a piece of luck! Congratulate me—I have two days' holiday. They'll be able to get on without me to-morrow.

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[*] It is surprising how he loves him—just as if he were his father.

[†] So much the better! Does he remember his real father?

[‡] Say what one likes—it is a fine action.

Lisa—Splendid! Two days! It's long since we had that! We'll drive to the Hermitage, shall we?

Anna Pavlovna—What a likeness! Isn't he a strapping fellow? If only he has not inherited everything—his father's heart . . .

Anna Dmitrievna—But not his weakness.

Lisa—No, everything! Victor agrees with me that if only he had been rightly guided in childhood . . .

Anna Pavlovna—Well, I don't know about that; but I simply can't think of him without tears.

Lisa—No more can we. How much higher he stands now in our recollection!

Anna Pavlovna—Yes, I am sure of it.

Lisa—How insoluble it all seemed at one time—and then everything suddenly came right.

Anna Dmitrievna—Well, Victor, did you get the wool?

Karenin—Yes, I did. [*Brings a bag, and takes out parcels.*] Here is the wool, and this is the eau-de-Cologne; and here are letters—one "On Government Service" for you, Lisa [*hands her a letter.*] Well, Anna Pavlovna, if you want to wash I will show you your room. I must make myself tidy too; it is almost dinner time. Lisa, Anna Pavlovna's room is the corner one downstairs, isn't it? [Lisa *is pale; holds the letter in trembling hands, and reads it.*]

Karenin—What's the matter? Lisa, what is it?

Lisa—He is alive! . . . Oh God! When will he release me? Victor, what does this mean? [*Sobs.*]

Karenin (*takes letter and reads*)—This is dreadful!

Anna Dmitrievna—What is it? Why don't you tell me?

Karenin—It is dreadful! He's alive, she's a bigamist, and I a criminal! It's a notice from the Examining Magistrate—a summons for Lisa to appear before him.

Anna Dmitrievna—What a dreadful man! Why has he done this?

Karenin—All lies, lies!

Lisa—Oh, how I hate him! I don't know what I am saying . . . [*Exit in tears.* Karenin *follows her.*]

Anna Pavlovna—How is it he's alive?

Anna Dmitrievna—All I know is, that as soon as Victor came in contact with this world of mud—they were sure to draw him in too! And so they have. It's all fraud—all lies!

ACT VI

Scene I

The room of an Examining Magistrate, *who sits at a table talking to* Melnikov. *At a side table a* Clerk *is sorting papers.*

Examining Magistrate—But I never said anything of the kind to her. She invented it, and now reproaches me.

Melnikov—She does not reproach you, but she is grieved.

Examining Magistrate—All right, I'll come to dinner. But now I have a very interesting case on. [*To* Clerk.] Ask her in.

Clerk—Shall I ask them both?

Examining Magistrate (*finishes his cigarette and hides it*)—No, only Mrs. Karenina, or rather—by her first husband—Protasova.

Melnikov (*going out*)—Ah, Karenina!

Examining Magistrate—Yes, it's a nasty affair. It's true I am only beginning to look into it, but it's a bad business. Well, good-bye! [*Exit* Melnikov.] [*Enter* Lisa, *in black and veiled.*

Examining Magistrate—Take a seat, please. [*Points to a chair.*] Believe me, I much regret to have to question you, but we are under the necessity . . . Please be calm, and remember that you need not answer my questions. Only, in my opinion, for your own sake—and in fact for everybody's sake—the truth is best. It is always best, even practically.

Lisa—I have nothing to conceal.

Examining Magistrate—Well, then (*looks at paper*)—your name, position, religion—all that I have put down. Is it correct?

Lisa—Yes.

Examining Magistrate—You are accused of contracting a marriage with another man, knowing your husband to be alive.

Lisa—I did not know it.

Examining Magistrate—And also of having persuaded your husband, and bribed him with money, to commit a fraud—a pretended suicide—in order to free yourself of him.

Lisa—That is all untrue.

Examining Magistrate—Well, then, allow me to put a few questions. Did you send him 1,200 roubles in July of last year?

Lisa—It was his own money, the proceeds of the sale of some things of his. At the time I parted from him, and when I was expecting a divorce, I sent him the money.

Examining Magistrate—Just so! Very

well. That money was sent to him on the 17th of July, two days before his disappearance?

LISA—I think it was on the 17th, but I don't remember.

EXAMINING MAGISTRATE—And why was the application to the Consistorium for a divorce withdrawn, just at that time—and the lawyer told not to proceed with the case.

LISA—I don't know.

EXAMINING MAGISTRATE — Well, and when the police asked you to identify the body, how was it you recognized it as your husband's?

LISA—I was so excited that I did not look at the body, and I felt so sure it was he, that when they asked me I answered, "I think it is he."

EXAMINING MAGISTRATE—Yes, you did not see well, in consequence of a very natural excitement. And now may I ask why you have sent a monthly remittance to Saratov, the very town where your first husband was living?

LISA—My husband sent that money, and I cannot say what it was for, as that is not my secret. But it was not sent to Theodore Vasilich, for we were firmly convinced of his death. That I can say for certain.*

EXAMINING MAGISTRATE — Very well. Only allow me to remark, madam, that the fact of our being servants of the law does not prevent our being men; and believe me I quite understand your position and sympathize with you! You were tied to a man who squandered your property, was unfaithful—in short, brought misfortune. . . .

LISA—I loved him.

EXAMINING MAGISTRATE—Yes; but still the desire to free yourself was natural, and you chose this simpler way, without realizing that it would lead you into what is considered a crime—bigamy! I quite understand it. The judges will understand too; and therefore I should advise you to confess everything.

LISA—I have nothing to confess. I have never lied. [*Cries.*] Do you want me any longer?

EXAMINING MAGISTRATE—I must ask you to remain here. I will not trouble you with any more questions. Only kindly read this over and sign it. It is your deposition. See whether your answers have been correctly taken down. Please take that seat. [*Points to an armchair by the window. To* CLERK.] Ask Mr. Karenin to come in. [*Enter* KARENIN, *stern and solemn.*]

EXAMINING MAGISTRATE—Please take a seat.

KARENIN—Thank you! [*Remains standing.*] What do you want of me?

EXAMINING MAGISTRATE—I have to take your deposition.

KARENIN—In what capacity?

EXAMINING MAGISTRATE (*smiling*)—I, in the capacity of Examining Magistrate, am obliged to question you in the capacity of an accused person.

KARENIN—Indeed! Accused of what?

EXAMINING MAGISTRATE—Of marrying a woman whose husband was alive. However, allow me to question you properly. Kindly sit down.

KARENIN—Thank you.

EXAMINING MAGISTRATE—Your name?

KARENIN—Victor Karenin.

EXAMINING MAGISTRATE—Your calling?

KARENIN—Chamberlain and Member of Council.

EXAMINING MAGISTRATE—Age?

KARENIN—Thirty-eight.

EXAMINING MAGISTRATE—Religion?

KARENIN—Orthodox; and I have never before been tried or questioned! Well?

EXAMINING MAGISTRATE—Did you know that Theodore Vasilich Protasov was alive when you married his wife?

KARENIN—I did not know it. We were both convinced that he was drowned.

EXAMINING MAGISTRATE—After Protasov's alleged death, to whom in Saratov did you send a monthly remittance?

KARENIN—I do not wish to reply to that question.

EXAMINING MAGISTRATE — Very well. Why did you send money—1,200 roubles—to Mr. Protasov just before his pretended death on 17th July?

KARENIN—That money was given to me by my wife . . .

EXAMINING MAGISTRATE — By Mrs. Protasova?

KARENIN— . . . by my wife, to send to her husband. She considered that money to be his, and having severed all connexion with him, considered it unfair to keep it.

EXAMINING MAGISTRATE — One more question—why did you withdraw the application for divorce?

KARENIN—Because Theodore Vasilich undertook to apply for a divorce, and wrote me about it.

EXAMINING MAGISTRATE—Have you his letter?

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* Had Tolstoy lived to give a final revision to this play, he would probably have made it clearer that Karenin sent a monthly payment to the clockmaker Evgen'ev, in response to the request contained in the last letter Fedya addressed to Lisa and himself; and that this money found its way to Fedya.

KARENIN—It has been lost.

EXAMINING MAGISTRATE—It is strange that everything which might convince the Court of the truth of your evidence should either be lost or non-existent.

KARENIN—Do you want anything more?

EXAMINING MAGISTRATE—I want nothing, except to fulfil my duty; but you'll have to exonerate yourselves, and I have just advised Mrs. Protasova, and I advise you also, not to try to hide what every one can see, but to say what really happened. Especially as Mr. Protasov is in such a condition that he has already told everything just as it happened, and will probably do the same in Court, I should advise . . .

KARENIN—I would ask you to keep within the limits of your duty, and not to give me your advice! May we go? [*Approaches* LISA, *who rises and takes his arm.*]

EXAMINING MAGISTRATE—I am very sorry to be obliged to detain you . . . [KARENIN *looks round in astonishment.*] Oh, I don't mean that I arrest you. Though that would make it easier to get at the truth, I shall not resort to such a measure. I only want to take Protasov's deposition in your presence, and to confront him with you—which will make it easier for you to detect any falsehood in what he says. Please take a seat. Call in Mr. Protasov! [*Enter* FEDYA, *dirty and shabby.*]

FEDYA (*addresses* LISA *and* KARENIN)—Eliza! Elisabeth Andrevna! Victor! I am not guilty! I wanted to act for the best. But if I am guilty . . . forgive me, forgive me! [*Bows low to them.*]

EXAMINING MAGISTRATE — Please to answer my questions.

FEDYA—Go on, then.

EXAMINING MAGISTRATE—Your name?

FEDYA—Why, you know it!

EXAMINING MAGISTRATE—Please answer.

FEDYA—Well then, Theodore Protasov.

EXAMINING MAGISTRATE—Your calling, age, and religion?

FEDYA (*after a pause*)—Aren't you ashamed to ask such nonsense? Ask what you want to know, and not such trifles!

EXAMINING MAGISTRATE — I beg you to be more careful in your expressions, and to answer my questions!

FEDYA—Well, if you're not ashamed of it, here you are: Calling, graduate; age, forty; religion, Orthodox. What next?

EXAMINING MAGISTRATE—Did Mr. Karenin and your wife know that you were alive when you left your clothes on the river bank and disappeared?

FEDYA—Certainly not! I really wanted to commit suicide, but afterwards—but there's no need to go into that. The thing is, that they knew nothing about it.

EXAMINING MAGISTRATE — How is it that you gave a different account to the police officer?

FEDYA—What police officer? Oh, when he came to see me at the dosshouse? I was drunk, and was romancing. I don't remember what I said. All that was rubbish. Now I am not drunk, and am telling the whole truth! They knew nothing. They believed that I was no longer alive, and I was glad of it. And everything would have gone on as it was, but for that rascal, Artem'ev! If any one is guilty, it is I alone.

EXAMINING MAGISTRATE—I understand your wish to be magnanimous, but the law demands the truth. Why was money sent to you? [FEDYA *is silent.*]

You received through Semenov the money sent to you in Saratov? [FEDYA *is silent.*]

Why don't you answer? It will be put down in the depositions that the accused did not answer these questions, and this may harm you and them very much. Come, how was it?

FEDYA (*after a pause*)—Oh, how is it you are not ashamed! Why do you pry into other people's lives? You are glad to have power, and to show it, you torment not physically but morally—torment people a thousand times better than yourself!

EXAMINING MAGISTRATE—I beg . . .

FEDYA—You've nothing to beg! I shall say what I think, and you [*to* CLERK] write it down! At least for once there will be sensible human words in a police report! [*Raises his voice.*] There are three people: I, he, and she. Our relations to one another are complex—a struggle between good and evil goes on; a spiritual struggle such as you know nothing of. That struggle ends in a manner which sets them free. They were all at peace. They were happy, and remembered me with affection. I, fallen as I was, was glad that I had acted as I ought, and that I, a good-for-nothing, had gone out of their lives, so as not to stand in the way of people who were good and who had life before them. And so we were all living, when suddenly a blackmailing scoundrel appears who wants me to take part in his rascality, and I send him about his business. Then he comes to you, to the champion of Justice! The guardian of Morality! And you, who receive each month a few pounds for doing your dirty work, put on your uniform, and calmly bully these people—bully people whose little finger is worth more than you are altogether! People who would not admit you to their anteroom! But you have got so far, and are pleased . . .

Examining Magistrate—I shall have you turned out!

Fedya—I'm not afraid of any one, because I'm a corpse and you can't do me any harm. No position could be worse than mine! So turn me out!

Karenin—May we go?

Examining Magistrate—Immediately, but first sign your deposition.

Fedya—You'd be quite comic, if you weren't so vile!

Examining Magistrate—Take him away! I arrest you.

Fedya (*to* Lisa *and* Karenin)—Forgive me!

Karenin (*approaches and holds out his hand*)—It had to happen! [Lisa *passes by.* Fedya *bows low to her.*]

Scene II

A corridor of the Law Courts. In the background a door with glass panels, beside which stands an usher. Farther to the right another door through which the accused are led. Ivan Petrovich Alexandrov *comes to the first door and wishes to enter.*

Usher—Where are you going? You mustn't! Shoving in like that!

Ivan Petrovich—Why mustn't I? The law says the proceedings are public. [*Applause is heard from inside the Court.*]

Usher—Anyhow, you mustn't, and that's all about it.

Ivan Petrovich—Ignorant fellow! You don't know to whom you are speaking! [*A* Young Lawyer *in a dress-suit enters from the Court.*]

Young Lawyer—Are you concerned in this case?

Ivan Petrovich—No, I am the public, and this ignoramus—this Cerberus—won't let me in!

Young Lawyer—But this door is not for the public.

Ivan Petrovich—I know, but I am a man who should be admitted.

Young Lawyer—Wait a bit—they'll adjourn in a minute. [*Is just going when he meets* Prince Abrezkov.]

Prince Abrezkov—May I ask how the case stands?

Young Lawyer—The Counsel are speaking—Petrushin is addressing the Court. [*Applause from within.*]

Prince Abrezkov—And how do the defendants bear their position?

Young Lawyer—With great dignity, especially Karenin and Elisabeth Andrevna. It is not as if they were being indicted, but as if they were indicting society! That's what is felt, and on that Petrushin is working.

Prince Abrezkov—Well, and Protasov?

Young Lawyer—He is terribly excited. He trembles all over; but that is natural, considering the life he leads. He is particularly irritable, and interrupted the Public Prosecutor and Counsel several times. He is in a peculiar state of excitement.

Prince Abrezkov—What do you think the result will be?

Young Lawyer—It is hard to say. In any case they won't be found guilty of premeditation; but still . . . [*A gentleman comes out, and* Prince Abrezkov *moves towards the door.*] You wish to go in?

Prince Abrezkov—I should like to.

Young Lawyer—You are Prince Abrezkov?

Prince Abrezkov—I am.

Young Lawyer (*to* Usher)—Let this gentleman pass. There is an empty chair just to the left. [Usher *lets* Prince Abrezkov *pass. As the door opens, Counsel is seen speaking.*]

Ivan Petrovich—Aristocrats! I am an aristocrat of the soul, and that is higher!

Young Lawyer—Well, excuse me . . . [*Exit.*] [Petushkov *enters hurriedly, and approaches* Ivan Petrovich.]

Petushkov—Ah, how are you, Ivan Petrovich? How are things going?

Ivan Petrovich—Counsel are still speaking, but this fellow won't let me in.

Usher—Don't make a noise here! This is not a public-house! [*Applause. The doors open. Lawyers, and public—men and women—come out.*]

A Lady—Splendid! He really moved me to tears.

Officer—It's better than any novel. Only I don't understand how she could love him so. Dreadful object! [*The other door opens. The accused come out: first* Lisa, *then* Karenin. *They pass along the corridor.* Fedya *follows alone.*]

Lady—Hush—here he is! Look how excited he seems! [Lady *and* Officer *pass on.*]

Fedya (*approaches* Ivan Petrovich)—Have you brought it?

Ivan Petrovich—Here it is. [*Hands* Fedya *something.*]

Fedya (*hides it in his pocket, and is about to pass out, but sees* Petushkov)—Stupid! Vile! Dreary, dreary! Senseless. [*Moves to pass.*] [*Enter the Counsel,* Petrushin; *stout, red, and animated. He approaches* Fedya.]

Petrushin—Well, friend! Our affairs are going well—only don't you go and spoil things for me in your last speech!

Fedya—I won't speak. What is the use? I sha'n't do it.

Petrushin—Yes, you must speak. But don't be excited. The whole matter is now in a nutshell! Only tell them what you told me—that if you are being tried, it is only for *not* having committed suicide: that is, for not doing what is considered a crime both by civil and ecclesiastical law.

Fedya—I sha'n't say anything!

Petrushin—Why not?

Fedya—I don't want to, and I sha'n't. Tell me only, at the worst, what will it be?

Petrushin—I have already told you—at worst, exile to Siberia.

Fedya—Who will be exiled?

Petrushin—You and your wife.

Fedya—And at best?

Petrushin—Church penance, and of course annulment of the second marriage.

Fedya—Then they will again tie me to her—or rather, her to me?

Petrushin—Yes, that must be so. But don't excite yourself, and please say what I told you, and above all, don't say anything superfluous. However [*noticing that a circle of listeners has formed round them*], I am tired, and will go and sit down; and you'd better take a rest. The chief thing is, not to lose courage!

Fedya—No other sentence is possible?

Petrushin (*going*)—No other. [*Enter* Attendant.]

Attendant—Pass on! Pass on! No loitering in the corridor!

Fedya—Directly! [*Takes out revolver and shoots himself in the heart. Falls. All rush to him.*] All right, I think it is done. . . . Lisa! . . . [*The audience, judges, accused, witnesses and spectators rush out from all the doors. In front of all is* Lisa. *Behind her* Masha, Karenin, Ivan Petrovich, *and* Prince Abrezkov.]

Lisa—Fedya, what have you done! Why?

Fedya—Forgive me that I could not . . . free you any other way. . . . It's not for you . . . it's best for me. I have long . . . been ready . . .

Lisa—You will live! [*A* Doctor *bends over* Fedya *and listens.*]

Fedya—I need no doctor to tell me . . . Good-bye, Victor . . . Ah, Masha! . . . This time you're too late . . . [*Weeps.*] How good . . . how good! [*Dies.*]

Ozymandias of Egypt

By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

I MET a traveller from an antique land
Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand
Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,
The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
'My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings;
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away."

Making a Prince Into a Good Sport

By HELEN GREEN

"I DON'T care if he's the German emperor, no guy's going out with me that calls me 'my good man!'" shouted Fraser River Charlie, "so tell him that, and the brag goes." Old Man McPherson sighed. "He's only a fool tenderfoot, Charlie," said he, "and we'll soak him hard for the trip. We got to do it."

"Not fur me!" said Charlie, stubbornly. "Prince or no prince, he don't go. He's in luck I didn't hand him one. I'm nobody's servant."

"Law, anybody knows that," said Mac gently. "Why, he'll be amusin' when we get out in the hills. Them people allus make me laugh, son. It's all in how you take a thing. We're gettin' better money than any other guides in the country from the Cooley boys, and there 'tis."

"I kin go back punchin' cows," growled Charlie, "or back North an' wash out enough placer minin' to get along. I ain't forced to stick here."

"Be a good feller," urged Mac. "I don't want to find no new pard, son. You and me been good friends." Charlie's face lost its frown.

"Sure, I'll go—fur you," he replied, "but it ain't for that tow-headed prince guy."

"Now you're talkin'," said Mac, approvingly. "That's the stuff!"

The two young princes of a certain German state were on a trip around the world. They had been entertained in almost royal state by the Governor-General of Canada, at Ottawa, then started west toward the Pacific, landing at Laggan, in Alberta. Back in Ottawa they had listened to tales of the "Big Horn" country, where grizzlies, moose and elk roamed through the forests, and nimble Rocky Mountain goats scooted over the rocks.

The Cooley Brothers outfitted tourists who came to hunt. They gave them anything their innocent hearts desired as long as the tourist settled. It came high, but the Cooleys declared that handling tenderfeet was worth big money. Now the royal gentlemen had arrived, having neglected to notify the Cooleys of their coming, and both brothers were off on the trail for a two-week stay overseeing a large party. Charlie, much fretted as to the correct manner in which to receive the visitors, had done his best to please them, by offering to domicile them in Buck Cooley's own house, in which he kept bachelor hall, and immediately commanding Jim Moy, the Chinese cook, to hustle up grub.

"You see, your honors," said he, "or perhaps I should say, my lord, we don't get many up here. We'd have been all set if we'd known you was comin', but I reckon you kin plug along on what we got. Anything you want that you don't see handy, just holler out. Feel like a drink?"

The members of the royal party were shocked. "His Highness Prince Adelbert will partake of some wine later," said Colonel Von Weiss, a yellow-haired, wasp-waisted person, who came between his masters and a cold world on all occasions. "You may address your remarks to me, and not quite so familiar, my good man." His Highness, although fatigued, condescended to cast a languid, pale blue eye upon the rebuked Charlie. "The hell you say!" exclaimed the latter hotly. "Well, you'll wait awhile before you're ast again."

Thereupon he slammed the door of Cooley Brothers' warehouse upon the august tourists, leaving them homeless upon a sun-baked road, with only a few full-blood Stoney Indians for company.

Billy Fat Belly, very dirty in his calico shirt and overalls and sloppy moccasins, gazed at the astounded Germans with a foolish stare. Then he slowly disappeared around the corner of the building, after listening a moment to the excited conversation of the travelers. The stupid air faded when he met Mac. "Say, big bunch of folks out in front," he said. "Charlie told 'em to go to hell. He done right, too. Feller wouldn't take a drink with him. They say they're kings, or some such a thing."

Mac knew the Vancouver express had stopped, and that several people had got off. "Kings!" he said, scornfully. "You've set in the sun till it's got you crazy, Fat Belly."

Fat Belly, injured, declined to answer, but he loafed along behind when Mac hurried out. It took a few minutes for the latter and the enraged military guardian to understand each other, but Mac had handled Indians and whites in wartime and peace, all his long life, and his diplomatic explanations as to hot-headed youth and Far Western customs soothed the colonel's ruffled dignity. He settled them in the house, encouraged all the ten gentlemen in attendance to disconnect from the large revolvers they carried, having come well heeled to a savage clime, and interviewed Charlie a little later.

"How many packers you going to take?" asked Charlie. "They got a million bags and trunks up there at the deppo." Mac said they'd see about it.

He made a ceremonious call after supper. "Now, who-all's going huntin'?" he asked. The colonel said all of them simply must go. "In Africa we have a grand hunt," said he, quite socially, feeling it were best to jolly these rude men a bit. "Elephants and lions. Prince Wilhelm had splendid luck. The beaters drove out a lion, and when it had several shots in, and was quite safe, His Highness boldly walked up and fired, killing the lion. Marvelous, was it not?"

Mac agreed it was not. He made several private notes, none of them complimentary to the two princes, then stuffing themselves at a plentiful meal.

"Well, lemme see how many saddle and pack horses you want?" began Mac.

A stout German emitted a frightened cry. Horses, he declared, were not for him. In a hansom, or any comfortable vehicle, yes, or why not, he naïvely inquired, a litter such as they had ridden in while at Lake Victoria-Nyanza?

Prince Adelbert roused himself. "Ourselves, Von Weiss and Franz and Emil shall go," said he, "the rest remain here. I am sick of seeing them. Find my elephant gun."

"And mine," cried Prince Wilhelm, gleefully. "Ach, Gott, I shall another kill to mein fader show, no?"

Mac endeavoured to persuade the daring sportsmen that elephant guns were not exactly the weapon for mountain shooting in the far Northwest, but Adelbert imperiously insisted that the guns would go. That night Charlie, Mac, Billy Fat Belly and Cree Sam, an Indian guide from Assiniboia Territory, looked over the royal outfit. Sleeping bags of German make, heavy enough for a climate north of .53, pneumatic air mattresses, rubber ponchos and air pillows, canvas hammocks suitable for ship or tropical use, fishing rods, gold mounted and in heavy cases, and a dozen shotguns, wonderfully put together, expensive, no doubt, but scorned by any man who shoots straight enough with one bullet to hit his mark; all these were there.

"It is I provide these," proudly observed the colonel, stepping lightly over the various piles. "Here iss a machete to cut a way through the jungles. Here an ice axe and Alpenstocks, from Mont Blanc itself, my good—that is, Herr Mack. Acids I have and limewater, to ward off scurvy. Also potatoes, excellent, I am told, for the same disease. Four kegs of Wurtemburg sauerkraut, Prince Adelbert's own golden tea service, these must all go; also their Highnesses' twelve shooting suits. They have many more, but I think we can get on."

Billy Fat Belly turned his head away. His rotund stomach shook, and he seemed about to choke. "The native," said the Colonel, fixing Billy with his monocle, "appears unwell."

"Quit that, Fat Belly, you fool!" admonished Mac. Billy snickered. "I'm going out to find the elephants," he said, and fled.

"Odd savage," remarked the colonel.

Mac and Charlie sat in the bunkhouse smoking and talking until nearly midnight. The Cooley Brothers' system was to let the tenderfeet have what they wanted, and have it in any shape. The charge for a hunter who really knew what he was about was ordinarily ten to fifteen dollars a day. This included a horse and saddle, grub and sleeping accommodations. If he wanted fancy grub and tablecloths, or even a lace bedspread, he got it, but he had to pay more. One guide to every four persons was the rule.

But if a sportsman desired the whole time of the guide, he could have it, and it cost eight a day more. The royal party was one that ordinary prices would not fit. Already a list of food which the princes must have had been submitted by the colonel.

"As Buck ain't here, we got to do the

dickerin'," said Charlie. "This is sure goin' to be one tough game. Luggin' all that truck'll take ten extra animals. I think princes like them guys oughter be shot before they get growed."

"How about them elephant guns?" queried Mac anxiously. "They're set on takin' 'em. That there stand they rest 'em on weighs a ton. How in Billy be damned we kin get sich a thing on a cayuse's back, goin' over rough trail, is more'n I kin see."

From the guests' quarters came the whiney sound of a violin. Some one was playing a Strauss waltz, while many voices yodeled in German. Charlie laughed. "The idea of a mob like that havin' money," said he. "Not one of 'em ever did a good day's work in his life. I see one way to carry the guns."

The next day was spent in getting the animals down from their range on the Bow River, and sacking supplies. The enormous amount of stuff which the tourists calmly ordered taken made up an outfit which required the services of several packers. The tourists lolled about in the warmth of a June day. Mac had extolled the beauties of Lake Louise and Mount Lefray to them, but the Colonel said they wanted wilderness, and lots of it. He had been told the Herr Cooleys often penetrated hundreds of miles into the untrodden forests of Athabasca. It was there they would go.

"Well, he'll get all he wants," remarked Mac, "and if she starts a snowin', we'll have a picnic. I bet they got no more idee of a real wilderness than I have of flyin'."

The Colonel kindly regaled Charlie with a few tales of his own exploits at hunting the boar in the Black Forests. He had also a terrifying record at bagging pheasants in His Majesty's preserves. He yearned to connect with a grizzly, and the fiercer the bear the better he'd like it.

Loaded like an emigrant train crossing the plains, the party took the trail to the hills next day. Two days later found them camped in Kicking Horse Pass, with the royal tourists down and out. Prince Wilhelm, when helped from the saddle by his valet, a lanky Swiss, called for a meal at once. "You will serve me first!" said he.

"I am first, mein brudder!" exclaimed Prince Adelbert. "I am the elder. Be silent."

An exciting scene followed, for Prince Wilhelm smote his relative violently on the nose, causing it to bleed. Then Adelbert bit his brother's left ear, and the Colonel, in separating them, came in for a kick in the shins. The battle over, a fractious buckskin horse tangled its feet in a cinch rope, and whirled wildly about, landing heavily upon the cherished elephant guns. "Hey, Fat Belly, ketch them cayuses before they stampede!" roared Mac, jumping for the buckskin, which started for the royal tent, just erected. The horse bolted through the opening, upset Adelbert, who was washing the gore from his face, and down came the tent, with horse and prince sending forth weird cries from underneath it.

"I want to go home!" wailed Adelbert, when they got him safely out.

"Gott in Himmel, it is snowing! And in June! This is an outrage!" yelled the Colonel.

"I'll send word up and have it stopped!" said Charlie shortly. "Now, you have them kids shut up that row. Want to scare all the hosses off? Ten of 'em's headin' for home now."

"Do not dare to order me about, sir!" retorted the Colonel spiritedly. "Get more horses, then. And bring dinner. Do you hear?"

"Say, I'll hand him a wallop in a minute," muttered Charlie to Mac. "A whole outfit upset and him shootin' off his mouth at me, who forgot more'n he ever knowed."

Billy Fat Belly and his Indians were loping down the canyon, trying to get in front of the fleeing animals, which had got away during the buckskin's disgraceful conduct. The two-gallon can of royal sauerkraut, which had made as much trouble as the disabled elephant guns, was a wreck. A horse had kicked a hole in it, and maple syrup from a broken bottle had mingled with the delicacy.

The Colonel wept when he saw it, and he ate a little sadly, hoping it wasn't quite spoiled. The three air mattresses wouldn't blow up for some reason. Four Indians and the valets worked at them while the Chinese cook got supper at a big fire. The snow turned to a drizzling rain.

At six it was dark, with the wind howling among the tents, sending smoke into their faces and blowing out candles as soon as lit. Prince Wilhelm, in a heavy coat, scurried to the fire. He was most unhappy. Moving about to escape the smoke, the royal foot hit a big coffee pot heating on some coals. Over it went into a pail of rice, and Jim Moy's pan of frying fish. "Gee Cli!" squealed Moy, darting forward with a pan of venison in one hand. "What molly you? Gettee 'way, gettee 'way, heap damn fool! Me cookee. No want flesh butt-ins 'round!"

Wilhelm would stand no more. He hurled a rock at Jim Moy with many oaths. Promptly Moy lammed him with the pan of meat. Every man in camp rushed for the pair, but the prince had a black eye before Mac dragged the furious Moy away.

"I will have mine uncle make a war on this country!" yelled Wilhelm. "Unhand me, swine!"

"Here, cut that talk out, you little runt!" said Mac, sternly, as he cuffed the royal ear. "You're in a white man's country now. Don't you be so gay or I'll warm your hide good."

The camp was demoralized. Everybody favored spanking the two princes on general principles. Adelbert demanded that he be taken back to the railroad that instant.

"If you go you'll forfeit what you paid down for a month's trip," said Mac, sternly. "Behave yourself and you'll get a good deal, but if you get gay I'll treat you like I would a hoss thief. G'wan to your tent. You'll eat when it's ready. Savvy?"

"I shall report your actions!" shouted the valiant Colonel, rallying to his prince's side. "Bring the food now! Now! Do you hear? Yes, your Highness!"

"I have a pain in my toe!" Wilhelm's face was full of woe. "At once it must be massaged!"

"Yes, your Highness; I will see to it," answered the dutiful Colonel. Billy Fat Belly had brought the animals back. He listened attentively.

"These is worse'n wimmen!" he said shaking his head. Charlie poked Mac in the back. "Do they still amuse you, pardy?" he whispered. "They're makin' one big hit with me, all right. I just been over diggin' out a dressin' gown for his nibs, Mr. Adelbert. He's cryin' for his maw."

Jim Moy declared he would not cook for the chastened Wilhelm, who had retired into his tent, but Mac finally, at 8 o'clock, got the grub dished up. The paying guests ate sulkily inside the big wall tent. The valets moved about uncomfortably outside in the rain. One explained to Mac that he dared not stay inside nor stray out of call. The Colonel would whip him if he did.

Mac rigged a shelter for the wretched serving men, cheering them with a hot meal and a few swigs of rye. The guides had covered the baggage with canvas and sent the horses up the creek to graze on bunch grass. Now they huddled under little teepee tents eating and discussing the amiable party in the big tent. Fat Belly camped with Mac and Charlie, being an educated Stoney.

"They kin go as far as they like short of killin'," observed Mac. "That's what we get paid for. But I'm sure goin' to teach that outfit Western ways before they hit the tote road for home. Watch me!"

"I never see such a onery bunch," said Fat Belly. "Kings don't set well on my stummick. Come on in, Moy. All through?"

The cook, damp and cold, crawled in, holding the tent flap against the rain. "You're the fightin' Chink, all right!" declared Charlie, with a grin. "Well, sir, I was mad clear through, but I had to laugh at that."

"Plince makee me sick," growled Moy. "No good."

"They'll play hell crossin' the big summits. I kin hear 'em hollerin," observed Mac. "But I allow I'll make 'em act as if they liked it. They got my mad up now, son."

"Pleese to come out," said a voice entreating from the darkness outside. It was Emil, the German valet. He reported that the doughty Colonel was in deadly fear of wild animals. He must have an armed guard about the tent.

"Animals are more afraid of him than he is of them," and Charlie got up.

"Pleese, I t'ink not, Excellency," replied Emil, timidly. "Becos he very mooch afraid."

"Elephant hunters, hey!" said Mac. "They're birds, they are. Tell him we'll fix it. He kin set down on my lap if he'll feel easier." Much relieved, Emil slopped away through the wet.

Fat Belly and Charlie agreed to reassure their charges. Arrived at the tent, they unceremoniously entered. Both princes, in red quilted satin dressing gowns, were perched on camp stools, shivering, their feet drawn up from the damp ground.

The Colonel, mindful of etiquette, wore his riding boots and trousers, with a dress shirt and tie and a red hunting coat. He was doing his best for his royal masters. He handed them one article of food at a time. Billy Fat Belly was enchanted with the Colonel's neat make-up. He squatted upon a piece of canvas, allowing Charlie to talk. The latter proceeded to arrange the tent's contents. He spread a tarpaulin on the ground, covering it with a bearskin rug which he bade Fat Belly get from a pack. The princes, gazing at him in a frightened manner, slowly untwisted their legs and sat down on the warm skin. They consulted in whispers, and seemed to have lost much of their earlier hauteur.

"Ask him about the elephant guns, Adolph," whispered Wilhelm.

The Colonel obeyed. "Well, I s'pose I can tinker 'em up," replied Charlie, "but look out, that candle'll go out if you set it there!—between you and me, you know, they're lobsters in this country. Take a fool's advice, and let one of the Injuns take 'em back to Laggan. But suit yourselves. I don't care."

Wilhelm turned his swollen optic on Charlie. "I haf lofe that gun," he said. "I lofe it. But this is a strange place. Take it, then. I have pains mit me, from riding on that animal which will not trot. He runs much."

"I am also most sick with ache," put in Adelbert, gloomily, "in my legs. Und cold I am."

It became quite sociable with this general conversation going on. The faithful valets were summoned to rub the royal legs. Then Charlie put aside personal feelings and handed out a few heart-to-heart remarks. The party listened attentively as he informed them that three-quarters of the Colonel's plunder was a useless drag on the expedition. If they would, the Indians should take the excess back. They could then travel light and take some comfort. He went out and fetched a bottle of rye, and although the Colonel said he couldn't drink American whisky, he partook liberally. Charlie left Fat Belly, with a 30-30 on his knees, on guard.

"Say, I got 'em eatin' out of the hand already," he told Mac gleefully, when he had joined his partner.

In the morning it was clear and cold. After breakfast the princes, not quite so friendly, but still fairly civil, selected what should go back. Four packloads went.

They broke camp, traveling east. Mac had decided that before going north they would try the tourists out nearer home. They stopped at noon half way up a small summit. The saw-edged, barren mountains of the Desolation Range lay to the east in a blue haze. Below the riders, pack-horses toiled up the slope bearing the still unwieldy baggage.

Adelbert became grouchy. He announced that he would sleep, no matter what happened, and if there was no feed for the horses, or water, he didn't care a hang. "I am the prince," he ended, grandly.

"Can't stay here," objected Mac. "We got to get down the other side, to wood and water."

The Colonel had been quiet. Now he raised his voice noisily.

"If the prince commands, we stay!" he shouted.

"No, we don't!" said Mac. "We march, we do."

A loud argument began, but Mac won. The outfit went slipping down the slide rock, which rattled into the valley beneath.

Wilhelm suddenly lost his nerve. "I cannot look down! I am sick in my inside!" he announced.

Charlie threw a hackamore over his horse's head and led the nervous passenger until they reached the level ground.

"Holy Moses! A grizzly, and not a hundred feet away!" Mac was excited. He pointed to some rocks.

"Get your guns, if you want a bear," he warned.

The daring Germans took one look; then all together they began to run, but not toward the bear, which growled ferociously when it saw the men.

Fat Belly potted it, while Charlie rounded up the panic-stricken hunters. "Well, I'll be darned!" said Mac, disgustedly. "The measly cowards. Run from a bear! And they come out to hunt 'em!"

That night yells came from the big tent. A woodrat had scuttled over Wilhelm's couch, and he was crazy with fear. It awakened everyone. Then, before dawn, a little pica (hare) gnawed at a tent rope and Adelbert howled for help. "We might as well sit up nights after this," scolded Mac. In the morning the Colonel got cold feet. He said he didn't care what happened, he couldn't stand any more, and he was going home. Adelbert joyfully said he'd go, too.

It was up to Wilhelm. He looked at Mac. "I am weary—yes," he admitted, "but I am going to keep on. Soon I shall afraid not be."

"Bully for you, kid!" said Charlie, heartily. He held out a hand, and Wilhelm took it. "You got good stuff in you!" Mac's tone was approving. "Stick to us, and we'll see you get a bear yet." The others went dolefully back, with Charlie in charge.

Mac, Fat Belly and Wilhelm went forward.

Six weeks later three men loped down the valley of the Bow toward Laggan. They drove two packhorses loaded with mountain sheep horns and various skins ahead. Arrived in town, the yellow-haired young man jumped down first. He began uncinching packropes, working hard.

"Stand still, —— — ——, you!" he admonished.

"Say, Bill, you fool, you got the wrong rope," called Mac. "Bet you a dollar you have!"

"Bet a dollar I ain't!" returned Prince Wilhelm. "Did I not pack him? I'm glad it's not my turn to cook to-night. It's Fat Belly's."

"Yes, and we're home. That's one on you!" laughed Fat Belly.

"Now, what can I do to help, boys?" asked Prince Wilhelm, cheerfully. "I know. I'll run the horses down to the meadow."

"Don't be long, Bill!" said Fat Belly. "'Cause we're goin' to get a drink."

"I'll come a-running," yelled Prince Wilhelm, chasing the horses down the road.

Mac laughed. "You can even make a good fellow out of a prince if you got him out'n the hills," said he.

"You bet!" said Fat Belly.

Prince Adelbert and the suite received the hunters an hour later. The Cooleys had fed the former well, and arranged ladylike trips hunting jackrabbits and chipmunks, a safe pursuit.

"I haf your bett ready, mein brudder," greeted Adelbert, "and a fine feast. We haf the men in livery to wait upon us. Come."

Prince Wilhelm slowly bit off a chew of tobacco from a ratty looking plug. "Not for mine," he replied, emphatically. "Fat Belly's twelve bucks ahead of me playing stud, and we got a game at the bunkhouse to-night. I'm going to live down there with the gang, anyway. And I got to wash my shirt. S'long."

"When Moonlike Oer the Hazure Seas"

By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

"WHEN moonlike ore the hazure seas
In soft effulgence swells,
When silver jews and balmy breaze
Bend down the Lily's bells;
When calm and deap, the rosy sleap
Has lapt your soal in dreems,
R Hangeline! R Lady mine
Dost thou remember Jeames?

"I mark thee in the Marble All,
Where Englands loveliest shine—
I say the fairest of them hall
Is Lady Hangeline.
My soul in desolate eclipse,
With recollection teems—
And then I hask, with weeping lips,
Dost thou remember Jeames?

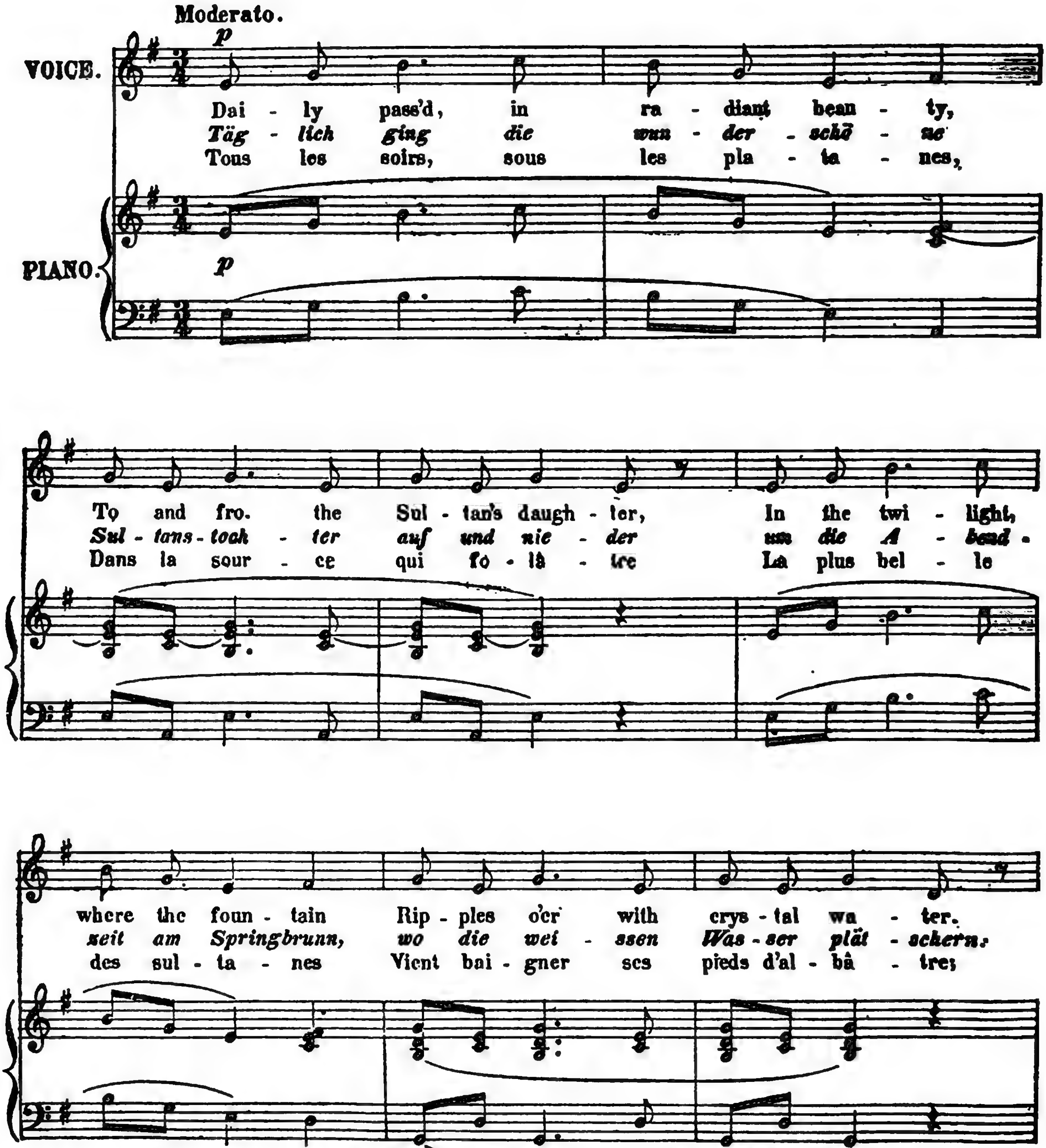
"Away! I may not tell thee hall
This soughring heart endures—
There is a lonely sperrit-call
That Sorrow never cures;
There is a little, little Star,
That still above me beams;
It is the Star of Hope—but ar!
Dost thou remember Jeames?"

Der Asra

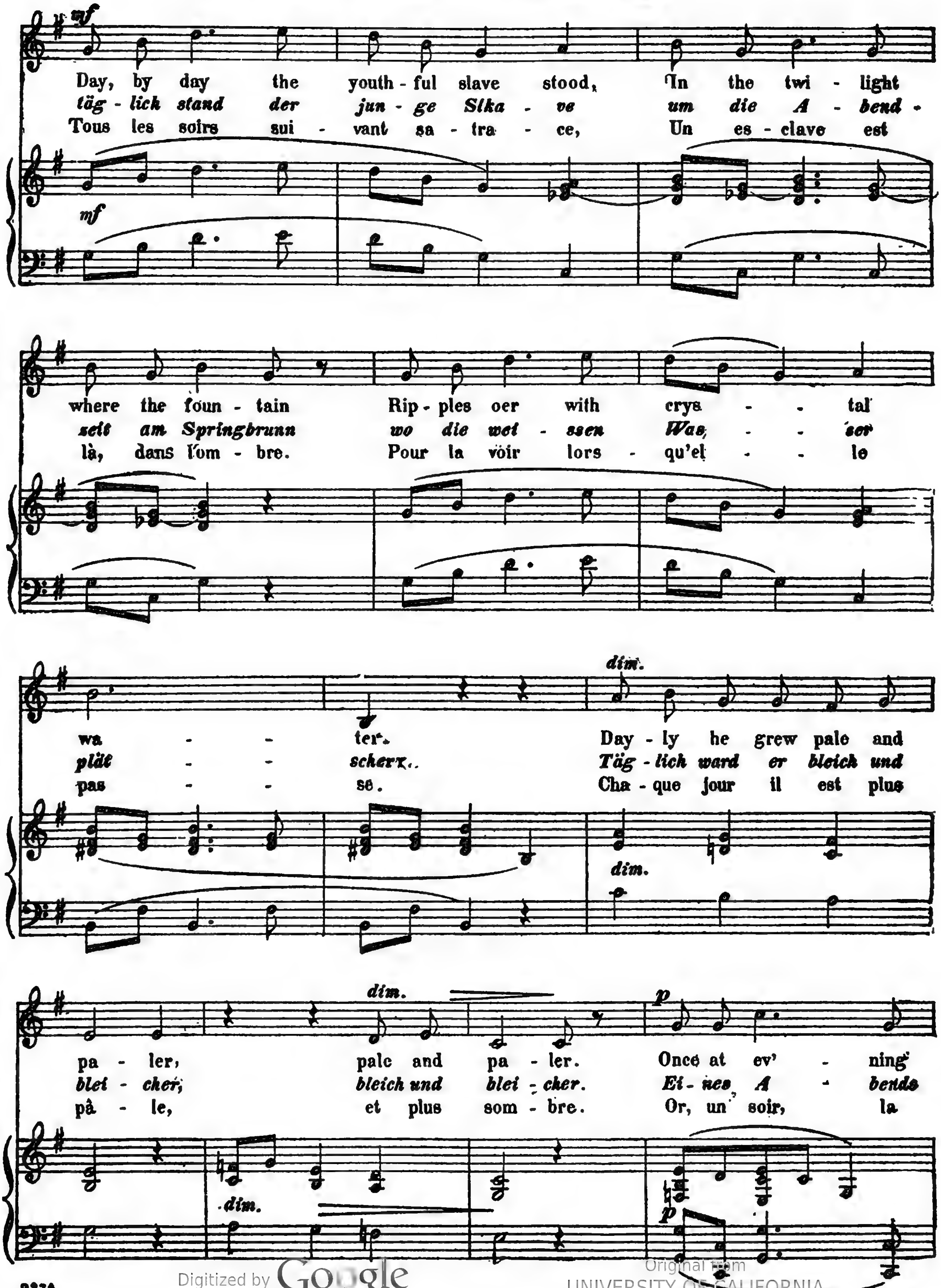
The Asra

HEINRICH HEINE Translation by Dudley Buck

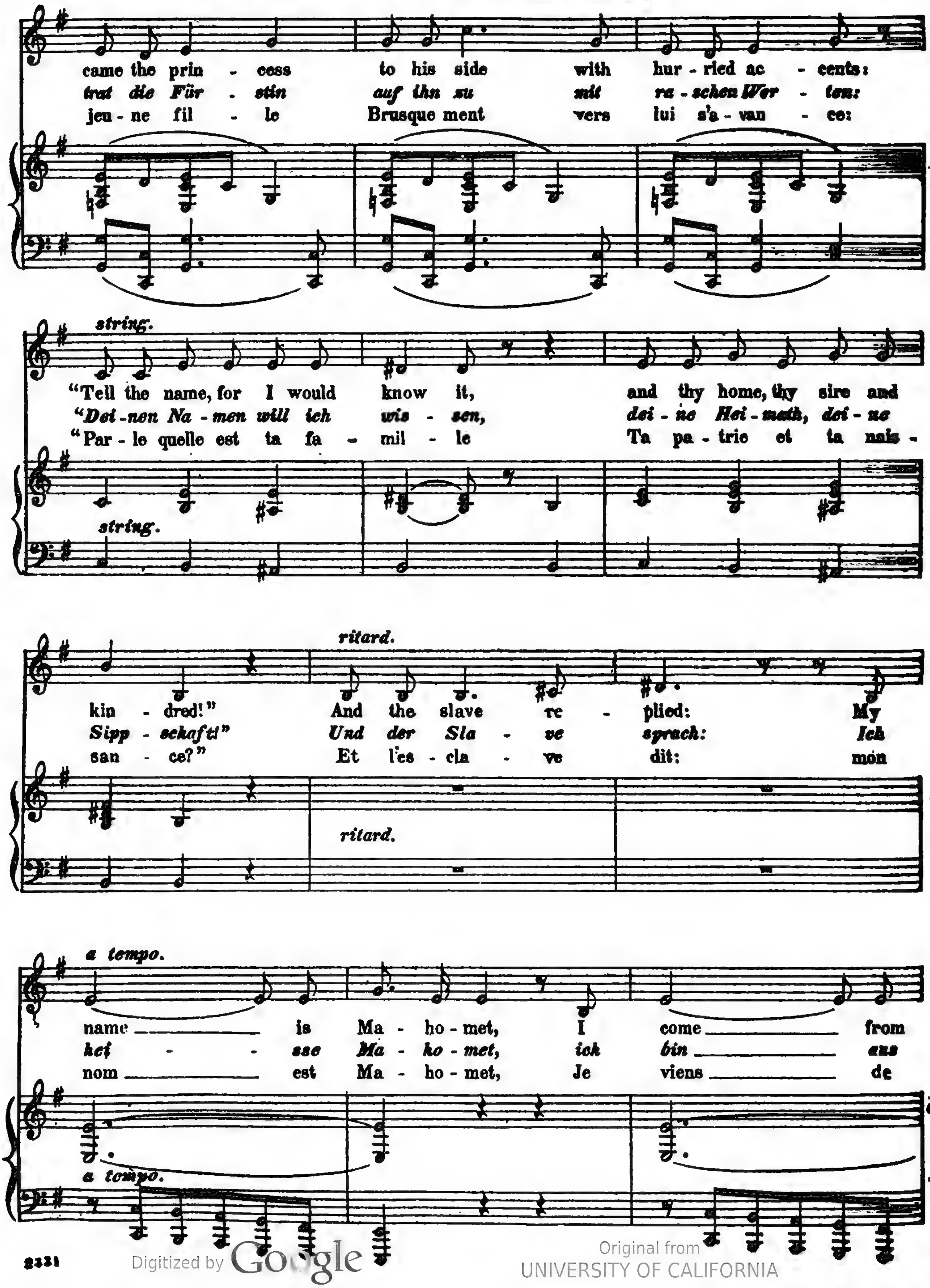
Music by Anton Rubinstein

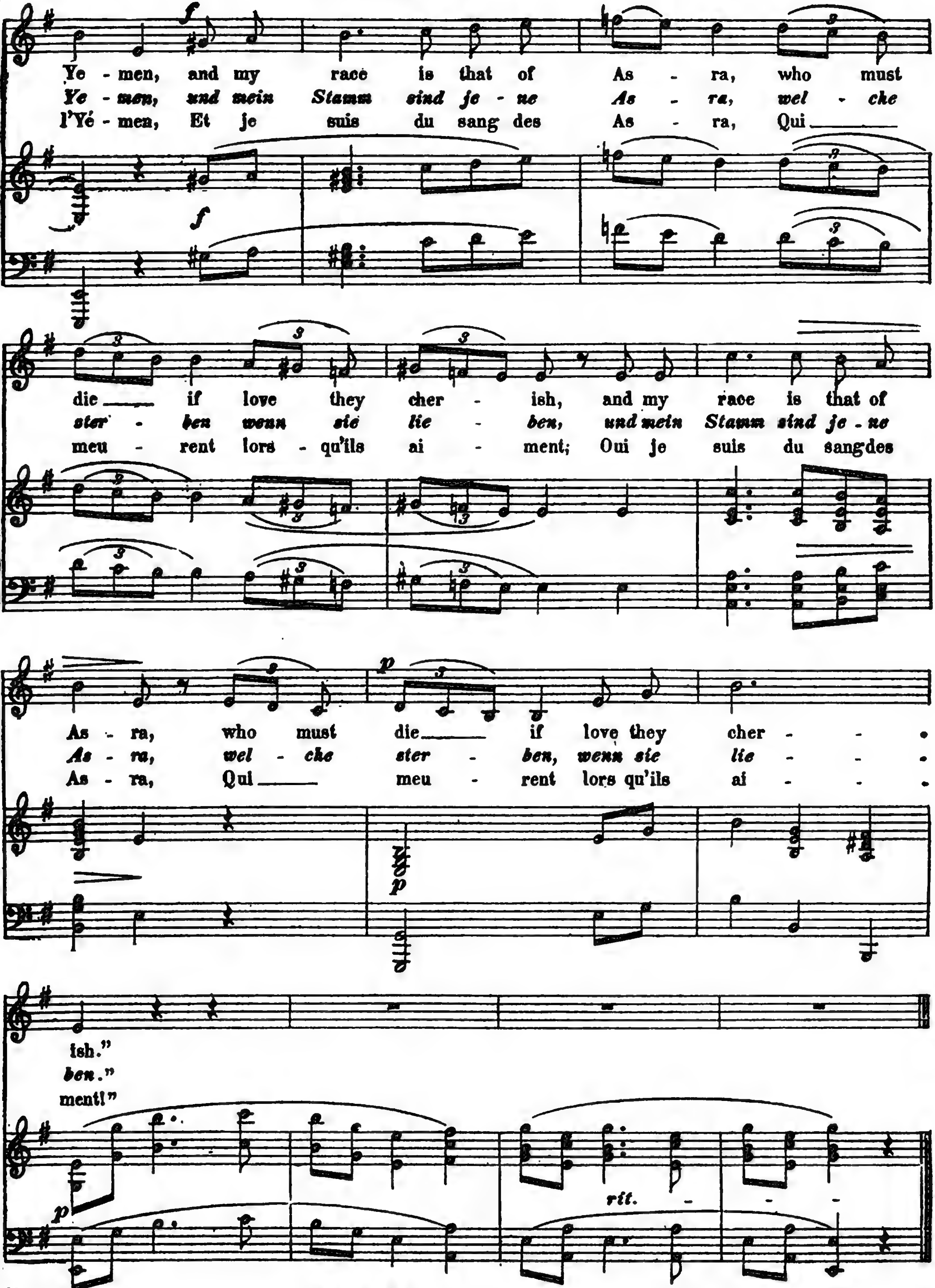

Moderato.
VOICE.
PIANO.
p
Dai - ly pass'd, in ra - diant beau - ty,
Täg - lich ging die wun - der - schö - ne
Tous les soirs, sous les pla - ta - nes,
To and fro. the Sul - tan's daugh - ter,
Sul - tans - toch - ter auf und nie - der
Dans la sour - ce qui fo - lâ - tre
In the twi - light,
um die A - bend -
La plus bel - le
where the foun - tain Rip - ples o'er with crys - tal wa - ter.
zeit am Springbrunn, wo die wei - ssen Was - ser plät - schern.
des sul - ta - nes Vient bai - gner ses pieds d'al - bâ - tre;

Ant. Rubinstein


mf
Day, by day the youth-ful slave stood, In the twi-light
täg-lich stand der jun-ge Sika-ve um die A-bend-
Tous les soirs sui-vant sa-tra-ce, Un es-clave est
where the foun-tain Rip-ples oer with crys-tal
seit am Springbrunn wo die wei-ssen Was-ser
là, dans l'om-bre. Pour la voir lors-qu'el-le
wa-ter.
plät-scherx.
pas-se.
dim.
Day-ly he grew pale and
Täg-lich ward er bleich und
Cha-que jour il est plus
pa-ler, pale and pa-ler.
blei-cher, bleich und blei-cher.
pâ-le, et plus som-bre.
p
Once at ev'-ning
Ei-nes A-bends
Or, un soir, la

Ant. Rubinstein


came the prin - cess to his side with hur - ried ac - cents:
trat die Für - stin auf ihn zu mit ra - schen Wor - ten:
jeu - ne fil - le Brusque ment vers lui s'a - van - ce:
string.
"Tell the name, for I would know it, and thy home, thy sire and
"Dei - nen Na - men will ich wis - sen, dei - ne Hei - math, dei - ne
"Par - le quelle est ta fa - mil - le Ta pa - trie et ta nais -
string.
ritard.
kin - dred!" And the slave re - plied: My
Sipp - schaft!" Und der Sla - ve sprach: Ich
san - ce?" Et l'es - cla - ve dit: mon
ritard.
a tempo.
name is Ma - ho - met, I come from
hei - sse Ma - ho - met, ich bin aus
nom est Ma - ho - met, Je viens de
a tempo.


f
Ye - men, and my race is that of As - ra, who must
Ye - men, und mein Stamm sind je - ne As - ra, wel - che
l'Yé - men, Et je suis du sang des As - ra, Qui
f
3
die if love they cher - ish, and my race is that of
ster - ben wenn sie lie - ben, und mein Stamm sind je - ne
meu - rent lors - qu'ils ai - ment; Oui je suis du sang des
p
As - ra, who must die if love they cher - ish."
As - ra, wel - che ster - ben, wenn sie lie - ben."
As - ra, Qui meu - rent lors qu'ils ai - ment!"
p
rit.

The Queen of the Marauders

By VERNER VON HEIDENSTAM

Verner von Heidenstam.

THE tocsin in the church tower at Narva had ceased. In a breach of the battered rampart lay the fallen Swedish heroes, over whose despoiled and naked bodies the Russians stormed into the city with wild cries. Some Cossacks, who had sewed a live cat into the belly of an innkeeper, were still laughing in a circle around their victim, but the gigantic Peter Alexievitch, the czar, soon burst his way through the midst of the throng on street and courtyard and cut down his own men to check their misdeeds. His right arm up to the shoulder was drenched with the blood of his own subjects. Weary of murder, troop after troop finally assembled in the square and the churchyard. Under the pretext that the churches had been desecrated by the misbelievers who lay buried there, bands of soldiers began to violate and plunder the graves. Stones were pried up from the floor of the church with crowbars, and outside the graves were opened with shovels. Pillagers broke the copper and tin caskets into pieces, and threw dice for the silver handles and plates. The streets, where at the first mêlée the inhabitants had thrown down firebrands and tiles, and where the blood of the slain was still running in the gutters, were for many days piled up with rusty or half-blackened coffins. The hair on some of the bodies had grown so that it hung out between the boards. Some of the dead lay embalmed and well preserved, though brown and withered, but from most of the coffins yellow skeletons grinned forth from collapsed and mouldered shrouds. People who stole anxiously among them read the coffin-plates in the twilight, and now and then recognized the name of a near relative, a mother or a sister. Sometimes they saw the ravagers pull out the decayed remains and throw them into the river. Sometimes, again, protected by night, they themselves succeeded in carrying them off and burying them outside the city. So in the dusk one might encounter an old man or woman who came stealing along toilsomely with children or serving-maids, carrying a coffin.

One night a swarm of pillagers bivouacked in a corner of the churchyard. Hi! what fun it was to pile up a bonfire of bed-slats and bolsters and chairs and coffin-ends and what the devil else could be dragged forth! Flames and sparks blazed up as high as the attic window of the parsonage. Round about stood coffins propped one against another. The bottom of one of the uppermost had been broken, so that the treasurer, of blessed memory, who was inside it, stood there upright with his spliced wig on his head and looked as if he thought: "I pray you, into what company have I been conducted?"

"Haha! little father," the robbers called to him, as they roasted August apples and onions at the flames; "you surely want something to wet your whistle, you there!"

The glow of the fire lighted up the living-room of the parsonage, and the sparks flew in through the broken panes. In the rooms stood only a broken table and a chair, upon which sat the parson with his head propped on his hands.

"Who knows? Perhaps it might succeed," he mumbled, and raised himself as if he had found the key to a long-considered problem.

His silver-white beard spread itself all over his breast, and his hair hung down to his shoulders. In his youth, as chaplain, he had gone in for a little of everything, and he had never pushed back a cup that was offered him. Afterwards, as a widower in the parsonage, he had worshipped God with joy and mirth and a brimming bowl, and it was bruited about that he did not reach first for his Bible if a well-formed wench happened to be in his company. He therefore even now took misfortune more bravely and resignedly than others, and his heart was as undaunted as his soldierly body was unbowed by years.

He went out into the entry and cautiously pulled out the five or six rusty nails that held down a couple of boards above a little narrow recess under the stairs. Then he lifted the boards aside.

"Come out, my child!" he said.

When no one obeyed him, his voice grew somewhat more severe, and he repeated his words: "Come out, Lina! Both the other maids have been bound and carried away. It was verily at the last minute that I got you in here. But it is almost a day since then, and you cannot live without meat and drink. Eh?"

When he was not obeyed, he threw back his head in annoyance, and he now spoke in accents of harsh command: "Why don't you obey? Do you think there is food here? There's not so much as a pinch of salt left in the house. You must be got away, you understand. If it goes ill with you, if a plunderer gets you on the way, I can only say this: clasp your arms about his neck and follow with him on his horse's back wherever it carries you. Many a time in the rough-and-tumble of war have I seen such a love, and then I have slung the soldier's cloak over my priest's frock and waved my hat for a lucky end to the song. Don't you hear, lass? When your late father, who was a tippler—if I must tell the truth—was my stable-boy and pulled me out of a hole in the ice once, I promised for the future to provide for him and his child. Besides, he was Swedish born, as I was. Well, haven't I always been a fatherly master to you, or what has Her Grace to object? Have her wits deserted her, eh?"

Something now began to move in the pitch-black recess. An elbow struck against the wall, there was a rustling and scraping, and with that Lina Andersdaughter stepped out, barefooted, in nothing but her chemise and a torn red jacket without sleeves but with a whole back to it, over which hung the braid of her brown hair.

The light of the fire fell in through the window. Squatted together, she held her chemise between her knees, but her fresh, downward-bent face with broad, open features was as merry as if she had just stepped out of her settle-bed on a bright winter morning in the light of the dawn.

The blood ran impetuously enough through the veins of the white-haired chaplain, but in that moment he was but master and father.

"I did not know that in my simple house folk had learned such a ceremonious feeling of delicacy," said he, and gave her a friendly pat on the bare shoulders.

She looked up.

"No," she said, "it's only because I'm so wretchedly cold."

"Ah, well, that's natural. That's the way I like people to talk in my house. But I have no garments to give you. My own hang on me in tatters. The house may burn at any time. I myself can maybe sneak out on my way unaccosted, and I have a Riga rix-dollar in my pocket. Who asks about a ragged old man? It's another affair with you, Lina. I know these wild fellows. I know but one way to get you off, but I myself shrink from telling it. Naturally, you are afraid."

"Afraid I'm not. It will go with me as it may. To be sure, I am no better than the others. Only I'm perishing of cold."

"Come here to the door, then, but don't be frightened. Do you see out there in the doorway the rascals have set a little wooden casket. It cannot be very heavy, but I think you will have room in it. If you dare lay yourself in the casket, perhaps I can smuggle you out of the town."

"That I surely dare."

Her teeth chattered, and she trembled, but she straightened herself up a little, let the chemise hang free, and went out on the stones in the doorway.

The pastor lifted off the moist lid, which was loose, and found nothing in the plundered casket but shavings and a brown blanket.

"That was just what I needed," she shivered. She pulled up the blanket, wrapped it over her, stepped up, and laid herself on her back in the shavings.

The pastor bent over her, laid both his hands on her shoulders, and looked into her fearless eyes. She might be eighteen or nineteen years old. Her hair was stroked smoothly back to the braid.

As he stood so, it came over him that he had not always looked on her in the past with as pure and fatherly feelings as he himself had wished and as he had pretended to do. But now he did so. His long white hair fell down as far as her cheeks.

"May it go well with you, child! I am old. It matters little whether my life goes on for a while still or is destroyed in the day that now is. I have been in many a piece of mischief and many an ill deed in my time, and for the forgiveness of my sins I will also for once have part in something good."

He nodded and nodded toward her and raised himself.

There outside the clamor sounded louder than ever. He laid on the lid and fastened in as well as he could the long screws that had been left in their places. Then he knelt, knotted a rope crosswise around the casket, and with strong arms lifted the heavy burden on his back. Bending forward and staggering, he strode out into the open air.

"Look there!" shouted one of the pillagers at the fire, but his nearest comrade silenced him with the word: "Let the poor old man alone! That's only a miserable beggar's casket."

Sweat trickled out over the old man's face, and his back and arms ached and smarted under the heavy weight. Step by step he moved forward through the dark streets. Every now and then he had to set the casket down on the ground to take breath, but then he stood with his hand on the lid in constant fear of being challenged and hustled away or of being stabbed by some roving band of soldier revellers. Several times he had to step to one side because of the heavy wagons, loaded with men and women, who were to be taken hundreds of miles into Russia to people the waste regions. The great conquering czar was a sower who did not count the seeds he strewed.

When finally the old war-pastor reached the town gate, and the watch came to meet him, he roused his strength to the utmost with all the collected will-power of his anxiety. With a single arm he held the casket in place on his back, while with his free hand he drew the Riga rix-dollar from his pocket and handed it to the sentry as a bribe.

The soldier motioned to him to go on.

He wanted again to move his foot forward, but now he was unable. Through the town gate he saw the river glimmer on the open plain, but then it grew dark before his eyes. Still afraid for his burden in his helplessness, he softly and cautiously lowered the casket beside him on the stone flagging. Thereupon he fell forward and died.

The other men of the watch sprang forward and began to curse and complain. No casket could remain standing there in the door of the gateway.

The officers, who were sitting and gambling in a room of the casemate, now came likewise to the spot. One of them, a little dry, weather-beaten figure with rectangular spectacles, who was more like a clerk than a soldier, took a lantern, came forward, and held the lid slightly ajar with his scabbard.

First he drew back his head precipitately, nearly dropping the lantern. The next time he bent down and looked in, he dwelt on the action longer and more searchingly, and afterwards passed his hands over his whole face to hide his thoughts. Then he unhooked his spectacles and stood pondering. When he bent the third time, he sent the light back and forward through the crevice—and there inside lay Lina Andersdaughter quite calmly, screwing up her eyes at him in the lantern's light without herself knowing what was going on.

"I'm hungry," she said.

He laid aside the lantern and went a couple of paces up and down through the door with hands crossed behind his back. There came then into his frigid expression a sly and merrily vibrating life, and unnoticed he took some August apples and thrust them into the casket. Thereupon he began to give commands.

"Come here, boys! Let eight men take the casket to General Ogilvy, salute him, and say that this is a small gift from his humble servant, Ivan Alexievitch. Eight of you others who have just come from working on the walls go after it, and roll up your leather aprons like trumpets in which you are to blow the regimental march. But in front of all, two men are to go with rushlights. Forward, march!"

The savage soldiers looked open-mouthed at one another and obeyed. Laughing, they lifted the casket on their muskets. Two long stalks, tarred and twisted about with straw, were brought forward from a corner of the gateway and lighted at the lantern; and as the procession set itself in motion into the field toward the camp, the musicians tooted the march in their aprons:

O you, who have chosen a gun to bear,
You care not for lodging or bed, lad,
You feed like a prince on the finest fare,
Of girls and of lice you've enough and to spare,
But when will you ever be paid, lad?

When they came to the camp, the soldiers rushed together around them in the torchlight. General Ogilvy, who was sitting at table, came out of his tent.

"Beloved little father," said one of the bearers, "Lieutenant Ivan Alexievitch humbly sends you this gift."

Ogilvy grew pale and bit his lips under his bushy grey moustache. His face, wrinkled and strained to harshness, was at bottom good-natured and friendly.

"Is he out of his right mind?" he thundered with pretended wrath, though in reality he was as frightened as a boy. "Put down the casket and break off the lid!"

The soldiers pried it open with their blades, and the dark lid rattled to one side.

Ogilvy stared. With that he burst out laughing. He guffawed so that he had to sit down on an earthen bench. And the soldiers laughed, too. They laughed down through the whole lane of tents, so that they reeled and tottered and had to support themselves one against another like drunkards. Lina Andersdaughter lay there in the casket with a half-eaten apple in her hand and made great eyes. She had now become warm again, and was as blooming of cheek as a doll.

"By all the saints," Ogilvy burst out. "Not even in the catacombs of St. Anthony has man seen such a miracle. This is a corpse that ought to be sent to the czar himself."

"By no means," answered one of his officers. "I sent him two little fair-haired baggages day before yesterday, but he cares only for thin brunettes."

"So it is," answered Ogilvy, and turned himself, bending, toward Narva. "Salute Ivan Alexievitch and say that, when the casket is returned, there shall lie in the bottom of it a captain's commission.—Hey, sweetheart!"

He went forward and stroked Lina Andersdaughter under the chin.

But at that she sat up, took hold of his hair, and gave him a resounding box on the ear, and after that another.

He did not let it affect him in the least, but continued to laugh.

"That's the way I like them," he said; "that's the way I like them. I will make you Queen of the Marauders, my chick, and as token thereof I give you here a bracelet with a turquoise in the clasp. A band of our worst rabble stole it just now from the casket of Countess Horn in Narva."

He shook the chain from his wrist, and she caught it eagerly to her.

When, later in the evening, the cloth was laid in the tent, Lina Andersdaughter sat at the table beside Ogilvy. She had now got French clothes of flowered brocade, and wore a headdress with blonde lace. But what hands! She managed to eat with gloves, but under them swelled the big, broad fingers, and the red shone between the buttons.

"Hoho! hoho!" shouted the generals. "Those hands make a man merrier than he would get with a whole flask of Hungary. Help! Tighten our belts! Hold us under the arms! It will be the death of us!"

Meanwhile she filled her plate, munched sweetmeats, and sat with her spoon in the air. If anything tasted bad, she made a face. Eat she could. Drink, on the contrary, she would not, but only took a swallow in her mouth, and then spurted the wine over the generals. But all their curses and worst expressions she picked up, while she sat ever alike blooming and gay.

"Help! help!" shrieked the generals, choked with laughter. "Blow out the light so we can't see her! Hold our foreheads! Help! Will you have a little puff of a tobacco pipe, mademoiselle?"

"Go to the deuce! Can't I sit in peace?" answered Lina Andersdaughter.

There was one thing, though, that Ogilvy skilfully concealed, so that the laughers should not turn to him and nudge him in the ribs and pull his coat-tails and say: "Oho, little father, you've got into water too deep for your bald head. Bless you, little father, bless you and your little mishap!"

He pretended always to treat her with slightly indifferent familiarity, but he never sat so near her that his dog could not jump up between them. He never took hold of her so that anyone saw it, and never when no one saw it either, for then he knew that her hand would catch him on the face, so that the glove would split, and the red shine out in all its strength. It was a fact that, notwithstanding, she now and then gave him a slap in the middle of the face, and no one did she snub worse than him. But at all this he only laughed with the others, so that never before had there been in the camp such a clamour and bedlam.

Sometimes he thought of knouting her, but he was ashamed before the others, because everything could be heard through the tent, and he feared that they then would the more easily guess how things stood, and how little he got along with the girl.

"Wait," he thought, "we shall be sitting alone sometime behind locked doors. Just wait! Till then things may go on as they do."

"Help, help!" shouted the generals. "That's how she carries her train. We must take hold of it. Lord, Lord, no; but just look."

"Take it up, you," said she. "Take it up, you. That's what you are for."

And so the generals were cuffed and bore her train, both when she came to the table and when she went.

Then it happened one evening, when she sat among the drinking old men, that an adjutant stepped in, hesitating and embarrassed. He turned to Ogilvy.

"Dare I be frank?"

"Naturally, my lad."

"And whatever I say will be forgiven?"

"By my honour. Only speak out!"

"The czar is on his way out to the camp."

"Very good, he is my gracious lord."

The adjutant pointed at Lina Andersdaughter.

"The czar has a fancy for tall brunettes," said Ogilvy.

"Your Excellency, in these last days he has changed his taste."

"God! Call the troops to arms—and forward with the three-horse wagon!"

Now the alarm was struck. Drums rolled, trumpets blared, weapons clattered, and shouts and trampling filled the night. The drinking party was broken up, and Lina Andersdaughter was set in a baggage wagon.

Beside the peasant who was driving a soldier sprang up with a lighted lantern, and she heard the peasant softly inquire of him the purpose of the flight.

"The czar," answered the soldier in a monotone, and pointed with his thumb over his shoulder at the girl.

At that the peasant shrunk together as at a frost-cold breeze, and whipped the small, shaggy horses more and more wildly. He hallooed and beat and urged them into a thundering gallop. The lantern light fell caressingly on the fir bushes and the burnt homesteads; the wagon banged and tottered among the stones, and creaked in its joints.

Lina Andersdaughter lay on her back in the hay, and looked at the stars. Whither was she carried? What fate awaited her? She wondered and wondered. On her wrist hung the bracelet as a talisman, a pledge for the accomplishing of Ogilvy's wonderful prediction. Queen of the Marauders! It sounded so grand, though at first she had but gradually discovered what the word really betokened. She stroked and plucked at the small silver rings. Then she sat up and scanned the stony road in the lantern's light. Cautiously she moved further and further out. Unnoticed, she climbed slowly over the wagon-sill and lowered her feet to the ground. Would she be crushed and left lying? For a few steps she dragged along. Then she lost her hold, stumbled, and fell lacerated among the bushes.

On thundered the baggage wagon with its three galloping horses, and the lantern light vanished. Then she got up and wiped off the blood from her cheeks, while she wandered forth into the trackless woods.

When she met barbarous-looking fugitives, and they saw her pretty face, they at once picked berries and mushrooms for her and followed along. She got a whole court of ragamuffins, and she treated them so ill that they scarcely dared to touch her dress, but sometimes they stabbed one another. Finally she took service with a skipper's wife, who was to sail with her husband to Danzig. Scarcely had it begun to grow dark when the ragamuffins came out one after another and took service for nothing. The skipper sat on his cabin in the moonlight, blew his shepherd's pipe, and congratulated himself on having got such a willing crew. And never had the old woman seen a stronger serving-maid. But hardly had they put to sea when Lina Andersdaughter sat herself beside the skipper with her arms crossed, and all the ragamuffins lay on their backs and sang in tune with the pipe.

"Do you think I'll scour your bunks?" said she.

"Beat her, beat her," cried the old woman, but the skipper only moved nearer, and blew and blew on his pipe. Night and day the vessel rocked on the bright waves with slack sail, and the skipper played for Lina Andersdaughter, who danced with her ragamuffins; but down in the cabin sat the old woman, crying and lamenting.

When they came to Danzig, the skipper stuck the pipe under his arm and slunk off the vessel at night with Lina Andersdaughter and her ragamuffins. They guessed now that she thought of going to the Swedish troops in Poland and compelling the king himself to give her his hand.

When she with her followers stepped, humming, in among the Swedish women of the camp, there was uproar and alarm, because for two days they had sat by their wagons without food. The last provisions had been delivered to the sutlers and divided among the soldiers. Then she stepped forward to the first corporal she happened on and set her hands on her hips.

"Aren't you ashamed," said she, "to let my women starve, when in spite of all you can't get along without them?"

"*Your* women? Who are you?"

She pointed to her bracelet. "I am Lina Andersdaughter, the Queen of the Marauders, and now take five men and follow us!"

He looked toward his captain, the reckless Jacob Elfsberg; he looked at her pretty face and at his men. How the line surrounded her with their muskets, and the women armed themselves with whip-handles and pokers! At night, when the light of the camp-fire tinged the heavens, the king, inquisitive, got into his saddle. As the wild throng came back with well-laden wagons and oxen and sheep, the troops cheered louder than ever: "Hurrah for King Charles! Hurrah for Queen Caroline!"

The women thronged about the king's horse, so that the lackeys had to hold them back, and Lina Andersdaughter went to him to shake hands with him. But he thereupon rose in his stirrups, and shouted over the women's heads to the corporal and the five soldiers: "That's well-maraudered, boys!"

From that moment she would never hear the king named, and whenever she met a man, she flung her sharpest abuse right in his face, whether he was plain private or general. When Malcomb Björkman, the young guardsman—who, however, was already famous for his exploits and wounds—held out his hand to her, she scornfully laid in it her ragged, empty purse; and she was never angrier than when she heard General Meyerfelt whistling as he rode before his dragoons, or recognized Colonel Grothusen's yellow-brown cheeks and raven-black wig. But if a wounded wretch lay beside the road, she offered him the last drop from her tin flask and lifted him into her wagon. Frost and scratches soon calloused her cheeks. High on the baggage wagon she sat with the butt of a whip and commanded all the wild camp-followers, loose women, lawful wives, and thievish fellows that streamed to them from east and west. When at night the flare of a fire arose toward heaven, the soldiers knew that Queen Caroline was out on a plundering raid.

Days and years went by. Then, after the jolly winter quarters in Saxony, when the troops were marching toward the Ukraine, the king commanded that all women should leave the army.

"Teach him to mind his own affairs!" muttered Lina Andersdaughter, and she very tranquilly drove on.

But when the army came to the Beresina, there was murmuring and lamenting among the women. They gathered around Lina Andersdaughter's cart and wrung their hands and lifted their babies on high.

"See what you have to answer for! The troops have already crossed the river and broken all the bridges behind them. They have left us as prey to the Cossacks."

She sat with her whip on her knee and with high boots, but on her wrist still gleamed the silver chain with its turquoise. All the more violently did the terrified women sob and moan around her, and from the closed baggage wagons, which were like boxes, crept out painted and powdered Saxon hussies. Some of them, none the less, had satin gowns and gold necklaces. From all sides came women she had never seen before.

"Dirty wenches!" muttered she. "Now at last I have a chance to see the smuggled goods that the captains and lieutenants brought along in their wagons. What have you to do among my poor baggage crones? But now we all come to know what a man amounts to when his haversack is getting light."

Then they caught hold of her clothes, and called upon her as if she alone could seal their fate.

"Is there no one," she asked, "who knows the psalm, 'When I am borne through the Vale of Death'? Sing it, sing it!"

Some of the women struck up the psalm with choked and nearly whispering voices, but the others rushed down to the river, hunted out boats and wreckage from the bridges, and rowed themselves across. Each and every one who had a husband or a beloved in the army had hoped that even at the last she would be taken along and hidden; but all the worst women of the rabble, who belonged neither to this man nor to that, stood with their rags or their tasteless, ridiculous gowns in a ring around Lina Andersdaughter. Meanwhile swarms of Cossacks, who had crossed the river to snap up any straggling marauders, were sneaking up through the bushes on their hands and knees.

Then her heart failed her, and she stepped down from the wagon.

"Poor children!" she said, and patted the hussies on the cheek. "Poor children, I will not desert you. But now—devil take me!—do you pray to God that He will make your blood-red sins white, for I have nothing else to offer you than to shame the men and die a hero's death."

She opened the wagon chest and hunted out from among her plunder some pikes and Polish sabres, which she put into the hands of the softly singing women. Thereupon she herself grasped a musket without powder or shot, and set herself among the others around the cart to wait. So they stood in the sunset light on the highest part of the shore.

Then the women on the river saw the Cossacks rush forward to the cart and cut down one after another of them with the idea that they were men in disguise. They wanted to turn their boats, and soldiers sprang down from their ranks to the water and opened fire.

"Hurrah for King Charles," they cried with a thousand intermingled voices; "and hurrah — No, it's too late. Look, look! There is Queen Caroline dying a virgin in the midst of the harlots with a musket in her hand!"

Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH

GOOD people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran—
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes:
The naked every day he clad—
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man:

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye:
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied:—
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died!

The Slanderer

By ANTON CHEKHOV

А Чехов

SERGEY KAPITONICH AKHINEYEV, the teacher of calligraphy, gave his daughter Natalya in marriage to the teacher of history and geography, Ivan Petrovich Loshadinikh. The wedding feast went on swimmingly. They sang, played, and danced in the parlor. Waiters, hired for the occasion from the club, bustled about hither and thither like madmen, in black frock coats and soiled white neckties. A loud noise of voices smote the air. From the outside people looked in at the windows—their social standing gave them no right to enter.

Just at midnight the host, Akhineyev, made his way to the kitchen to see whether everything was ready for the supper. The kitchen was filled with smoke from the floor to the ceiling; the smoke reeked with the odors of geese, ducks, and many other things. Victuals and beverages were scattered about on two tables in artistic disorder. Marfa, the cook, a stout, red-faced woman, was busying herself near the loaded tables.

"Show me the sturgeon, dear," said Akhineyev, rubbing his hands and licking his lips. "What a fine odor! I could just devour the whole kitchen! Well, let me see the sturgeon!"

Marfa walked up to one of the benches and carefully lifted a greasy newspaper. Beneath that paper, in a huge dish, lay a big fat sturgeon, amid capers, olives, and carrots. Akhineyev glanced at the sturgeon and heaved a sigh of relief. His face became radiant, his eyes rolled. He bent down, and, smacking his lips, gave vent to a sound like a creaking wheel. He stood a while, then snapped his fingers for pleasure and smacked his lips once more.

"Ah-ah! The sound of a hearty kiss. Whom have you been kissing there, Marfusha?" some one's voice was heard from the adjoining room, and soon the closely cropped head of Vankin, the assistant school instructor, appeared in the doorway. "Whom have you been kissing here? A-a-ah! Very good! Sergey Kapitonich! A fine old man indeed! With the female sex tête-à-tête!"

"I wasn't kissing at all," said Akhineyev, confused; "who told you, you fool? I only—smacked my lips on account of—in consideration of my pleasure—at the sight of the fish."

"Tell that to some one else, not to me!" exclaimed Vankin, whose face expanded into a broad smile as he disappeared behind the door. Akhineyev blushed.

"The devil knows what may be the outcome of this!" he thought. "He'll go about tale-bearing now, the rascal. He'll disgrace me before the whole town, the brute!"

Akhineyev entered the parlor timidly and cast furtive glances to see what Vankin was doing. Vankin stood near the piano and, deftly bending down, whispered something to the inspector's sister-in-law, who was laughing.

"That's about me!" thought Akhineyev. "About me, the devil take him! She believes him, she's laughing. My God! No, that mustn't be left like that. No. I'll have to fix it so that no one shall believe him. I'll speak to all of them, and he'll remain a foolish gossip in the end."

Akhineyev scratched his head, and, still confused, walked up to Pasdequoi.

"I was in the kitchen a little while ago, arranging things there for the supper," he said to the Frenchman. "You like fish, I know, and I have a sturgeon just so big.

About two yards. Ha, ha, ha! Yes, by the way, I have almost forgotten. There was a real anecdote about that sturgeon in the kitchen. I entered the kitchen a little while ago and wanted to examine the food. I glanced at the sturgeon and for pleasure I smacked my lips—it was so piquant! And just at that moment the fool Vankin entered and says—ha, ha, ha—and says: 'A-a! A-a-ah! You have been kissing here?'—with Marfa; just think of it—with the cook! What a piece of invention, that blockhead. The woman is ugly, she looks like a monkey, and he says we were kissing. What a queer fellow!"

"Who's a queer fellow?" asked Tarantulov, as he approached them.

"I refer to Vankin. I went out into the kitchen—"

The story of Marfa and the sturgeon was repeated.

"That makes me laugh. What a queer fellow he is! In my opinion it is more pleasant to kiss the dog than to kiss Marfa," added Akhineyev, and, turning around, he noticed Mzda.

"We have been speaking about Vankin," he said to him. "What a queer fellow! He entered the kitchen and noticed me standing beside Marfa, and immediately he began to invent different stories. 'What?' he says, 'you have been kissing each other!' He was drunk, so he must have been dreaming. 'And I,' I said, 'I would rather kiss a duck than kiss Marfa. And I have a wife,' said I, 'you fool.' He made me appear ridiculous."

"Who made you appear ridiculous?" inquired the teacher of religion, addressing Akhineyev.

"Vankin. I was standing in the kitchen, you know, and looking at the sturgeon—" And so forth. In about half an hour all the guests knew the story about Vankin and the sturgeon.

"Now let him tell," thought Akhineyev, rubbing his hands. "Let him do it. He'll start to tell them, and they'll cut him short: 'Don't talk nonsense, you fool! We know all about it.'"

And Akhineyev felt so much appeased that, for joy, he drank four glasses of brandy over and above his fill. Having escorted his daughter to her room, he went to his own and soon slept the sleep of an innocent child, and on the following day he no longer remembered the story of the sturgeon. But, alas! Man proposes and God disposes. The evil tongue does its wicked work, and even Akhineyev's cunning did not do him any good. One week later, on a Wednesday, after the third lesson, when Akhineyev stood in the teachers' room and discussed the vicious inclinations of the pupil Visyekin the director approached him, and, beckoning to him, called him aside.

"See here, Sergey Kapitonich," said the director. "Pardon me. It isn't my affair, yet I must make it clear to you, nevertheless. It is my duty—. You see, rumors are on foot that you are on intimate terms with that woman—with your cook—. It isn't my affair, but—. You may be on intimate terms with her, you may kiss her—. You may do whatever you like, but, please, don't do it so openly! I beg of you. Don't forget that you are a pedagogue."

Akhineyev stood as though frozen and petrified. Like one stung by a swarm of bees and scalded with boiling water, he went home. On his way it seemed to him as though the whole town stared at him as at one besmeared with tar—. At home new troubles awaited him.

"Why don't you eat anything?" asked his wife at their dinner. "What are you thinking about? Are you thinking about Cupid, eh? You are longing for Marfushka. I know everything already, you Mahomet. Kind people have opened my eyes, you barbarian!"

And she slapped him on the cheek.

He rose from the table, and staggering, without cap or coat, directed his footsteps toward Vankin. The latter was at home.

"You rascal!" he said to Vankin. "Why have you covered me with mud before the whole world? Why have you slandered me?"

"How; what slander? What are you inventing?"

"And who told everybody that I was kissing Marfa? Not you, perhaps? Not you, you murderer?"

Vankin began to blink his eyes, and all the fibers of his face began to quiver. He lifted his eyes toward the image and ejaculated:

"May God punish me, may I lose my eyesight and die, if I said even a single word about you to any one! May I have neither house nor home!"

Vankin's sincerity admitted of no doubt. It was evident that it was not he who had gossiped.

"But who was it? Who?" Akhineyev asked himself, going over in his mind all his acquaintances, and striking his chest. "Who was it?"

An Experiment in Love

By GUY DE MAUPASSANT

Guy de Maupassant

MANY poets think that nature is incomplete without women, and from there, doubtless, come all the flowery comparisons which, in their songs, make our natural companion in turn a rose, a violet, a tulip, or something else of that order. The need of tenderness which seizes us at dusk, when the evening mist begins to roll in from the hills, and when all the perfumes of the earth intoxicate us, is but imperfectly satisfied by lyric invocation. Monsieur Patissot, like all others, was seized with a wild desire for tenderness, for sweet kisses exchanged along a path where sunshine steals in at times, for the pressure of a pair of small hands, for a supple waist bending under his embrace.

He began to look at love as an unbounded pleasure, and, in his hours of reveries, he thanked the Great Unknown for having put so much charm in the caresses of man. But he needed a companion, and he did not know where to find one. On the advice of a friend, he went to the Folies-Bergère. There he saw a complete assortment. He was greatly perplexed to choose between them, for the desires of his heart were chiefly composed of poetic impulses, and poetry did not seem to be the strong point of these young ladies with penciled eyebrows who smiled at him in such a disturbing manner, showing the enamel of their false teeth. At last his choice fell on a young beginner who seemed poor and timid and whose sad look seemed to announce a nature easily influenced by poetry.

He made an appointment with her for the following day at nine o'clock at the Saint-Lazare station. She did not come, but she was kind enough to send a friend in her stead.

She was a tall, red-haired girl, patriotically dressed in three colours, and covered by an immense tunnel hat, of which her head occupied the center. Monsieur Patissot, a little disappointed, nevertheless accepted this substitute. They left for Maisons-Laffitte, where regattas and a grand Venetian festival had been announced.

As soon as they were in the car, which was already occupied by two gentlemen who wore the red ribbon and three ladies who must at least have been duchesses, they were so dignified, the big red-haired girl, who answered the name of Octavie, announced to Patissot, in a screeching voice, that she was a fine girl fond of a good time and loving the country because there she could pick flowers and eat fried fish. She laughed with a shrillness which almost shattered the windows, familiarly calling her companion: "My big darling."

Shame overwhelmed Patissot, who, as government employee, had to observe a certain amount of decorum. But Octavie stopped talking, glancing at her neighbours, seized with the overpowering desire which haunts all women of a certain class to make the acquaintance of respectable women. After about five minutes she thought she had found an opening, and, drawing from her pocket a *Gil-Blas*, she politely offered it to one of the amazed ladies, who declined, shaking her head. Then the big, red-haired girl began saying things with a double meaning, speaking of women who are *stuck up* without being any better than the others; sometimes she would let out a vulgar word which acted like a bomb exploding amid the icy dignity of the passengers.

At last they arrived. Patissot immediately wished to gain the shady nooks of the park, hoping that the melancholy of the forest would quiet the ruffled temper of his companion. But an entirely different effect resulted. As soon as she was amid the leaves and grass she began to sing at the top of her lungs snatches from operas which had stuck in her frivolous mind, warbling and trilling, passing from *Robert le Diable* to the *Muette*, lingering especially on a sentimental romance, whose last verses she sang in a voice as piercing as a gimlet.

Then suddenly she grew hungry. Patissot, who was still awaiting the hoped-for tenderness, tried in vain to retain her. Then she grew angry, exclaiming:

"I am not here for a dull time, am I?"

He had to take her to the Petit-Havre restaurant, which was near the place where the regatta was to be held.

She ordered an endless luncheon, a succession of dishes substantial enough to feed a regiment. Then, unable to wait, she called for relishes. A box of sardines was brought; she started in on it as though she intended to swallow the box itself. But when she had eaten two or three of the little fishes she declared that she was no longer hungry and that she wished to see the preparations for the race.

Patissot, in despair, and, in his turn, seized with hunger, absolutely refused to move. She started off alone, promising to return in time for the dessert. He began to eat in lonely silence, not knowing how to lead this rebellious nature to the realization of his dreams.

As she did not return he set out in search of her. She had found some friends, a troop of boatmen, half undressed, sunburned to the tips of their ears, and gesticulating, who were loudly arranging the details of the contest in front of the house of Fourmaise, the builder.

Two respectable-looking gentlemen, probably the judges, were listening attentively. As soon as she saw Patissot, Octavie, who was leaning on the tanned arm of a strapping fellow who probably had more muscle than brains, whispered a few words in his ears. He answered:

"Understood!"

She returned to the clerk full of joy, her eyes sparkling, almost caressing.

"Let's go for a row," said she.

Pleased to see her so charming, he gave in to this new whim and procured a boat. But she obstinately refused to go to the races, notwithstanding Patissot's wishes.

"I had rather be alone with you, darling."

His heart thrilled. At last!

He took off his coat and began to row madly.

A monumental old mill, whose worm-eaten wheels hung over the water, bestrode with its two arches a little arm of the river. Slowly they passed beneath it, and, when they were on the other side, they noticed before them a delightful little stretch of river, shaded by great trees which closed over their heads in a sort of arch. The little stream unwound itself, turned, zigzagged to the right and to the left, continually revealing new horizons, broad fields on one side and on the other side a hill covered with cottages. They passed before a bathing establishment almost entirely hidden by the foliage, a charming country spot where gentlemen in clean gloves and beribboned ladies displayed all the ridiculous awkwardness of elegant people in the country. She cried joyously:

"Later we will take a dip there."

Farther on, in a kind of bay, she wished to stop, coaxing:

"Come here, honey, close to me."

She put her arm around his neck and, leaning her head on his shoulder, she murmured:

"How nice it is! How delightful it is on the water!"

Patissot was reveling in happiness. He was thinking of those foolish boatmen who, without ever feeling the penetrating charm of the scenery and the delicate gracefulness of the reeds, row along out of breath, perspiring and tired out, from the tavern where they take luncheon to the tavern where they take dinner.

He was so comfortable that he fell asleep. When he awoke, he was alone. He called, but no one answered. Anxious, he climbed up on the side of the river, fearing that some accident might have happened.

Then, in the distance, coming in his direction, he saw a long, slender gig which four oarsmen as black as negroes were driving through the water like an arrow. It came nearer, skimming over the water; a woman was holding the tiller. Heavens! It looked—it was she! In order to regulate the rhythm of the stroke, she was singing in her shrill voice a boating song, which she interrupted for a minute as she got in front of Patissot. Then, throwing him a kiss, she cried:

"You big goose!"

Man to Man

As far back as Homer's day, pugilism was a well-developed science. One of the sports at a hero's funeral would be a fight between two champions, naked except for a belt, their hands and forearms covered with cesti—heavy rawhide thongs, woven into a battering weapon (and later on weighted with pieces of lead). The very sight of the Sicilian Entellus's inherited cesti "stained with blood and brains" dismays the Trojan fighters.

The favorite boxing attack seems to have been what we would call a "haymaker"; and the effect is indicated in an epigram written by Lucilius on a Greek boxer:

> "Aulos, the pugilist, consecrates to the God of Pisa all the bones of his cranium, gathered up one by one. Let him but return alive from the Nemean Games, O Mighty Jupiter, and he will also offer thee, without doubt, the vertebræ of his neck, which is all he has left."

From Theocritus to George Meredith, poets and novelists of the most sensitive perceptions and elevated ideas, have at times depicted man the fighting animal.

In this first narrative, Polydeuces (Pollux) and his twin brother, Castor, wander from the Argo along the shore of the Bebrycian country, and meet huge Amycus, "his ears crushed shapeless by the hard fist," who meets all trespassers with the challenge to "up fists and fight man to man."

A Greek Heavyweight

THE champions, when they had strengthened their fists with the stout ox-skin gloves, and bound long leathern thongs about their arms, stepped into the ring, breathing slaughter against each other.

Then they had much ado, in that assault—which should have the sun's light at his back. But by thy skill, Polydeuces, thou didst outwit the giant, and the sun's rays fell full on the face of Amycus. Then came he eagerly on in great wrath and heat, making play with his fists, but the son of Tyndarus smote him on the chin as he charged, maddening him even more, and the giant confused the fighting, laying on with all his weight, and going in with his head down. The Bebryces cheered their man, and on the other side the heroes still encouraged stout Polydeuces, for they feared lest the giant's weight, a match for Tityus, might crush their champion in the narrow lists.

But the son of Zeus stood to him, shifting his ground again and again, and kept smiting him, right and left, and somewhat checked the rush of the son of Poseidon, for all his monstrous strength. Then he stood reeling like a drunken man under the blows, and spat out the red blood, while all the heroes together raised a cheer, as they marked the woful bruises about his mouth and jaws, and how, as his face swelled up, his eyes were half closed.

Next, the prince teased him, feinting on every side, but seeing now that the giant was all abroad, he planted his fist just above the middle of the nose, beneath the eyebrows, and skinned all the brow to the bone. Thus smitten, Amycus lay stretched on his back, among the flowers and the grasses.

There was fierce fighting when he rose again, and they bruised each other well, laying on with the hard weighted gloves; but the champion of the Bebryces was always playing on the chest, and outside the neck, while unconquered Polydeuces kept smashing his foeman's face with ugly blows. The giant's flesh was melting away in his sweat, till from a huge mass he soon became small enough, but the limbs of the other waxed always stronger, and his colour better, as he warmed to his work. . . .

Now behold the giant was keen to do some great feat, so with his left hand he grasped the left of Polydeuces, stooping slantwise from his onset, while with the other hand he made his effort, and drove a huge fist up from his right haunch. Had his blow come home, he would have harmed the king of Amyclæ, but he slipped his head out of the way, and then with his strong hand struck Amycus on the left temple, putting his shoulder into the blow. Quick gushed the black blood from the gaping temple, while Polydeuces smote the giant's mouth with his left, and the close-set teeth rattled. And still he punished his face with quick-repeated blows, till the cheeks were fairly pounded.

Then Amycus lay stretched all on the ground, fainting, and held out both his hands, to show that he declined the fight, for he was near to death.

There then, despite thy victory didst thou work him no insensate wrong, O boxer Polydeuces, but to thee he swore a mighty oath, calling his sire Poseidon from the deep, that assuredly never again would he be violent to strangers. THEOCRITUS.

CARVER DOONE'S LAST FIGHT

CARVER DOONE turned the corner suddenly, on the black and bottomless bog; with a start of fear he reined back his horse, and I thought he would have rushed upon me. But instead of that, he again rode on; hoping to find a way round the side.

. . . But for him there was no road, and he lost some time in seeking it. Upon this he made up his mind; and wheeling, fired, and then rode at me.

His bullet struck me somewhere, but I took no heed of that. Fearing only his escape, I laid my horse across the way, and with the limb of the oak struck full on the forehead his charging steed. Ere the slash of the sword came nigh me, man and horse rolled over, and well-nigh bore my own horse down, with the power of their onset.

Carver Doone was somewhat stunned, and could not arise for a moment. Meanwhile I leaped on the ground, and waited, smoothing my hair back, and baring my arms, as though in the ring for wrestling. . . . There and then, I might have killed mine enemy, with a single blow, while he lay unconscious; but it would have been foul play.

With a sullen and black scowl, the Carver gathered his mighty limbs, and arose, and looked round for his weapons; but I had put them well away. Then he came to me, and gazed, being wont to frighten thus young men.

"I would not harm you, lad," he said, with a lofty style of sneering: "I have punished you enough, for most of your impertinence. For the rest I forgive you; because you have been good, and gracious, to my little son. Go, and be contented."

For answer, I smote him on the cheek, lightly, and not to hurt him: but to make his blood leap up. I would not sully my tongue, by speaking to a man like this.

. . . I think he felt that his time was come. I think he knew from my knitted muscles, and the firm arch of my breast, and the way in which I stood; but most of all from my stern eyes; that he had found his master. At any rate a paleness came, an ashy paleness on his cheeks, and the vast calves of his legs bowed in, as if he were out of training.

Seeing this, villain as he was, I offered him first chance. I stretched forth my left hand, as I do to a weaker antagonist, and I let him have the hug of me. But in this I was too generous; having forgotten my pistol-wound, and the cracking of one of my short lower ribs. Carver Doone caught me round the waist, with such a grip as never yet had been laid upon me.

I heard my rib go; I grasped his arm, and tore the muscle out of it (as the string comes out of an orange); then I took him by the throat, which is not allowed in wrestling; but he had snatched at mine; and now was no time of dalliance. In vain he tugged, and strained, and writhed, dashed his bleeding fist into my face, and flung himself on me, with gnashing jaws. Beneath the iron of my strength—for God that day was with me—I had him helpless in two minutes, and his blazing eyes lolled out.

"I will not harm thee any more," I cried, so far as I could for panting, the work being very furious: "Carver Doone, thou art beaten: own it, and thank God for it; and go thy way, and repent thyself."

It was all too late. Even if he had yielded in his ravening frenzy, for his beard was frothy as a mad dog's jowl; even if he would have owned that, for the first time in his life, he had found his master; it was all too late.

The black bog had him by the feet; the sucking of the ground grew on him, like the thirsty lips of death. In our fury, we had heeded neither wet nor dry, nor thought of earth beneath us. I myself might scarcely leap, with the last spring of o'er-laboured legs, from the engulfing grave of slime. He fell back, with his swarthy breast (from which my gripe had rent all the clothing), like a hummock of bog-oak, standing out of the quagmire; and then he tossed his arms to heaven, and they were black to the elbow, and the glare of his eyes was ghastly. I could only gaze and pant: for my strength was no more than an infant's, from the fury and the horror. Scarcely could I turn away, while, joint by joint, he sank from sight.

R. D. Blackmore.

The Young Smith and Crab Wilson

IN AN instant, with a panther spring, the west-countryman was on him. Smack! smack! smack! Thud! thud! The first three were on Harrison's face, the last two were heavy counters upon Wilson's body. Back danced the youngster, disengaging himself in beautiful style, but with two angry red blotches over the lower line of his ribs. "Blood for Wilson!" yelled the crowd, and as the smith faced round to follow the movements of his nimble adversary, I saw with a thrill that the chin was crimson and dripping. In came Wilson again with a feint at the mark and a flush hit on Harrison's cheek; then, breaking the force of the smith's ponderous right counter, he brought the round to a conclusion by slipping down upon the grass.

. . . "I give it a slip," said Berkeley Craven, and the men walked to their corners amidst a general shout of applause for a spirited and well-contested opening round. Harrison fumbled in his mouth with his finger and thumb, and then with a sharp half-turn he wrenched out a tooth, which he threw into the basin. "Quite like old times," said he to Belcher.

. . . And Harrison went in, in such fashion that no man who saw him do it will ever forget it. Crab Wilson, as game as a pebble, met him with a flush hit every time, but no human strength or human science seemed capable of stopping the terrible onslaught of this iron man. Round after round he scrambled his way in, slap-bang, right and left, every hit tremendously sent home. Sometimes he covered his own face with his left, and sometimes he disdained to use any guard at all, but his springing hits were irresistible. The rain lashed down upon them, pouring from their faces and running in crimson trickles over their bodies, but neither gave any heed to it save to manœuvre always with the view of bringing it to each other's eyes. But round after round the west-countryman fell, and round after round the betting rose, until the odds were higher in our favour than ever they had been against us. With a sinking heart, filled with pity and admiration for these two gallant men, I longed that every bout might be the last, and yet the "Time!" was hardly out of Jackson's mouth before they had both sprung from their second's knees, with laughter upon their mutilated faces and chaffing words upon their bleeding lips.

. . . Thirty rounds had been fought in an hour and twenty-five minutes, and the rain was pelting down harder than ever. A thick steam rose from the two fighters, and the ring was a pool of mud. Repeated falls had turned the men brown, with a horrible mottling of crimson blotches. Round after round had ended by Crab Wilson going down, and it was evident, even to my inexperienced eyes, that he was weakening rapidly. He leaned heavily upon the two Jews when they led him to his corner, and he reeled when their support was withdrawn. . . . Even now a casual observer might have thought that he had the best of the battle, for the smith was far the more terribly marked, but there was a wild stare in the west-countryman's eyes, and a strange catch in his breathing, which told us that it is not the most dangerous blow which shows upon the surface. A heavy cross-buttock at the end of the thirty-first round shook the breath from his body, and he came up for the thirty-second with the same jaunty gallantry as ever, but with the dazed expression of a man whose wind has been utterly smashed.

A. Conan Doyle.

The Super-Fight of a Super-Soul

"GO, OTTO," I cried, "go, if you stay you will kill him."

Otto looked and saw Alexis coming. He turned one glance at me: his face was full of infinite meaning.

Then, for my sake, he ran. How noble he looked as he ran. Brave heart! he dared not stay and risk the outburst of his anger.

But Alexis overtook him.

Then beside the river-bank they fought. Ah! but it was terrible to see them fight. Is it not awful when men fight together?

I could only stand and wring my hands and look on in agony!

First, Alexis seized Otto by the waistband of his trousers and swung him round and round in the air. I could see Otto's face as he went round: the same mute courage was written on it as when he turned to run. Alexis swung Otto round and round until his waistband broke, and he was thrown into the grass.

That was the first part of the fight.

Then Alexis stood beside Otto and kicked him from behind as he lay in the grass, and they fought like that for some time. That was the second part of the fight. Then came the third and last part. Alexis picked up the easel and smashed the picture over Otto's head. It fastened itself like a collar about his neck. The Alexis picked Otto up with the picture round his neck and threw him into the stream.

He floated!

My paladin!

He floated!

I could see his upturned face as he floated onwards down the stream, through the meadow! It was full of deep resignation. STEPHEN LEACOCK.

CASHEL BYRON AT HIS PROFESSION

TIME was now called; and the pugilists, who had, by dint of sponging, been made somewhat cleaner, rose with mechanical promptitude at the sound. Cashel had hardly advanced two steps when, though his adversary seemed far out of his reach, he struck him on the forehead with such force as to stagger him, and then jumped back laughing. Paradise rushed forward; but Cashel eluded him, and fled round the ring, looking back derisively over his shoulder. Paradise now dropped all pretence of good-humour. With an expression of reckless ferocity, he dashed at Cashel; endured a startling blow without flinching, and engaged him at close quarters. The next moment Cashel was away; and Paradise, whose blood was again flowing, was trying to repeat his manœuvre, to be met this time by a blow that brought him upon one knee. He had scarcely risen when Cashel sprang at him; dealt him four blows with startling rapidity; drove him once more against the ropes; but this time, instead of keeping him there, ran away in the manner of a child at play. Paradise, with foam as well as blood at his lips, uttered a howl, and tore off his gloves. There was a shout of protest from the audience; and Cashel, warned by it, tried to get his gloves off in turn. But Paradise was upon him before he could accomplish this, and the two men laid hold of one another amid a great clamor, Lord Worthington and others rising and excitedly shouting, "Against the rules! No wrestling!" followed by a roar of indignation as Paradise was seen to seize Cashel's shoulder in his teeth as they struggled for the throw. Lydia, for the first time in her life, screamed. Then she saw Cashel, his face fully as fierce as Paradise's, get his arm about his neck; lift him as a coal-heaver lifts a sack, and fling him over his back, heels over head, to the ground, where he instantly dropped on him with his utmost weight and impetus. The two were at once separated by a crowd of managers, umpires, policemen, and others who had rushed towards the ring when Paradise had taken off his gloves. Cashel raged at the managers, who were reminding him that the rules of glove-fighting did not allow wrestling and throwing.

"Rules be d—d," Lydia heard him shouting. "He bit me; and I'll throw him to—" Then everybody spoke at once; and she could only conjecture where he would throw him to. He seemed to have no self-control: Paradise, when he came to himself, behaved better. Lord Worthington descended into the ring and tried to calm the hubbub; but Cashel shook his hand fiercely from his arm; menaced a manager who attempted to call him sternly to order; frantically pounded his wounded shoulder with his clenched fist, and so outswore and outwrangled them all, that even Skene began to urge that there had been enough fuss made. Then Lord Worthington whispered a word more; and Cashel suddenly subsided, pale and ashamed, and sat down on a chair in his corner as if to hide himself. Five minutes afterwards, he stepped out of the crowd with Paradise, and shook hands with him amid much cheering. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

The Courting of T'nowhead's Bell

By SIR JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE

Yours [illegible]
J M Barrie

FOR two years it had been notorious in the square that Sam'l Dickie was thinking of courting T'nowhead's Bell, and that if little Sanders Elshioner (which is the Thrums pronunciation of Alexander Alexander) went in for her, he might prove a formidable rival. Sam'l was a weaver in the Tenements, and Sanders a coal-carter whose trade-mark was a bell on his horse's neck that told when coals were coming. Being something of a public man, Sanders had not, perhaps, so high a social position as Sam'l, but he had succeeded his father on the coal-cart, while the weaver had already tried several trades. It had always been against Sam'l, too, that once when the kirk was vacant he had advised the selection of the third minister who preached for it, on the ground that it came expensive to pay a large number of candidates. The scandal of the thing was hushed up, out of respect for his father, who was a God-fearing man, but Sam'l was known by it in Lang Tammas's circle. The coal-carter was called Little Sanders, to distinguish him from his father, who was not much more than half his size. He had grown up with the name, and its inapplicability now came home to nobody. Sam'l's mother had been more far-seeing than Sanders's. Her man had been called Sammy all his life, because it was the name he got as a boy, so when their eldest son was born she spoke of him as Sam'l while still in his cradle. The neighbours imitated her, and thus the young man had a better start in life than had been granted to Sammy, his father.

It was Saturday evening—the night in the week when Auld Licht young men fell in love. Sam'l Dickie, wearing a blue Glengarry bonnet with a red ball on the top, came to the door of a one-story house in the Tenements, and stood there wriggling, for he was in a suit of tweed for the first time that week, and did not feel at one with them. When his feeling of being a stranger to himself wore off, he looked up and down the road, which straggles between houses and gardens, and then, picking his way over the puddles, crossed to his father's hen-house and sat down on it. He was now on his way to the square.

Eppie Fargus was sitting on an adjoining dike, knitting stockings, and Sam'l looked at her for a time.

"Is't yersel', Eppie?" he said at last.

"It's a' that," said Eppie.

"Hoo's a' wi' ye?" asked Sam'l.

"We're juist aff an' on," replied Eppie, cautiously.

There was not much more to say, but as Sam'l sidled off the hen-house, he murmured politely: "Ay, ay." In another minute he would have been fairly started, but Eppie resumed the conversation.

"Sam'l," she said, with a twinkle in her eye, "ye can tell Lisbeth Fargus I'll likely be drappin' in on her aboot Munday or Teisday."

Lisbeth was sister to Eppie, and wife of Tammas McQuhatty, better known as T'nowhead, which was the name of his farm. She was thus Bell's mistress.

Sam'l leaned against the hen-house, as if all his desire to depart had gone.

"Hoo d'ye kin I'll be at the T'nowhead the nicht?" he asked, grinning in anticipation.

"Ou, I'se warrant ye'll be after Bell," said Eppie.

"A'm no sae sure o' that," said Sam'l, trying to leer. He was enjoying himself now.

"A'm no sure o' that," he repeated, for Eppie seemed lost in stitches.

"Sam'l?"

"Ay."

"Ye'll be speirin' her sune noo, I dinna doot?"

This took Sam'l, who had only been courting Bell for a year or two, a little aback.

"Hoo d'ye mean, Eppie?" he asked.

"Maybe ye'll do't the nicht?"

"Na, there's nae hurry," said Sam'l.

"Well, we're a' coontin' on't, Sam'l."

"Gae wa wi' ye."

"What for no?"

"Gae wa wi' ye," said Sam'l again.

"Bell's gei an' fond o' ye, Sam'l."

"Ay," said Sam'l.

"But am dootin' ye're a fellbilly wi' the lasses."

"Ay, oh, I d'na kin, moderate, moderate," said Sam'l, in high delight.

"I saw ye," said Eppie, speaking with a wire in her mouth, "gaen on terr'ble wi' Mysy Haggart at the pump last Saturday."

"We was juist amoosin' oorsels," said Sam'l.

"It'll be nae amoosement to Mysy," said Eppie, "gin ye brak her heart."

"Losh, Eppie," said Sam'l, "I didna think o' that."

"Ye maun kin well, Sam'l, 'at there's mony a lass wid jump at ye."

"Ou, weel," said Sam'l, implying that a man must take these things as they come.

"For ye're a dainty chield to look at, Sam'l."

"Do ye think so, Eppie? Ay, ay; oh, I d'na kin A'm anything by the ordinar."

"Ye mayna be," said Eppie, "but lasses doesna do to be ower partikler."

Sam'l resented this, and prepared to depart again.

"Ye'll no tell Bell that?" he asked, anxiously.

"Tell her what?"

"Aboot me an' Mysy."

"We'll see hoo ye behave yerself, Sam'l."

"No 'at I care, Eppie; ye can tell her gin ye like. I widna think twice o' tellin' her mysel'."

"The Lord forgie ye for leein', Sam'l," said Eppie, as he disappeared down Tammy Tosh's close. Here he came upon Henders Webster.

"Ye're late, Sam'l," said Henders.

"What for?"

"Ou, I was thinkin' ye wid be gen the length o' T'nowhead the nicht, an' I saw Sanders Elshioner makkin's wy there an oor syne."

"Did ye?" cried Sam'l, adding craftily, "but it's naething to me."

"Tod, lad," said Henders; "gin ye dinna buckle to, Sanders'll be carryin' her off!"

Sam'l flung back his head and passed on.

"Sam'l!" cried Henders after him.

"Ay," said Sam'l, wheeling round.

"Gie Bell a kiss frae me."

The full force of this joke struck neither all at once. Sam'l began to smile at it as he turned down the school-wynd, and it came upon Henders while he was in his garden feeding his ferret. Then he slapped his legs gleefully, and explained the conceit to Will'um Byars, who went into the house and thought it over.

There were twelve or twenty little groups of men in the square, which was lighted by a flare of oil suspended over a cadger's cart. Now and again a staid young woman passed through the square with a basket on her arm, and if she had lingered long enough to give them time, some of the idlers would have addressed her. As it was, they gazed after her, and then grinned to each other.

"Ay, Sam'l," said two or three young men, as Sam'l joined them beneath the town clock.

"Ay, Davit," replied Sam'l.

This group was composed of some of the sharpest wits in Thrums, and it was not to be expected that they would let this opportunity pass. Perhaps when Sam'l joined them he knew what was in store for him.

"Was ye lookin' for T'nowhead's Bell?" asked one.

"Or mebbe ye was wantin' the minister?" suggested another, the same who had walked out twice with Christy Duff and not married her after all.

Sam'l could not think of a good reply at the moment, so he laughed good-naturedly.

"Ondootedly she's a snod bit crittur," said Davit, archly.

"An' michty clever wi' her fingers," added Jamie Deuchars.

"Man, I've thocht o' makkin' up to Bell myself," said Pete Ogle. "Wid there be ony chance, think ye, Sam'l?"

"I'm thinkin' she widna hae ye for her first, Pete," replied Sam'l, in one of those happy flashes that come to some men, "but there's nae sayin' but what she micht tak ye to finish up wi'."

The unexpectedness of this sally startled everyone. Sam'l did not set up for a wit, though, like Davit, it was notorious that he could say a cutting thing once in a way.

"Did ye ever see Bell reddin' up?" asked Pete, recovering from his overthrow. He was a man who bore no malice.

"It's a sicht," said Sam'l, solemnly.

"Hoo will that be?" asked Jamie Deuchars.

"It's weel worth yer while," said Pete, "to ging atower to the T'nowhead an' see. Ye'll mind the closed-in beds i' the kitchen? Ay, weel, they're a fell spoilt crew, T'nowhead's litlins, an' no that aisy to manage. Th' ither lasses Lisbeth's hae'n had a michty trouble wi' them. When they war i' the middle o' their redding up the bairns wid come tumlin' about the floor, but, sal, I assure ye, Bell didna fash lang wi' them. Did she, Sam'l?"

"She did not," said Sam'l, dropping into a fine mode of speech to add emphasis to his remark.

"I'll tell ye what she did," said Pete to the others. "She juist lifted up the litlins, twa at a time, an' flung them into the coffin-beds. Syne she snibbit the doors on them, an' keepit them there till the floor was dry."

"Ay, man, did she so?" said Davit, admiringly.

"I've seen her do't myself," said Sam'l.

"There's no a lassie maks better bannocks this side o' Fetter Lums," continued Pete.

"Her mither tocht her that," said Sam'l; "she was a gran' han' at the bakin', Kitty Ogilvy."

"I've heard say," remarked Jamie, putting it this way so as not to tie himself down to anything. "'at Bell's scones is equal to Mag Lunan's."

"So they are," said Sam'l, almost fiercely.

"I kin she's a neat han' at singein' a hen," said Pete.

"An' wi't a'," said Davit, "she's a snod, canty bit stocky in her Sabbath claes."

"If onything, thick in the waist," suggested Jamie.

"I dinna see that," said Sam'l.

"I d'na care for her hair either," continued Jamie, who was very nice in his tastes; "something mair yallowchy wid be an improvement."

"A'body kins," growled Sam'l, "'at black hair's the bonniest."

The other chuckled.

"Puir Sam'l!" Pete said.

Sam'l, not being certain whether this should be received with a smile or a frown, opened his mouth wide as a kind of compromise. This was position one with him for thinking things over.

Few Auld Lichts, as I have said, went the length of choosing a helpmate for themselves. One day a young man's friends would see him mending the washing-tub of a maiden's mother. They kept the joke until Saturday night, and then he learned from them what he had been after. It dazed him for a time, but in a year or so he grew accustomed to the idea, and they were then married. With a little help, he fell in love just like other people.

Sam'l was going the way of others, but he found it difficult to come to the point. He only went courting once a week, and he could never take up the running at the place where he left off the Saturday before. Thus he had not, so far, made great headway. His method of making up to Bell had been to drop in at T'nowhead on Saturday nights and talk with the farmer about the rinderpest.

The farm kitchen was Bell's testimonial. Its chairs, tables, and stools were scoured by her to the whiteness of Rob Angus's sawmill boards, and the muslin blind on the window was starched like a child's pinafore. Bell was brave, too, as well as energetic. Once Thrums had been overrun with thieves. It is now thought that there may have been only one; but he had the wicked cleverness of a gang. Such was his repute, that there were weavers who spoke of locking their doors when they went from home. He was not very skilful, however, being generally caught, and when they said they knew he was a robber he gave them their things back and went away. If they had given him time there is no doubt that he would have gone off with his plunder. One night he went to T'nowhead, and Bell, who slept in the kitchen, was wakened by the noise. She knew who it would be, so she rose and dressed herself, and went to look for him with a candle. The thief had not known what to do when he got in, and as it was very lonely he was glad to see Bell. She told him he ought to be ashamed of himself, and would not let him out by the door until he had taken off his boots, so as not to soil the carpet.

On this Saturday evening Sam'l stood his ground in the square, until by and by he found himself alone. There were other groups there still, but his circle had melted away. They went separately, and no one said good-night. Each took himself off slowly, backing out of the group until he was fairly started.

Sam'l looked about him, and then, seeing that the others had gone, walked round the town-house into the darkness of the brae that leads down and then up to the farm of T'nowhead.

To get into the good graces of Lisbeth

Fargus you had to know her ways and humour them. Sam'l, who was a student of women, knew this, and so, instead of pushing the door open and walking in, he went through the rather ridiculous ceremony of knocking. Sanders Elshioner was also aware of this weakness of Lisbeth, but, though he often made up his mind to knock, the absurdity of the thing prevented his doing so when he reached the door. T'nowhead himself had never got used to his wife's refined notions, and when anyone knocked he always started to his feet, thinking there must be something wrong.

Lisbeth came to the door, her expansive figure blocking the way in.

"Sam'l," she said.

"Lisbeth," said Sam'l.

He shook hands with the farmer's wife, knowing that she liked it, but only said: "Ay, Bell," to his sweetheart, "Ay, T'nowhead," to McQuhatty, and "It's yersel', Sanders," to his rival.

They were all sitting round the fire, T'nowhead, with his feet on the ribs, wondering why he felt so warm, and Bell darned a stocking, while Lisbeth kept an eye on a goblet full of potatoes.

"Sit in to the fire, Sam'l," said the farmer, not, however, making way for him.

"Na, na," said Sam'l, "I'm to bide nae time." Then he sat in to the fire. His face was turned away from Bell, and when she spoke he answered her without looking round. Sam'l felt a little anxious. Sanders Elshioner, who had one leg shorter than the other, but looked well when sitting, seemed suspiciously at home. He asked Bell questions out of his own head, which was beyond Sam'l, and once he said something to her in such a low voice that the others could not catch it. T'nowhead asked curiously what it was, and Sanders explained that he had only said: "Ay, Bell, the morn's the Sabbath." There was nothing startling in this, but Sam'l did not like it. He began to wonder if he was too late, and had he seen his opportunity, would have told Bell of a nasty rumour that Sanders intended to go over to the Free Church if they would make him kirk-officer.

Sam'l had the good-will of T'nowhead's wife, who liked a polite man. Sanders did his best, but from want of practice he constantly made mistakes. Tonight, for instance, he wore his hat in the house, because he did not like to put up his hand and take it off. T'nowhead had not taken his off either, but that was because he meant to go out by and by and lock the byre door. It was impossible to say which of her lovers Bell preferred. The proper course with an Auld Licht lassie was to prefer the man who proposed to her.

"Ye'll bide a wee, an' hae something to eat?" Lisbeth asked Sam'l, with her eyes on the goblet.

"No, I thank ye," said Sam'l, with true gentility.

"Ye'll better?"

"I dinna think it."

"Hoots, ay; what's to hender ye?"

"Well, since ye're sae pressin', I'll bide."

No one asked Sanders to stay. Bell could not, for she was but the servant, and T'nowhead knew that the kick his wife had given him meant that he was not to do so either. Sanders whistled to show that he was not uncomfortable.

"Ay, then, I'll be stappin' ower the brae," he said at last.

He did not go, however. There was sufficient pride in him to get him off his chair, but only slowly, for he had to get accustomed to the notion of going. At intervals of two or three minutes he remarked that he must now be going. In the same circumstances Sam'l would have acted similarly. For a Thrums man it is one of the hardest things in life to get away from anywhere.

At last Lisbeth saw that something must be done. The potatoes were burning, and T'nowhead had an invitation on his tongue.

"Yes, I'll hae to be movin'," said Sanders, hopelessly, for the fifth time.

"Guid-nicht to ye, then, Sanders," said Lisbeth. "Gie the door a fling-to ahent ye."

Sanders, with a mighty effort, pulled himself together. He looked boldly at Bell, and then took off his hat carefuly. Sam'l saw with misgivings that there was something in it which was not a handkerchief. It was a paper bag glittering with gold braid, and contained such an assortment of sweets as lads bought for their lasses on the Muckle Friday.

"Hae, Bell," said Sanders, handing the bag to Bell in an off-hand way, as if it were but a trifle. Nevertheless, he was a little excited, for he went off without saying good-night.

No one spoke. Bell's face was crimson. T'nowhead fidgeted on his chair, and Lisbeth looked at Sam'l. The weaver was strangely calm and collected, though he would have liked to know whether this was a proposal.

"Sit in by to the table, Sam'l," said Lisbeth, trying to look as if things were as they had been before.

She put a saucerful of butter, salt, and pepper near the fire to melt, for melted butter is the shoeing-horn that helps over a meal of potatoes. Sam'l, however, saw what the hour required, and, jumping up, he seized his bonnet.

"Hing the tatties higher up the joist, Lisbeth," he said, with dignity; "I'se be back in ten meenits."

He hurried out of the house, leaving the others looking at each other.

"What do ye think?" asked Lisbeth.

"I d'na kin," faltered Bell.

"Thae tatties is lang o' comin' to the boil," said T'nowhead.

In some circles a lover who behaved like Sam'l would have been suspected of intent upon his rival's life, but neither Bell nor Lisbeth did the weaver that injustice. In a case of this kind it does not much matter what T'nowhead thought.

The ten minutes had barely passed when Sam'l was back in the farm kitchen. He was too flurried to knock this time, and, indeed, Lisbeth did not expect it of him.

"Bell, hae!" he cried, handing his sweetheart a tinsel bag twice the size of Sanders's gift.

"Losh preserve's!" exclaimed Lisbeth; "I'se warrant there's a shillin's worth."

"There's a that, Lisbeth—an' mair," said Sam'l, firmly.

"I thank ye, Sam'l," said Bell, feeling an unwonted elation as she gazed at the two paper bags in her lap.

"Ye're ower extravegint, Sam'l," Lisbeth said.

"Not at all," said Sam'l; "not at all. But I wouldna advise ye to eat thae ither anes, Bell—they're second quality."

Bell drew back a step from Sam'l.

"How do ye kin?" asked the farmer, shortly; for he liked Sanders.

"I speired i' the shop," said Sam'l.

The goblet was placed on a broken plate on the table, with the saucer beside it, and Sam'l, like the others, helped himself. What he did was to take potatoes from the pot with his fingers, peel off their coats, and then dip them into the butter. Lisbeth would have liked to provide knives and forks, but she knew that beyond a certain point T'nowhead was master in his own house. As for Sam'l, he felt victory in his hands, and began to think that he had gone too far.

In the meantime, Sanders, little witting that Sam'l had trumped his trick, was sauntering along the kirk-wynd with his hat on the side of his head. Fortunately he did not meet the minister.

The courting of T'nowhead's Bell reached its crisis one Sabbath about a month after the events above recorded. The minister was in great force that day, but it is no part of mine to tell how he bore himself. I was there, and am not likely to forget the scene. It was a fateful Sabbath for T'nowhead's Bell and her swains, and destined to be remembered for the painful scandal which they perpetrated in their passion.

Bell was not in the kirk. There being an infant of six months in the house, it was a question of either Lisbeth or the lassie's staying at home with him, and though Lisbeth was unselfish in a general way, she could not resist the delight of going to church. She had nine children besides the baby, and being but a woman, it was the pride of her life to march them into the T'nowhead pew, so well watched that they dared not misbehave, and so tightly packed that they could not fall. The congregation looked at that pew, the mother enviously, when they sang the lines:

> "Jerusalem like a city is compactly built together."

The first half of the service had been gone through on this particular Sunday without anything remarkable happening It was at the end of the psalm which preceded the sermon that Sanders Elshioner, who sat near the door, lowered his head until it was no higher than the pews, and in that attitude, looking almost like a four-footed animal, slipped out of the church. In their eagerness to be at the sermon, many of the congregation did not notice him, and those who did put the matter by in their minds for future investigation. Sam'l, however, could not take it so coolly. From his seat in the gallery he saw Sanders disappear, and his mind misgave him. With the true lover's instinct, he understood it all. Sanders had been struck by the fine turnout in the T'nowhead pew. Bell was alone at the farm. What an opportunity to work one's way up to a proposal. T'nowhead was so overrun with children that such a chance seldom occurred, except on a Sabbath. Sanders, doubtless, was off to propose, and he, Sam'l, was left behind.

The suspense was terrible. Sam'l and Sanders had both known all along that Bell would take the first of the two who asked her. Even those who thought her proud admitted that she was modest. Bitterly the weaver repented having waited so long. Now it was too late. In ten minutes Sanders would be at T'nowhead; in an hour all would be over. Sam'l rose to his feet in a daze. His mother pulled him down by the coat-tail, and his father shook him, thinking he was walking in his sleep. He tottered past them, however, hurried up the aisle, which was so narrow that Dan'l Ross could only reach his seat by walking sidewise, and was gone before the minister could do more than stop in the middle of a whirl and gape in horror after him.

A number of the congregation felt that day the advantage of sitting in the laft. What was a mystery to those downstairs was revealed to them. From the gallery windows they had a fine open view to the south, and as Sam'l took the common, which was a short cut, though a steep ascent, to T'nowhead, he was never out of their line of vision. Sanders was not to be seen, but they guessed rightly the reason why. Thinking he had ample time, he had gone round by the main road to save his boots—perhaps a little scared by what was coming. Sam'l's design was to forestall him by taking the shorter path over the burn and up the commonty.

It was a race for a wife, and several onlookers in the gallery braved the minister's displeasure to see who won. Those who favoured Sam'l's suit exultingly saw him leap the stream, while the friends of Sanders fixed their eyes on the top of the common where it ran into the road. Sanders must come into sight there, and the one who reached this point first would get Bell.

As Auld Lichts do not walk abroad on the Sabbath, Sanders would probably not be delayed. The chances were in his favour. Had it been any other day in the week, Sam'l might have run. So some of the congregation in the gallery were thinking, when suddenly they saw him bend low and then take to his heels. He had caught sight of Sanders's head bobbing over the hedge that separated the road from the common, and feared that Sanders might see him. The congregation who could crane their necks sufficiently saw a black object, which they guessed to be the carter's hat, crawling along the hedge-top. For a moment it was motionless, and then it shot ahead. The rivals had seen each other. It was now a hot race. Sam'l, dissembling no longer, clattered up the common, becoming smaller and smaller to the onlookers as he neared the top. More than one person in the gallery almost rose to their feet in their excitement. Sam'l had it. No. Sanders was in front. Then the two figures disappeared from view. They seemed to run into each other at the top of the brae, and no one could say who was first. The congregation looked at one another. Some of them perspired. But the minister held on his course.

Sam'l had just been in time to cut Sanders out. It was the weaver's saying that Sanders saw this when his rival turned the corner; for Sam'l was sadly blown. Sanders took in the situation and gave in at once. The last hundred yards of the distance he covered at his leisure, and when he arrived at his destination he did not go in. It was a fine afternoon for the time of year, and he went round to have a look at the pig, about which T'nowhead was a little sinfully puffed up.

"Ay," said Sanders, digging his fingers critically into the grunting animal; "quite so."

"Grumph!" said the pig, getting reluctantly to his feet.

"Ou, ay; yes," said Sanders, thoughtfully.

Then he sat down on the edge of the sty, and looked long and silently at an empty bucket. But whether his thought were of T'nowhead's Bell, whom he had lost forever, of the food the farmer fed his pig on, is not known.

"Lord preserve's! Are ye no at the kirk?" cried Bell, nearly dropping the baby as Sam'l broke into the room.

"Bell!" cried Sam'l.

Then T'nowhead's Bell knew that her hour had come.

"Sam'l," she faltered.

"Will ye hae's, Bell?" demanded Sam'l, glaring at her sheepishly.

"Ay," answered Bell.

Sam'l fell into a chair.

"Bring's a drink o' water, Bell," he said.

But Bell thought he occasion required milk, and there was none in the kitchen. She went out to the byre, still with the baby in her arms, and saw Sanders Elshioner sitting gloomily on the pig-sty.

"Weel, Bell?" said Sanders.

"I thocht ye'd been at the kirk, Sanders," said Bell.

Then there was a silence between them.

"Has Sam'l speired ye, Bell?" asked Sanders stoldily.

"Ay," said Bell again, and this time there was a tear in her eye. Sanders was little better than an "orro man," and Sam'l was a weaver, and yet—but it was too late now. Sanders gave the pig a vicious poke with a stick, and when it had ceased to grunt, Bell was back in the kitchen. She had forgotten about the milk, however, and Sam'l only got water after all.

In after days, when the story of Bell's wooing was told, there were some who held that the circumstances would have almost justified the lassie in giving Sam'l the go-by. But these perhaps forgot that her other lover was in the same predicament as the accepted one—that, of the two, indeed, he was the more to blame, for he set off to T'nowhead on the Sabbath of his own accord, while Sam'l only ran after him. And then there is no one to say for certain whether Bell heard of her suitor's delinquencies until Lisbeth's return from the kirk. Sam'l could never remember whether he told her, and Bell was not sure whether, if he did, she took it in. Sanders was greatly in demand for weeks after to tell what he knew of the affair, but though he was twice asked to tea to the manse among the trees, and subjected thereafter to ministerial cross-examinations, this is all he told. He remained at the pig-sty until Sam'l left the farm, when he joined him at the top of the brae, and they went home together.

"It's yersel', Sanders," said Sam'l.

"It is so, Sam'l," said Sanders.

"Very cauld," said Sam'l.

"Blawy," assented Sanders.

After a pause:

"Sam'l," said Sanders.

"Ay."

"I'm hearin' yer to be mairit."

"Ay."

"Weel, Sam'l, she's a snod bit lassie."

"Thank ye," said Sam'l.

"I had ance a kin' o' notion o' Bell mysel'," continued Sanders.

"Ye had?"

"Yes, Sam'l; but I thocht better o't."

"Hoo d'ye mean?" asked Sam'l, a little anxiously.

"Weel, Sam'l, mairitch is a terrible responsibeelity."

"It is so," said Sam'l, wincing.

"An' no the thing to tak up withoot conseederation."

"But it's a blessed and honourable state, Sanders; ye've heard the minister on't."

"They say," continued the relentless Sanders, "'at the minister doesna get on sa weel wi' the wife himsel'."

"So they do," cried Sam'l, with a sinking at the heart.

"I've been telt," Sanders went on, "'at gin you can get the upper han' o' the wife for a while at first, there's the mair chance o' a harmonious exeestence."

"Bell's no the lassie," said Sam'l, appealingly, "to thwart her man."

Sanders smiled.

"D'ye think she is, Sanders?"

"Well, Sam'l, I d'na want to fluster ye, but she's been ower lang wi' Lisbeth Fargus no to ha' learnt her ways. An' a'body kins what a life T'nowhead has wi' her."

"Guid sake, Sanders, hoo did ye no speak o' this afoore?"

"I thocht ye kent o't, Sam'l."

They had now reached the square, and the U. P. kirk was coming out. The Auld Licht kirk would be half an hour yet.

"But, Sanders," said Sam'l, brightening up, "ye was on yer way to speir her yersel'."

"I was, Sam'l," said Sanders, "and I canna but be thankfu' ye was ower quick for's."

"Gin't hadna been you," said Sam'l, "I wid never hae thocht o't."

"I'm sayin' naething agin Bell," pursued the other, "but, man Sam'l, a body should be mair deleeberate in a thing o' the kind."

"It was michty hurried," said Sam'l, wofully.

"It's a serious thing to speir a lassie," said Sanders.

"It's an awfu' thing," said Sam'l.

"But we'll hope for the best," added Sanders, in a hopeless voice.

They were close to the Tenements now, and Sam'l looked as if he were on his way to be hanged.

"Sam'l?"

"Ay, Sanders."

"Did ye—did ye kiss her, Sam'l?"

"Na."

"Hoo?"

"There's was vara little time, Sanders."

"Half an' 'oor," said Sanders.

"Was there? Man, Sanders, to tell ye the truth, I never thocht o't."

Then the soul of Elshioner was filled with contempt for Sam'l Dickie.

The scandal blew over. At first it was expected that the minister would interfere to prevent the union, but beyond intimating from the pulpit that the souls of Sabbath-breakers were beyond praying for, and then praying for Sam'l and Sanders at great length, with a word thrown in for Bell, he let things take their course. Some said it was because he was always frightened lest his young men should intermarry with other denominations, but Sanders explained it differently to Sam'l.

"I hav'na a word to say agin the minister," he said; "they're gran' prayers, but, Sam'l, he's a mairit man himsel'."

"He's a' the better for that, Sanders, isna he?"

"Do ye no see," asked Sanders, compassionately, "'at he's tryin' to mak the best o't?"

"Oh, Sanders, man!" said Sam'l.

"Cheer up, Sam'l," said Sanders; "it'll sune be ower."

Their having been rival suitors had not interfered with their friendship. On the contrary, while they had hitherto been mere acquaintances they became inseparables as the wedding-day drew near. It was noticed that they had much to say to each other, and that when they could not get a room to themselves they wandered about together in the churchyard.

When Sam'l had anything to tell Bell, he sent Sanders to tell it, and Sanders did as he was bid. There was nothing that he would not have done for Sam'l.

The more obliging Sanders was, however, the sadder Sam'l grew. He never laughed now on Saturdays, and sometimes his loom was silent half the day. Sam'l felt that Sanders's was the kindness of a friend for a dying man.

It was to be a penny wedding, and Lisbeth Fargus said it was delicacy that made Sam'l superintend the fitting-up of the barn by deputy. Once he came to see it in person, but he looked so ill that Sanders had to see him home. This was on the Thursday afternoon, and the wedding was fixed for Friday.

"Sanders, Sanders!" said Sam'l, in a voice strangely unlike his own, "it'll a' be ower by this time the morn."

"It will," said Sanders.

"If I had only kent her langer," continued Sam'l.

"It wid hae been safer," said Sanders.

"Did ye see the yallow floor in Bell's bonnet?" asked the accepted swain.

"Ay," said Sanders, reluctantly.

"I'm dootin'—I'm sair dootin' she's but a flichty, licht-hearted critter, after a'."

"I had aye my suspeecions o't," said Sanders.

"Ye hae kent her langer than me," said Sam'l."

"Yes," said Sanders; "but there's nae gettin' at the heart o' women. Man Sam'l, they're desperate cunnin'."

"I'm dootin't; I'm sair dootin't."

"It'll be a warnin' to ye, Sam'l, no to be in sic a hurry i' the futur," said Sanders.

Sam'l groaned.

"Ye'll be gaein' up to the manse to arrange wi' the minister the morn's mornin'," continued Sanders, in a subdued voice.

Sam'l looked wistfully at his friend.

"I canna do't, Sanders," he said, "I canna do't."

"Ye maun," said Sanders.

"It's aisy to speak," retorted Sam'l, bitterly.

"We have a' oor troubles, Sam'l," said Sanders, soothingly, "an' every man maun bear his ain burdens. Johnny Davie's wife's dead, an' he's no repinin'."

"Ay," said Sam'l; "but a death's no mairitch. We hae haen deaths in our family too."

"It may a' be for the best," added Sanders, "an' there wid be a michty talk i' the hale countryside gin ye didna ging to the minister like a man."

"I maun hae langer to think o't," said Sam'l.

"Bell's mairitch is the morn," said Sanders, decisively.

Sam'l glanced up with a wild look in his eyes.

"Sanders!" he cried.

"Sam'l?"

"Ye hae been a guid friend to me, Sanders, in this sair affliction."

"Nothing ava," said Sanders; "doun't mention't."

"But, Sanders, ye canna deny but what your rinnin oot o' the kirk that awfu' day was at the bottom o't a'."

"It was so," said Sanders, bravely.

"An' ye used to be fond o' Bell, Sanders."

"I dinna deny't."

"Sanders, laddie," said Sam'l, bending forward and speaking in a wheedling voice. "I aye thocht it was you she likeit."

"I had some sic idea mysel'," said Sanders.

"Sanders, I canna think to pairt two fowk sae weel suited to ane anither as you an' Bell."

"Canna ye, Sam'l?"

"She wid mak ye a guid wife, Sanders. I hae studied her weel, and she's a thrifty, douce, clever lassie. Sanders, there's no the like o' her. Mony a time, Sanders, I hae said to myself', 'There's a lass ony man micht be prood to tak.' A'body says the same, Sanders. There's nae risk ava, man; nane to speak o'. Tak her, laddie, tak her, Sanders; it's a grand chance, Sanders. She's yours for the speirin'. I'll gie her up, Sanders."

"Will ye, though?" said Sanders.

"What d'ye think?" asked Sam'l.

“If ye wid rayther,” said Sanders, politely.

“There's my han' on't,” said Sam'l. “Bless ye, Sanders; ye've been a true frien' to me”

Then they shook hands for the first time in their lives; and soon afterward Sanders struck up the brae to T'nowhead.

Next morning Sanders Elshioner, who had been very busy the night before, put on his Sabbath clothes and strolled up the manse.

“But—but where is Sam'l?” asked the minister. “I must see himself.”

“It's a new arrangement,” said Sanders.

“What do you mean, Sanders?”

“Bell's to marry me,” explained Sanders.

“But—but what does Sam'l say?”

“Ye's willin',” said Sanders.

“And Bell?”

“She's willin', too. She prefers it.”

“It is unusual,” said the minister.

“It's a' richt,” said Sanders.

“Well, you know best,” said the minister.

“You see, the house was taen, at ony rate,” continued Sanders. “An' I'll juist ging in til't instead o' Sam'l.”

“Quite so.”

“An' I cudna think to disappoint the lassie.”

“Your sentiments do you credit, Sanders,” said the minister, “but I hope you do not enter upon the blessed state of matrimony without full consideration of its responsibilities. It is a serious business, marriage.”

“It's a' that,” said Sanders; “but I'm willin' to stan' the risk.”

So, as soon as it could be done, Sanders Elshioner took to wife T'nowhead's Bell, and I remember seeing Sam'l Dickie trying to dance at the penny wedding.

Years afterward, it was said in Thrums that Sam'l had treated Bell badly, but he was never sure about it himself.

“It was a near thing—a michty near thing,” he admitted in the square.

“They say,” some other weaver would remark, “'at it was you Bell liked best.”

“I d'na kin,” Sam'l would reply, “but there's nae doot the lassie was fell fond o' me. Ou, a mere passin' fancy's, ye micht say.”

Correspondences

By CHARLES PIERRE BAUDELAIRE

NATURE is a temple where living columns
Sometimes whisper fragmentary words;
Man passes through these forests of symbols
That watch him with familiar looks.

Like long-drawn echoes blending in the distance
Into a deep and shadowy oneness,
As vast as night, as vast as light,
Perfumes, sounds and colors correspond.

There are perfumes fresh as a child's lips,
Soft as the clarinet, as green as meadows,
—And others, too, ripe, rich, triumphant,
Having the sweep of something infinite,
Like ambergris, musk, benzoin, and incense,
Which sing the transports of both sense and spirit.

Phrases That Made Men Act

Some Cries that Embodied the Emotion of Great Movements

I. FIGHTING WORDS

"*My son, with it or on it!*" (Sparta, of about the Seventh Century B. C.)	The Spartan mother, as she gave her soldier son his shield. The philosophy that made Sparta's men her only wall; that rendered her dominant in Greece; that reached immortality at Thermopylae.
"*Carthage must be destroyed*" (Cato, from 149 B. C.)	Cato's reiteration of this stern conviction, after his visit to restored Carthage, in every speech of his last year, kept Rome's feeling inflamed against her rival—and two years later Carthage fell for all time.
"*God is God, and Mohammed is His prophet*" (The founder of Islam, 570-632)	The life-motto of Muhammad, of the tribe Koreish, and the rallying cry of his millions—leading directly to the fierce "Death to the unbeliever!"
"*Conquer by this sign*" (The Emperor Constantine, 312)	In its Latin form, *In hoc signe vinces*, (IHS), the legend that Constantine saw beneath a blazing cross in the sky; his following defeat of Maxentius, and his championship of Christianity, wove these words into the activating symbolism of the early Church.
"*God wills it!*" (Peter the Hermit, 1095)	The shout of "*Deus vult!*" in which ambassadors from all the nations echoed Peter the Hermit's fiery call to the first crusade at Clermont, became the universal slogan of the whole movement, and the war-cry of Crusaders for centuries.
"*Aristocrats to the lantern!*" (French revolutionaries in 1789)	The mob of *sans-culottes* hung a victim on a lamp-post near a gibbet at a corner of the Rue de la Grève; and from that time on, the shout of "*A la lanterne!*" meant death to a member of the nobility caught by a street riot.
"*Germany over all*" (From song by Hoffmann von Fallersleben, 1841)	The Pan-German war-song *Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles*, adopted as the catchword of the world conquest idea—along with "*Gott mitt uns*" and the other placardings of "the old German God" as a silent partner in these ambitions.
"*They shall not pass*" (The French defenders of Verdun, 1916)	The voice of the spirit that held Verdun in the World War: *Ils ne passeront pas* crystallized that epic and inspired every class of Frenchmen, as well as of their allies, to indomitable struggle.
"*All power to the Soviets*" (The Russian Bolsheviki, 1917)	The challenge of the Russian Communists to the governing Constituent Assembly—following "Death to the bourgeoisie," "Workers of the World, Unite," and other class defiances.

He Saw Vesuvius Bury Pompeii

PLINY THE YOUNGER TO TACITUS

[*Among all the great cities which have suddenly been overwhelmed and blotted out, Pompeii holds a leading place. On August 24, 79, the great volcano of Vesuvius, which had slumbered for ages, burst forth—and Pompeii, a city of 20,000 people, was not. The smaller town of Herculaneum was also covered beneath cinders and ashes. Readers of Bulwer-Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii," and every traveller who has realized since the excavations began that here, buried twenty feet deep, is a piece of Roman civilization preserved exactly as it was, will read this eye-witness's story with special interest. The younger Pliny wrote these two letters to Tacitus, the historian, to supply an account of the death of his famous uncle, whose "Natural History," gathered from 2,000 ancient tomes, and from his own observations, is the earliest great encyclopædia and an invaluable record of the world's knowledge at that period.*]

YOUR request that I would send you an account of my uncle's death, in order to transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgments; for, if this accident shall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it, I am well assured, will be rendered forever illustrious. And notwithstanding he perished by a misfortune, which, as it involved at the same time a most beautiful country in ruins, and destroyed so many populous cities, seems to promise him an everlasting remembrance; notwithstanding he has himself composed many and lasting works; yet I am persuaded the mentioning of him in your immortal writings will greatly contribute to render his name immortal.

He was at that time with the fleet under his command at Misenum. On the 24th of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. He had just taken a turn in the sun, and, after bathing himself in cold water, and making a light luncheon, gone back to his books: he immediately arose and went out upon a rising ground from whence he might get a better sight of this very uncommon appearance. A cloud, from which mountain was uncertain at this distance (but it was found afterward to come from Mount Vesuvius), was ascending, the appearance of which I cannot give you a more exact description of than by likening it to that of a pine-tree, for it shot up to a great height in the form of a very tall trunk, which spread itself out at the top into a sort of branches; occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air that impelled it, the force of which decreased as it advanced upward, or the cloud itself being pressed back again by its own weight, expanded in the manner I have mentioned; it appeared sometimes bright and sometimes dark and spotted according as it was either more or less impregnated with earth and cinders. This phenomenon seemed to a man of such learning and research as my uncle extraordinary and worth further looking into. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me leave, if I liked, to accompany him. I said I had rather go on with my work; and it so happened he had himself given me something to write out.

As he was coming out of the house, he received a note from Rectina, the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the imminent danger which threatened her; for her villa lying at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, there was no way of escape but by sea; she earnestly entreated him therefore to come to her assistance. He accordingly changed his first intention and what he had begun from a philosophical, he now carried out in a noble and generous spirit. He ordered the galleys to put to sea and went himself on board with an intention of assisting not only Rectina, but the several other towns which lay thickly strewn along that beautiful coast. Hastening then to the place from whence others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his course direct to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the motion and all the phenomena of that dreadful scene. He was now so close to the mountain that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice stones and black pieces of burning rock: they were in danger too not only of being aground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountains and obstructed all the shore. Here he stopped to consider whether he should turn back again; to which the pilot advising him, "Fortune," said he, "favors the brave; steer to where Pomponianus is." Pomponianus was then at Stabiæ, separated by a bay, which the sea, after several insensible windings, forms with the shore. He had already sent his baggage on board; for though he was not at that time in actual danger, yet being within sight of it, and indeed extremely near, if it should in the least increase, he was determined to put to sea as soon as the wind, which was blowing dead in-shore, should go down.

It was favourable, however, for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus, whom he found in the greatest consternation: he embraced him tenderly, encouraging and urging him to keep up his spirits, and the more effectually to soothe his fears by seeming unconcerned himself, ordered a bath to be got ready, and then, after having bathed, sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (what is just as heroic) with every appearance of it. Meanwhile broad flames shone out in several places from Mount Vesuvius, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still brighter and clearer. But my uncle, in order to soothe the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was only the burning of the villages, which the country people had abandoned to the flames: after this he retired to rest, and it is most certain he was so little disquieted as to fall into a sound sleep: for his breathing, which, on account of his corpulence, was rather heavy and sonorous, was heard by the attendants outside. The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, if he had continued there any time longer, it would have been impossible for him to have made his way out. So he was awoke and got up, and went to Pompanianus and the rest of his company, who were feeling too anxious to think of going to bed. They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses, which now rocked from side to side with frequent and violent concussions as though shaken from their very foundations; or fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large showers, and threatened destruction. In this choice of dangers they resolved for the fields: a resolution which, while the rest of the company were hurried into it by their fears, my uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate consideration. They went out then, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins; and this was their whole defence against the storm of stones that fell round them.

It was now day everywhere else, but there a deeper darkness prevailed than in the thickest night; which however was in some degree alleviated by torches and other lights of various kinds. They thought proper to go farther down upon the shore to see if they might safely put out to sea, but found the waves still running extremely high, and boisterous. There my uncle, laying himself down upon a sail-cloth, which was spread for him, called twice for some cold water, which he drank, when immediately the flames, preceded by a strong whiff of sulphur, dispersed the rest of the party, and obliged him to rise. He raised himself now with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead; suffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapour, having always had a weak throat, which was often inflamed. As soon as it was light again, which was not till the third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon it, in the dress in which he fell, and looking more like a man asleep than dead. . . .

My uncle having left us, I spent such time as was left on my studies (it was on their account indeed that I had stopped behind), till it was time for my bath. After which I went to supper, and then fell into a short and uneasy sleep. There had been noticed for many days before a trembling of the earth, which did not alarm us much, as this is quite an ordinary occurrence in Campania; but it was so particularly violent that night that it not only shook but actually overturned, as it would seem, everything about us. My mother rushed into my chamber, where she found me rising in order to awaken her. We sat down in the open court of the house, which occupied a small space between the buildings and the sea. As I was at that time but eighteen years of age, I know not whether I should call my behaviour, in this dangerous juncture, courage or folly; but I took up Livy, and amused myself with turning over that author, and even making extracts from him, as if I had been perfectly at my leisure. Just then, a friend of my uncle's who had lately come to him from Spain, joined us, and observing me sitting by my mother with a book in my hand, reproved her for her calmness, and me at the same time for my careless security: nevertheless I went on with my author.

Though it was now morning, the light was still exceedingly faint and doubtful; the buildings all around us tottered, and though we stood upon open ground, yet as the place was narrow and confined, there was no remaining without imminent danger: we therefore resolved to quit the town. A panic-stricken crowd followed us, and (as to a mind distracted with terror every suggestion seems more prudent than its own) pressed on us in dense array to drive us forward as we came out. Being at a convenient distance from the houses, we stood still, in the midst of a most dangerous and dreadful scene. The chariots, which we had ordered to be drawn out, were so agitated backward and forward, though upon the most level ground, that we could not keep them steady, even by supporting them with large stones. The sea seemed to roll back upon itself, and to be driven from its banks by the convulsive motion of the earth; it is certain at least the shore was considerably enlarged, and several sea animals were left upon it. On the other side, a black and dreadful cloud, broken with rapid, zigzag flashes, revealed behind it variously shaped masses of flame: these last were like sheet-lightning, but much larger. Upon this our Spanish friend, whom I mentioned above, addressing himself to my mother and me with great energy and urgency: "If your brother," he said, "if your uncle be safe, he certainly wishes you may be so too; but if he perished, it was his desire, no doubt, that you might both survive him: why therefore do you delay your escape a moment?" We could never think of our own safety, we said, while we were uncertain of his. Upon this our friend left us, and withdrew from the danger with the utmost precipitation. Soon afterward, the cloud began to descend and cover the sea. It had already surrounded and concealed the island of Capreæ.

My mother now besought, urged, even commanded me to make my escape at any rate, which, as I was young, I might easily do; as for herself, she said, her age and corpulency rendered all attempts of that sort impossible; however she would willingly meet death if she could have the satisfaction of seeing that she was not the occasion of mine. But I absolutely refused to leave her, and, taking her by the hand, compelled her to go with me. She complied with great reluctance, and not without many reproaches to herself for retarding my flight. The ashes now began to fall upon us, though in no great quantity. I looked back; a dense dark mist seemed to be following us, spreading itself over the country like a cloud. "Let us turn out of the high-road," I said, "while we can still see, for fear that, should we fall in the road, we should be pressed to death in the dark, by the crowds that are following us." We had scarcely sat down when night came upon us, not such as we have when the sky is cloudy, or when there is no moon, but that of a room when it is shut up, and all the lights put out. You might hear the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the shouts of men; some calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and seeking to recognize each other by the voices that replied; one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wishing to die, from the very fear of dying; some lifting their hands to the gods; but the greater part convinced that there were now no gods at all, and that the final endless night of which we have heard had come upon the world. Among these there were some who augmented the real terrors by others imaginary or wilfully invented. I remember some who declared that one part of Misenum had fallen, that another was on fire; it was false, but they found people to believe them. It now grew rather lighter, which we imagined to be rather the forerunner of an approaching burst of flames (as in truth it was) than the return of day: however, the fire fell at a distance from us: then again we were immersed in thick darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon us, which we were obliged every now and then to stand up to shake off, otherwise we should have been crushed and buried in the heap.

I might boast that, during all this scene of horror, not a sigh, or expression of fear, escaped me, had not my support been grounded in that miserable, though mighty, consolation that all mankind were involved in the same calamity and that I was perishing with the world itself. At last this dreadful darkness was dissipated by degrees, like a cloud or smoke; the real day returned, and even the sun shone out, though with a lurid light, like when an eclipse is coming on. Every object that presented itself to our eyes (which were extremely weakened) seemed changed, being covered deep with ashes as if with snow. My mother and I, notwithstanding the danger we had passed, and that which still threatened us, had no thoughts of leaving the place till we could receive some news of my uncle.

When the Sea Swallowed Port Royal

By AN EYE-WITNESS

[The town of Port Royal in Jamaica was celebrated in the 17th century as the chief resort of the buccaneers. These "demons of the sea" had helped the English fleet to capture the island in 1655; with this irregular claim, and with a working understanding between the redoubtable Morgan and the Governor of Jamaica, these privateers-turned-pirates considered themselves at home there—with the result that Port Royal, then the island's largest city, soon gained the reputation of the wildest and the wickedest place in the Western world. Suddenly, in the summer of 1692, the earth and sea were convulsed, and Port Royal was gone.

This letter was written by the English minister, from the "Granada," lying in the harbor two weeks after the catastrophe.]

June 22, 1692.

DEAR FRIEND,

I doubt not but you will both from gazettes, and letters, hear of the great calamity that hath befallen this island by a terrible earthquake, on the 7th instant, which hath thrown down almost all the houses, churches, sugar-works, mills and bridges through the whole country. It tore the rocks and mountains, destroyed some whole plantations, and threw them into the sea. But Port Royal had much the greatest share in this terrible judgment of God: I will therefore be more particular in giving you an account of its proceedings in this place, that you may know what my danger was, and how unexpected my preservation.

On Wednesday the 7th June, I had been at church reading prayers, which I did every day since I was rector of Port Royal, to keep up some show of religion among a most ungodly debauched people; and was gone to a place hard by the church, where the merchants used to meet, and where the president of the council was, who acts now in chief till we have a new governor. This gentleman came into my company, and engaged me to take a glass of wormwood wine with him, as a whet before dinner.

He being my very great friend, I staid with him. Hereupon he lighted a pipe of tobacco, which he was pretty long a taking; and not being willing to leave him before it was out, this detained me from going to dinner with one Captain Rudens, where I was to dine; whose house upon the first concussion sunk into the earth, and then into the sea, with his wife and family, and some who were come to dine with him.

Had I been there I had been lost. But to return to the president, and his pipe of tobacco. Before that was out, I found the ground rolling and moving under my feet, upon which I said, Lord, sir, what is this? He replied very composedly, being a very grave man, it is an earthquake, be not afraid, it will soon be over: But it increased and we heard the church and tower fall; upon which, we ran to save ourselves. I quickly lost him and made toward Morgan's fort, which being a wide open place, I thought to be there securest from the falling houses: But as I made toward it, I saw the earth open and swallow up a multitude of people, and the sea mounting in upon us over the fortifications.

I then laid aside all thoughts of escaping and resolved to make toward my own lodging, there to meet death in as good a posture as I could: From the place where I was, I was forced to cross and run through two or three very narrow streets. The houses and walls fell on each side of me. Some bricks came rolling over my shoes, but none hurt me. When I came to my lodging, I found there all things in the same order I left them; not a picture, of which there were several fair ones in my chamber, being out of its place. I went to my balcony to view the street in which our house stood, and saw never a house down there, nor the ground so much as cracked. The people seeing me, cried out to me to come and pray with them. When I came into the street, everyone laid hold on my clothes and embraced me, that with their fear and kindness I was almost stifled. I persuaded them at last to kneel down and make a larger ring, which they did. I prayed with them near an hour, when I was almost spent with the heat of the sun, and the exercise. They then brought me a chair; the earth working all the while with new motions, and tremblings, like the rollings of the sea; insomuch that sometimes when I was at prayer I could hardly keep myself upon my knees.

By that time I had been half an hour longer with them, in setting before them their sins and heinous provocations, and seriously exhorting them to repentance, there came some merchants of the place; who desired me to go aboard some ship in the harbour, and refresh myself, telling me that they had gotten a boat to carry me off. I found the sea had entirely swallowed up the wharf, with all the goodly brick houses upon it, most of them as fine as those in Cheapside, and two entire streets beyond that. From the tops of some houses which lay levelled with the surface of the water, I got first into a canoe, and then into a long-boat, which put me aboard a ship called the Siam-merchant. There I found the president safe, who was overjoyed to see me; and continued that night, but could not sleep for the returns of the earthquake almost every hour, which made all the guns in the ship to jar and rattle.

The next day I went from ship to ship to visit those who were bruised, and dying; likewise to do the last office of the sinking of several corpse which came floating from the point. This indeed has been my sorrowful employment ever since I came aboard this ship with design to come to England; we having had nothing but shakings of the earth, with thunder and lightning, and foul weather ever since. Besides the people being so desperately wicked, it makes me afraid to stay in the place: For that very day this terrible earthquake happened, as soon as night came on, a company of lewd rogues, whom they call privateers, fell to breaking open ware-houses, and houses deserted, to rob and rifle their neighbours whilst the earth trembled under them, and the houses fell on some of them in the act: And those audacious whores who remain still upon the place, are as impudent and drunken as ever.

I have been twice on shore to pray with the bruised and dying people, and to christen children, where I met too many drunk and swearing. I did not spare them, nor the magistrates either, who have suffered wickedness to grow to so great a height. I have, I bless God, to the best of my skill and power, discharged my duty in this place, which you will hear from most persons, who come from hence, I have preached so seasonably to them, and so plain. In the last sermon I delivered in the church, I set before them what would be the issue of their impertinence and wickedness so clearly, that they have since acknowledged it was more like a prophecy than a sermon. I had, I confess, an impulse on me to do it; and many times I have preached in this pulpit, things, which I never premeditated at home, and could not, methought, do otherwise.

The day when all this befell us was very clear, and afforded not the suspicion of the least evil; but in the space of three minutes, about half an hour after eleven in the morning, Port Royal, the fairest town of all the English plantations, the best emporium and mart of this part of the world, exceeding in its riches, plentiful of all good things, was shaken and shattered to pieces, sunk into and covered, for the greater part, by the sea, and will in a short time be wholly eaten up by it. For few of those houses that yet stand, are left whole, and every day we hear them fall, and the sea daily encroaches upon it. We guess that by the falling of the houses, opening of the earth, and inundation of the waters, there are lost fifteen hundred persons, and of good note of whom my good friend Attorney-General Musgrove is one, Provost-Marshal Reves another, my Lord-Secretary Reves another. William Turner, Thomas Turner's brother, is lost: Mr. Swymer escaped, but his house-mate, Mr. Watts, perished.

I came, as I told you, on board this ship in order to return home: But the people are so importunate with me to stay, that I know not what to say to them. I must undergo great hardships if I continue here, the country being broken all to pieces and dissettled. I must live now in a hut, eat yams and plantains for bread, which I could never endure; drink rum-punch and water, which were never pleasing to me. I have written to send a younger person, who may better endure the fatigue of it than I can: But if I should leave them now, it would look very unnatural to do it in their distress; and therefore whatever I suffer I would not have such a blame lie at my door; so that I am resolved to continue with them a year longer. They are going all in haste to build a new town near the rock in Linnavea, the guardian of the island. The French from Petit Goavias, did attack this island on the north side; but were all defeated and destroyed, it being about the time of the earthquake.

SECOND LETTER, JUNE 28, 1692

Ever since that fatal day, the most terrible that ever I saw in my life, I have lived on board a ship; for the shakings of the earth return every now and then. Yesterday we had a very great one, but it seems less terrible on ship-board than on shore; yet I have ventured to Port Royal no less than three times since its desolation, among the shattered that remain being so shattered, that I durst not venture in them. The people are overjoyed to see me among them, and wept bitterly when I preached: I hope by this terrible judgment, God will make them reform their lives, for there was not a more ungodly people on the face of the earth.

It is a sad sight to see all this harbour, one of the fairest and goodliest I ever saw, covered with the dead bodies of people of all conditions, floating up and down without burial: For our great and famous burial place, called the palisadoes, was destroyed by the earthquake; which dashing to pieces the tombs, whereof there were hundreds in that place, the sea washed the carcasses of those, who had been buried, out of their graves. Multitudes of rich men are utterly ruined, whilst many, who were poor, by watching opportunities, and searching the wrecked and sunk houses (even almost while the earthquake lasted, and terror was upon all the considerable people), have gotten great riches.

We have had accounts from several parts of these islands, of the mischiefs done by the earthquake. From St. Anns we hear of above 1,000 acres of woodland changed into the sea, and carrying with it whole plantations. But no place suffered like Port Royal; where whole streets (with inhabitants) were swallowed up by the opening earth, which then shutting upon them, squeezed the people to death. And in that manner several are left buried with their heads above the ground; only some heads the dogs have eaten; others are covered with dust and earth, by the people who yet remain in the place, to avoid the stench.

Thus I have told you a long and a sad story; and God knows what worse may happen yet. The people tell me, that they hear great bellowings and noises in the mountains; which makes some very apprehensive of an eruption of fire: If so, it will, I fear, be more destructive than the earthquake. I am afraid to stay, and yet I know not how, in point of conscience, at such a juncture as this, to quit my station.

SOME FARTHER ACCOUNTS OF THE SAME EARTHQUAKE, FROM THE "PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS"

A great part of Port Royal is sunk. That where the wharfs were, is now some fathoms deep under water. All the street where the church stood is overflowed; so that the water is risen as high as the upper rooms of those houses which are standing.

The earth when it opened, swallowed up people, and they rose in other streets; some in the middle of the harbour, and yet were saved: Although at the same time, I believe there were lost above two thousand whites and blacks. In the north, above one thousand acres of land were sunk and thirteen people with it. All our houses were thrown down all over the island, that we were forced to live in huts. The two great mountains, at the entrance into Sixteen-mile Walk, fell, and meeting, stopt the river: So that it was dry from that place to the ferry for a whole day; and vast quantities of fish were taken up, greatly to the relief of the distressed and terrified inhabitants. At Yellows, a great mountain split, and falling into the level land, covered several settlements, and destroyed nineteen white people. One of the persons whose name was Hopkins, had his plantation removed half a mile from the place where it formerly stood, and now good provisions grow upon it. . . .

The following relation will give the reader some idea of the terrible and sudden manner in which houses and people were swallowed up. The writer was a sufferer himself. He lost all his people and goods, his wife and two men: Only one white maid escaped; who informed him that her mistress was in her closet, two pair of stairs high: That being sent into the garret, where was Mrs. B. and her daughter, she there felt the earthquake: That upon this, she bid her (Mrs. B.) take up her child, and run down; but turning about, met the water at the top of the garret stairs: For the house, adds he, sunk downright, and is now near thirty feet under water. This gentleman and his son went that morning to Liguania; by which means they were saved. However the earthquake took them about midway, when they were near being overwhelmed by a swift-rolling sea six feet above the surface, without any wind, which forced them back to Liguania. There he found all the houses even with the ground, except those of the negroes.

According to Dr. Morley it was thought that there were lost in all parts of the island 2,000 people; and that had the shake happened in the night, very few would have escaped alive.

But the mortality which ensued the great earthquake (for they had little ones daily) made greater havoc than the earthquake itself. By an account dated the 23d September following, almost half the people, who escaped at Port-Royal, were since dead of a malignant fever, from change of air, want of dry houses, warm lodging, proper medicines, and other conveniences. Dr. Morley observes that this sickness (supposed to proceed from the hurtful vapours belched from the many openings of the earth) spread all over Jamaica, and became so general, that few escaped it. It is thought it swept away in many parts of the island 3,000 souls; most of them from Kingstown only.

The same gentleman takes notice, that he had felt several lesser shakes, and heard the noise often, which is very loud, and, by those not used to hear it, may be easily taken for a ruffling wind, or hollow rumbling thunder. But he says it hath some puffing blasts peculiar to itself, most like those of a brimstone match, when lighted; but in a much greater degree, and such as a large magazine of brimstone may be supposed to make, when on fire. He adds, that in Port-Royal, and many places all over the island, much sulphureous combustible matter had been found, supposed to have been thrown out, upon the opening of the earth; which upon the first touch of fire, would flame and burn like a candle.

We shall conclude the whole with remarks on the weather, both before and after the earthquake. Dr. Morley observes, that the year 1692, began in Jamaica, with very dry and hot weather, and much rain till the end of the month. From that time till the earthquake happened, it was excessive hot, calm, and dry. We learn from another hand, that the weather was much hotter after the earthquake than before; and that there appeared such an innumerable number of musquetoes, as had never been seen in the island till then.

Monsieur Lecoq

The Master Detective Makes His Debut

By ÉMILE GABORIAU

CHAPTER XI

WHEN, after a rapid walk of twenty minutes, Lecoq reached the police-station of the Barrière d'Italie, the keeper, with his pipe in his mouth, was pacing slowly to and fro before the guard-house.

By his thoughtful air, and by the anxious glance that he cast now and then upon the little grated window, any passer-by might have known that the keeper had at that moment a very rare bird in his cage.

As soon as he recognized Lecoq, his brow cleared, and he paused in his promenade.

"Ah, well!" he inquired; "what news?"

"I bring an order to conduct the prisoners to the prefecture."

The keeper rubbed his hands, evidently relieved.

"Very well! very well!" he exclaimed. "The Black Maria will pass here in less than an hour; we will throw them in, and hurry the coachman off——"

Lecoq was obliged to interrupt his transports of satisfaction.

"Are the prisoners alone?" he inquired.

"Entirely alone; the woman on her side of the hall, the man on the other. This has been a remarkably quiet night; a shrove Sunday night, too! It is surprising. It is true that your hunt was interrupted."

"You have had a drunken man here, however."

"No—yes—that is a fact—this morning, just at day-break. A poor devil, who is under a great obligation to Gevrol."

The involuntary irony of this remark must have awakened Lecoq's regrets.

"Under a great obligation, indeed!" said he, approvingly, and with a laugh.

"Although you seem inclined to laugh, such is really the case; had it not been for Gevrol the man would certainly have been run over."

"And what has become of him?"

The keeper shrugged his shoulders.

"Ah!" he responded. "You ask me too much. He was a very worthy man, who had been spending the night at the house of one of his friends, and on coming out into the air, the wine flew to his head. He told us all about it when he became sober, which was in the course of half an hour. I have never seen a man so vexed. He wept and said, again and again: 'The father of a family, and at my age! Oh! it is shameful! What shall I say to my wife? What will the children think?'"

"Did he talk much about his wife?"

"He talked about nothing else. He even mentioned her name—Eudosia, Leocadie, or some name of that sort. He thought, poor man, that he was ruined, and that we would keep him here. He asked us to send for the commissioner, to go to his house. When we set him free, I thought he would go mad with joy; he kissed our hands, and he paid his score. Ah! he did not even stop to ask for his change!"

"And did you place him in the cage with the murderer?" inquired Lecoq.

"Certainly."

"They have talked with each other then."

"Talked! The man was so drunk, I tell you, that he could not have said 'bread.' When he was deposited in the cell, pouf! he fell like a log. As soon as he recovered we let him out. No, they did not talk to each other."

The young policeman had become very thoughtful.

"It was, indeed, so!" he murmured.

"What did you say?"

"Nothing."

Lecoq was not inclined to communicate his reflections to the keeper of the guard-house. They were by no means agreeable.

"I was right," he thought; "this pretended drunken man was none other than the accomplice, and he has as much adroitness as he has audacity and coolness. While we were following his footprints he was watching us. We went away and he was bold enough to enter the hovel. Then he came here and compelled them to arrest him; and thanks to an assumption of childish simplicity, he succeeded in finding an opportunity to speak to the murderer. How perfectly he has played his *rôle*. But I know that he played a part, and that is something. I know that it will be necessary to believe exactly the opposite of what he said. He talked of his family, of his wife, of his children—hence, he has neither children, wife, nor family."

He checked himself suddenly; he had forgotten, this was not the time to become absorbed in conjectures.

"What kind of a looking man was this drunkard?" he inquired.

"He was tall and very large, had a ruddy complexion, white whiskers, a full face, small eyes, a broad, flat nose, and a good-natured, jovial manner."

"How old would you suppose him to be?"

"From forty to fifty years of age."

"Did you form any idea of his profession?"

"*Ma foi!* the man with his soft cap and his heavy brown overcoat must be the keeper of some little shop, or a clerk."

Having obtained this sufficiently exact description, which accorded perfectly with the result of his investigations, Lecoq was about to enter the station-house when a sudden thought brought him instantly to a stand-still.

"I hope, at least, that this man has had no communication with the Widow Chupin!"

The keeper laughed heartily.

"How could he have had any?" he responded. "Is not the old woman alone in her cell? Ah, the old wretch! There has not been a moment that she was not cursing and threatening us. No, never in my whole life have I heard such language as she has used! It was enough to make the very stones blush; even the drunken man was so shocked that he went to speak to her through the opening in the door, and to tell her to be quiet."

The young man's gesture was so expressive of impatience and wrath that the keeper paused, much perturbed.

"What is the matter?" he stammered. "Why are you angry?"

"Because," replied Lecoq, furiously, "because—"

And not wishing to disclose the real cause of his anger, he entered the station-house, saying that he wished to see the prisoner.

Left alone, the keeper began to swear in his turn.

"These agents of police are all alike," he grumbled. "They question you, you tell them all they desire to know; and afterward, if you venture to ask them anything, they reply: 'nothing,' or 'because.' They have too much authority; it makes them proud."

Looking through the judas, a little latticed window in the door, through which the men on guard watch the prisoners, Lecoq eagerly examined the appearance of the murderer.

He was obliged to ask himself if this was really the same man whom he had seen some hours previous at the Poivrière, standing upon the threshold, holding the squad in check by the intense fury of his hate, by his proud forehead, his sparkling eyes, and his trembling lip.

Now his whole person betrayed a pitiable weakness, utter despondency, gloom and despair.

He was seated on a bench opposite the judas, with his elbows on his knees, and his chin resting upon his hand, his eyes fixed upon vacancy, his lower lip hanging.

"No," murmured Lecoq, "no, this man is not what he seems to be."

He had looked at him; he now wished to speak to him. He entered; the man raised his head, threw an expressionless glance upon him, but did not say a word.

"Well," demanded the young officer, "how goes it?"

"I am innocent!" responded the man, in a hoarse, discordant voice.

"I hope so, I am sure; but that is for the judge to decide. I came to see if you did not need something."

"No."

A second later the murderer changed his mind.

"If it is all the same to you, I would like a crust and a drink of wine."

"They shall bring it to you," replied Lecoq.

He went out immediately to forage in the neighbourhood for eatables of some sort. He was impressed with the idea that in demanding a drink after a refusal, the man had thought only of carrying out his resemblance to the kind of man he pretended to be.

Whoever he might be, the murderer ate with an excellent appetite. He then took up the large glass of wine, drained it slowly, and said:

"It is good! There can be nothing to beat that!"

This satisfaction disappointed Lecoq. He had selected as a test, one of those horribly thick, bluish, nauseous mixtures which are in vogue around the *barrière*, and he expected some sign of dislike from the murderer.

And there was none whatever. But he had not time to seek the conclusions to be drawn from this fact. The sound of wheels announced the arrival of that lugubrious vehicle, the Black Maria.

It was necessary to place the Widow Chupin in the vehicle by main force. She fought and scratched and cried "Murder!" with all her strength. Then the assassin was requested to take his place in the carriage.

Now, at least, the young policeman counted upon some manifestation of repugnance, and he watched the prisoner closely. None! The man entered the frightful vehicle in the most unconcerned manner, and took possession of his compartment like an old habitué, who knows the most comfortable position to assume in such close quarters.

"Ah! this is an unfortunate morning," murmured Lecoq, much disappointed; "but I will lie in wait for him at the prefecture."

CHAPTER XII

When the door of the prison-van had been securely closed, the driver cracked his whip, and the strong horses started off on a brisk trot.

Lecoq had taken his seat in front, between the driver and the guard; but his mind was so engrossed with his own thoughts that he heard nothing of their conversation, which was very jovial, although it was frequently disturbed by the shrill voice of the Widow Chupin, who sang and yelled her imprecations alternately.

Lecoq was trying his best to discover a method by which he could surprise some clew to the secret which this murderer hid so cleverly, for he was still convinced that the prisoner must belong to the higher ranks of society.

That this pretender had succeeded in feigning an appetite, that he had concealed his distaste for a nauseous beverage, that he had entered the Black Maria without hesitation, was nothing extraordinary after all, in a man who was endowed with much strength of will, when he realized the imminence of his peril, and when his powers of endurance were increased tenfold by the hope of salvation.

But would he be able to hide his feelings as well when he was obliged to submit to the humiliating formalities that awaited him—formalities which, in certain cases, can, and must be, pushed even to the verge of insult and outrage?

No; Lecoq could not believe that this would be possible.

He was very sure that the horror that would be inspired in the prisoner's mind by the disgrace, and by the violation of all delicacy of feeling, would cause the man to revolt, to lose his self-control, and draw from him some word that would give the desired clew.

It was not until the gloomy vehicle had left the Pont-Neuf to take the Quai de l'Horloge, that the young detective became conscious of what was passing around him. Soon the van turned into a gate-way, and stopped in a small, damp court-yard.

Lecoq was instantly on the ground. He opened the door of the compartment in which the murderer was confined, and said:

"We are here; descend."

There was no danger that the prisoner would escape. The iron gate had been closed, and at least a dozen policemen and agents were standing near, anxious to see the harvest of the previous night.

When the door was opened, the murderer slowly stepped down from the vehicle.

His expression did not change in the least. His face evinced the perfect indifference of a man accustomed to such ordeals.

An anatomist studying the movement of a muscle could not have watched with a closer attention than Lecoq bestowed upon the attitude, the face, and the aspect of the prisoner.

When the prisoner's foot touched the pavement of the court-yard, he seemed to experience a sensation of satisfaction; he drew a long breath, then he stretched himself, and shook himself violently, as if to regain the elasticity of his limbs, cramped by confinement in the narrow compartment from which he had just emerged.

Then he glanced about him, and a scarcely perceptible smile played upon his lips.

One would have sworn that the place was familiar to him, that he had seen before these high, grim walls, these grated windows, these heavy doors—in short, all the sinister belongings of a prison.

"*Mon Dieu!*" thought Lecoq, greatly chagrined, "does he indeed recognize the place?"

The young man's disquietude increased when he saw the prisoner, without waiting for a word, for a motion, for a sign, turn toward one of the five or six doors that opened upon the court-yard.

He walked straight to the one he was expected to enter—straight, without an instant's hesitation. Was it chance?

His amazement and disappointment increased tenfold when he saw the man, after entering the gloomy corridor, walk on some little distance, turn to the left, pass the room of the keeper, and enter the register's office.

An old offender could not have done better.

Lecoq found a cold sweat break out upon his whole body.

"This man," thought he, "has certainly been here before; he knows the ropes."

The register's office was a large room, badly lighted by small windows, whose panes were covered with a thick coating of dust, and heated almost to suffocation by an immense stove.

There sat the clerk reading a paper that was laid over the register—the gloomy register in which are inscribed the names of all those whom misconduct, crime, misfortune, madness, or error have brought to these grim portals.

Three or four watchmen, who were awaiting the hour for entering upon their duties, were half asleep upon the wooden benches that lined three sides of the room.

These benches, two tables, and some broken chairs, constituted the furniture of the office.

In one corner stood a measuring machine, under which each culprit was obliged to pass. For their exact height was recorded, in order that the description might be complete in every respect.

At the entrance of the culprit accompanied by Lecoq, the clerk raised his head.

"Ah!" said he, "has the van come?"

"Yes," responded Lecoq.

And extending the orders signed by M. d'Escorval, he added:

"Here are the papers for this man."

The register took the documents and read them.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "a triple assassination! oh! oh!"

Positively he regarded the prisoner with great consideration. This was not a common culprit, an ordinary vagabond, a vulgar thief.

"The judge orders a private examination," he continued, "and I must get him other clothing. The clothing he is wearing now will be used as evidence. Let someone go at once and tell the superintendent that the other occupants of the carriage must wait. I will measure this man's height in compliance with the rules."

The director was not far off, and he soon made his appearance. The clerk had prepared his register.

"Your name?" he demanded first.

"May."

"Your first name?"

"I have none."

"What, you have no Christian name?"

The murderer seemed to reflect for a moment, then he said sulkily:

"I may as well tell you that you need not wear yourself out questioning me. I shall reply only to the judge. You would like to make me cut my own throat, wouldn't you? It is a very clever trick, but I understand it."

"You must see that you only aggravate your situation," observed the director.

"Not in the least. I am innocent; you wish to ruin me. I only defend myself. Get anything more out of me now, if you can. But you had better give me back the money that they took from me at the station-house. One hundred and thirty-six francs, eight sous! I shall need them when I get out of this place. I wish you to make a note of them on the register. Where are they?"

The money had been given to Lecoq by the keeper of the station-house, who had found it upon the prisoner when he was placed in his custody. Lecoq deposited it upon the table.

"Here are your hundred and thirty-six francs and eight sous," said he, "and also your knife, your handkerchief, and four cigars."

An expression of lively contentment was discernible on the prisoner's features.

"Now," resumed the clerk, "will you answer?"

But the director understood the uselessness of further insistence; he silenced the clerk by a gesture, and, addressing the prisoner, he said:

"Take off your shoes."

On receiving this order, Lecoq thought the assassin's glance wavered. Was it only a fancy?

"Why must I do that?" he demanded.

"To pass under the beam," responded the clerk. "We must make a note of your exact height."

The prisoner made no reply; he sat down

and drew off his heavy leather boots. The heel of the right one was run over on the inside. He wore no stockings.

"You do not wear shoes except on Sunday, then?" inquired Lecoq.

"Why do you think that?"

"By the mud with which your feet are covered, as high as the ankle-bone."

"And what of that?" exclaimed the man, in an insolent tone. "Is it a crime not to have the feet of a marquise?"

"It is a crime of which you are not guilty, at all events," said the young detective, slowly. "Do you think that I cannot see, in spite of the mud, that your feet are white and neat? The nails have been carefully cut and polished——"

He paused. A lightning flash of his genius for investigation traversed his brain.

He pushed forward a chair, laid a paper upon it, and said:

"Will you place your foot there?"

The man did not comply with the request.

"Ah! do not resist," insisted the director; "we are in force."

The prisoner made no further resistance. He placed his foot upon the chair, as he had been ordered to do, and Lecoq, with the aid of a knife, proceeded to remove the fragments of mud that adhered to the skin.

Anywhere else they would have laughed at such an act, so mysterious, strange and grotesque, all at the same time. But in this ante-chamber of the court of assizes, the most trivial acts are tinged with a shade of gloom; a laugh is easily frozen upon the lips, and one is astonished by nothing.

All the spectators, from the director down to the guards, had witnessed many other incidents equally absurd; and it did not enter the mind of anyone present to inquire the detective's motive.

This much they knew already: that the prisoner was intending to conceal his identity, that it was necessary to establish it, at any cost, and that Lecoq had probably invented some method of attaining this end.

Besides, the operation was soon concluded; and Lecoq brushed the dust from the paper into the palm of his hand.

This dust he divided into two parts. One portion he enclosed in a scrap of paper, and then slipped it into his own pocket; the other package he handed to the director, saying, as he did so:

"I must beg you, Monsieur, to receive this on deposit, and to seal it up here, in the presence of the prisoner. This is necessary, that he may not claim by-and-by that in place of this dust other has been substituted."

The superintendent complied with the request, and as he placed this "bit of proof" (as he styled it) in a small satchel for safe-keeping, the murderer shrugged his shoulders with a sneering laugh.

It is true that beneath this cynical gayety Lecoq thought he could detect poignant anxiety.

Chance owed him the compensation of this slight triumph; for previous events had deceived all his calculations.

The prisoner did not offer the slightest objection when he was ordered to undress, and to exchange his soiled and blood-stained garments for the clothing furnished by the government.

Not a muscle of his face betrayed the secret of his soul, while he submitted his person to one of those ignominious examinations which make the blood mount to the forehead of the lowest criminal.

It was with perfect indifference that he allowed the inspector to comb his hair and his beard, and to examine the interior of his mouth, in order to make sure that he had not concealed in one of these hiding-places a fragment of glass, by the aid of which captives can sever the strongest bars; or one of those microscopic bits of lead that prisoners use in writing the notes which they exchange, rolled up in a morsel of bread, and which they call "postilions."

These formalities having been concluded, the superintendent rang for one of the guard.

"Conduct this man to No. 3 of the secret cells," he ordered.

There was no need to drag the prisoner away. He went out, as he had entered, preceding the guard, like an old *habitué*, who knows where he is going.

"What a rascal!" exclaimed the clerk.

"Then you think—" began Lecoq, baffled, but not convinced.

"Ah! there can be no doubt of it," declared the director. "This man is certainly a dangerous malefactor—an old offender—I think I have seen him before—I could almost swear to it."

So these people, who had such a large and varied experience, shared Gevrol's opinion; Lecoq stood alone.

He did not discuss the matter—what good would it have done? Besides, they were just bringing in the Widow Chupin.

The journey must have calmed her nerves, for she had become as gentle as a lamb. It was in a wheedling voice, and with tearful eyes, that she called upon these "good gentlemen" to witness the shameful injustice with which she was treated—she, an honest woman. She was the support of the family (since her son Polyte was in custody, charged with pocket-picking), and what would become of her daughter-in-law, and her grandson Toto, who had no one to look to but her?

But when they were leading her away, after she had given her full name, she no sooner entered the corridor than nature reasserted itself, and they heard her quarreling with the guard.

"You are wrong not to be polite," she was saying to him; "you are losing a good fee, without counting many a good drink that I would give you without charge, when I get out of here."

The examinations were over, and Lecoq was free until the arrival of M. d'Escorval. He wandered through the corridors, and from room to room; but, as he was questioned on every side, he went out and sat down upon the quay to collect his thoughts.

His convictions were unchanged. He was still more convinced that the prisoner was concealing his real social condition; but, on the other hand, it was evident that the man was well acquainted with the prison and with its usages.

He had also proved himself to be much more clever—a thousand times more clever—than Lecoq had supposed.

What self-control! What powers of dissimulation! He had not so much as frowned while undergoing the severest ordeals, and he had deceived the most experienced eyes in Paris.

The young detective had been waiting there nearly three hours, as motionless as the post upon which he was seated, and alike insensible to the cold and to the flight of time, when a *coupé* drew up before the entrance of the prison, and M. d'Escorval descended, followed by his clerk.

Lecoq rose and hastened toward them, breathless with anxiety.

"My researches on the spot," said the judge, "confirm me in my belief that you are right. Is there anything new?"

"Yes, Monsieur; a fact apparently very trivial, but of an importance that—"

"Very well!" interrupted the judge. "You will explain this to me by and by. I wish first to make a summary examination of the accused parties. A mere matter of form today. Wait for me here."

Although the judge promised to make haste, Lecoq expected that at least an hour would elapse before he reappeared. But he was wrong. Twenty minutes had not passed before M. d'Escorval emerged from the prison without his clerk.

He walked very quickly, and calling to the young detective from some little distance, he said:

"I must return home at once—instantly; I cannot listen to you."

"But, Monsieur—"

"Enough! the bodies of the victims have been taken to the morgue. Keep a sharp lookout there. Then, this evening make—Well—do whatever you think best."

"But, Monsieur, I must—"

"Tomorrow! tomorrow at nine o'clock, in my office in the Palais de Justice."

Lecoq wished to insist upon a hearing, but M. d'Escorval had entered, or rather had thrown himself, into his *coupé*, and the coachman was cracking his whip.

"And he is a judge!" murmured the young man, left panting upon the quay. "Has he gone mad?"

And an uncharitable thought entered his mind.

"Can it be," he murmured, "that he holds the key to the mystery? Does he not desire to get rid of me?"

This suspicion was so terrible that he hastened back to the prison, hoping to gain some light from the bearing of the prisoner, and ran to peer through the little aperture in the heavy door leading into the cell.

The murderer was lying upon the pallet that stood directly opposite the door. His face was turned toward the wall, and he was enveloped to the very eyes in the coverlid.

Was he asleep? No; for Lecoq detected a strange movement of the body. This movement, which he could not explain, annoyed him. He applied his ear instead of his eye to the aperture, and he distinguished a stifled moan. There could no longer be any doubt. The death-rattle was sounding in the prisoner's throat.

"Here! here!" cried Lecoq, greatly excited. "Help! help!"

Ten guards came running at his call.

"The prisoner! he is killing himself!"

They opened the door; it was time.

The poor wretch had torn a binding from his clothing, had tied it around his neck, and using, in place of a tourniquet a tin spoon that had been brought in with his allowance of food, he was strangling himself.

The prison doctor, who had been sent for, and who immediately bled the prisoner, declared that in ten minutes all would have been over.

When the murderer regained consciousness, he gazed about his cell with a wild, idiotic stare. One might have supposed that he was amazed to find himself still alive. Then a great tear welled from his swollen eyelids, and rolled down his cheek.

They pressed him with questions—not a word in response.

"Since he is in such a frame of mind, and since we cannot give him a companion, as he has been sentenced to solitary confinement, we must put him in a strait-jacket."

After he had assisted in binding the prisoner, Lecoq went away, very thoughtful, and painfully agitated. He felt that this veil of mystery hid some terrible drama.

"But what has occurred?" he murmured. "Has this unfortunate man, who tried to destroy himself, confessed all to the judge? Why should he have committed such an act of desperation?"

CHAPTER XIII

Lecoq did not sleep any that night.

And yet he had been on his feet for more than forty hours, and had scarcely paused to eat or to drink.

But anxiety, hope, and even fatigue itself, imparted to his body the factitious strength of fever, and to his intellect that unhealthy acuteness which is the result of intense mental effort.

He no longer occupied himself in pursuing imaginary deductions, as he had done when in the employ of his patron, the astronomer. Facts were more startling than chimeras. They were only too real—the dead bodies of the three victims that were lying on the marble slab of the morgue.

But if the catastrophe itself was certain, beyond the shadow of a doubt, everything connected with it could only be conjectured. Not a witness could be found to tell what circumstances had preceded and paved the way for this terrible *dênouement*.

One discovery, it is true, would suffice to dissipate these doubts, and that was the identity of the murderer.

Who was he? Which was right?—Gevrol, upheld by all the men at the prison, or Lecoq, who stood alone?

Gevrol's opinion was based upon formidable proof, the evidence that enters the mind through the sense of sight.

Lecoq's hypothesis was based only upon a series of subtle observations, and of deductions whose starting-point was a single sentence, which had fallen from the lips of the murderer.

And yet Lecoq did not feel the least particle of uncertainty after his short conversation with M. d'Escorval's clerk, whom he met as he was leaving the prison.

This worthy young man, when adroitly interrogated by Lecoq, was easily persuaded to reveal what had passed between the prisoner and the judge.

It was, one might say, nothing at all.

The murderer, so the clerk declared, had not only refused to make any confession to M. d'Escorval, but he had replied in the most evasive manner to all the questions which had been put to him; and in several instances he had not replied at all.

And if the judge had not insisted upon a reply, it was only because this first examination was a mere formality, intended to justify the rather premature delivery of the order to imprison the accused.

Under these circumstances, how was one to explain this act of despair on the part of the prisoner?

The statistics of prisons prove that "habitual offenders" (that is the expression) do not commit suicide.

When detected in a criminal act, some members of this class are seized with a wild frenzy, and have what are styled nervous attacks; others fall into a dull stupor, like a glutted beast who falls asleep with the blood of his victim upon his lips.

But such men never think of putting an end to their days. They hold fast to their life, no matter how seriously they may be compromised. They are cowards.

On the other hand, the unfortunate man who, in a moment of frenzy, commits some crime, not unfrequently seeks to avoid the consequences of his act by a voluntary death.

Hence this abortive attempt on the part of the accused was a strong argument in favor of Lecoq's theory.

This wretched man's secret must be a terrible one, since he holds it dearer than his life; since he has tried to destroy himself that he might take it inviolate to the grave.

Four o'clock sounded.

Quickly Lecoq sprang from the bed, where he had thrown himself down without removing his clothing; and five minutes later he was walking down the Rue Montmartre.

The weather was still disagreeable; the fog had not lifted. But what did it matter to the young detective?

He was walking briskly on, when, just as he reached Saint Eustache, someone in a coarse, mocking voice accosted him with:

"Ah, ha! my fine fellow!"

He looked up and perceived Gevrol, who, accompanied by three of his men, had come to cast his nets near the market. It is a good place. The police seldom fail to find thieves and vagabonds lurking around the establishment kept open during the night by the hucksters.

"You are up very early this morning, Monsieur Lecoq," continued the inspector; "you are still trying to discover our man's identity, I suppose?"

"Still trying."

"Is he a prince in disguise, or only a simple marquis?"

"One or the other, I am quite certain."

"Very well. In that case, you will not refuse to give us an opportunity to drink to your success."

Lecoq consented, and the party entered a saloon near by. When the glasses were filled:

"Upon my word, General," exclaimed Lecoq, "our meeting will save me a long walk. I was intending to go to the prefecture to request you, in behalf of Monsieur d'Escorval, to send one of our comrades to the morgue this morning. The affair at the Poivrière has been noised about, and all the world will be there, and he desires some officer to be present to watch the crowd and listen to the remarks of the visitors."

"Very well; Father Absinthe shall be there at the opening."

To send Father Absinthe where a shrewd and subtle agent was required was a mockery. Still Lecoq made no protest against this decision. It was better to be badly served than to be betrayed; and he could trust Father Absinthe.

"It does not matter much," continued Gevrol; "but you should have informed me of this last evening. But when I reached the prefecture you had gone."

"I had business."

"Yes?"

"At the station-house at the Barrière d'Italie. I wished to know whether the floor of the cage was paved or tiled."

After this response, he paid the score, saluted his superior officer, and went out.

"Thunder!" exclaimed Gevrol, striking his glass violently upon the counter. "Thunder! how that fellow provokes me! He does not know the A B C's of his profession. When he can discover nothing, he invents wonderful stories, and then misleads the judges with his high-sounding phrases, in the hope of winning promotion. I will give him advancement with a vengeance! I will teach him to set himself above me!"

Lecoq had not been deceived. The evening before, he had visited the station-house where the prisoner had first been confined, and had compared the soil of the cell floor with the dust he had in his pocket; and he took away with him, as he believed, one of those crushing proofs that often suffice to extort from the most obstinate criminal a complete confession.

If he was in haste to part company with Gevrol, it was because he was eager to pursue his investigations still further, before appearing in the presence of M. d'Escorval.

He was determined to find the coachman who had been stopped by the two women on the Rue du Chevaleret; and with this object in view, he had obtained at the prefecture the name and address of each person who had carriages for hire, between the road to Fontainebleau and the Seine.

His first efforts at investigation were unfortunate.

In the first establishment which he visited, the stable boys, who were not yet up, swore at him roundly. In the second, he found the grooms at work, but not a coachman had made his appearance.

Moreover, the proprietor of the establishment refused to show him the books upon which are recorded—or should be recorded—the daily engagements of each coachman.

He was beginning to despair, when at about half-past seven o'clock he reached the house of a man named Trigault, whose establishment was just beyond the fortifications. Here he learned that on Sunday night, or rather early Monday morning, one of the coachmen, as he was returning home for the night, had been accosted by some parties, who succeeded in persuading him to go back to Paris.

This coachman was pointed out to Lecoq; he was then in the court-yard harnessing his horse.

He was a little old man, with a very high colour, and small eyes full of cunning. Lecoq walked up to him at once.

"Was it you," he demanded, "who, on Sunday night, or rather on Monday, between one and two o'clock in the morning, took two women from the Rue du Chevaleret to the city?"

The coachman looked up, and, surveying Lecoq attentively, cautiously replied:

"Perhaps."

"It is a positive answer that I want."

"Aha!" said the old man, sneeringly, "Monsieur undoubtedly knows two ladies who have lost something in a carriage, and so—"

The young detective trembled with joy. This man was certainly the one whom he sought; he interrupted him:

"Have you heard anything about a crime that has been committed in the neighbourhood?"

"Yes; a murder in a low drinking-saloon."

"Very well! These two women were there; they fled when we entered the saloon. I am trying to find them. I am an agent of the safety-service; here is my card. Can you give me any information?"

The coachman had become very pale.

"Ah! the wretches!" he exclaimed. "I am no longer surprised at the *pourboire* they gave me. A louis, and two one hundred sou pieces for the fare—thirty francs in all. Cursed money! if I had not spent it, I would throw it away!"

"And where did you carry them?"

"To the Rue de Bourgogne. I have forgotten the number, but I should recognize the house."

"Unfortunately they would not have you leave them at their own door."

"Who knows? I saw them ring; they pulled the bell, and I think they entered just as I drove away. Shall I take you there?"

Lecoq's sole response was to spring upon the driver's seat, exclaiming:

"Let us be off."

CHAPTER XIV

WAS one to suppose that the women who escaped from the Widow Chupin's saloon at the moment of the murder were utterly devoid of intelligence?

No!

Was it possible that these two fugitives, conscious as they were of their perilous situation, would have gone to their real home in a carriage hired on the public highway?

No, again.

Then the hope of finding them manifested by the coachman was chimerical.

Lecoq felt this, and yet he had not hesitated an instant before leaping upon the seat, and giving the signal to depart.

By doing this, he obeyed a maxim which he had fabricated in his hours of meditation, a maxim which was to assure his fame in after days, and which reads as follows:

"In the matter of information, above all, regard with suspicion that which seems probable. Begin always by believing what seems incredible."

While arriving at these conclusions, the young detective was ingratiating himself into the good graces of the coachman, thereby winning all the information that this worthy had it in his power to bestow.

It was also a way that Lecoq had devised to get back to the heart of Paris more quickly.

He was not deceived in this last calculation.

The horse pricked up his ears and quickened his pace when his master cried: "Hi, there, Cocotte!" in tones that the poor beast knew would admit of no trifling.

In less than no time the carriage reached the Route de Choisy, and then Lecoq resumed his inquiries.

"Well, my good man," he began, "you have told me the principal facts, now I would like the details. How did these two women attract your attention?"

"It was all very simple. I had been having a most unfortunate day—six hours standing in line upon the boulevards, the rain pouring down all the time. What misery! At midnight I had gained only thirty sous of *pourboire*, all told. Still I was so chilled through, and my horse was so tired, that I decided to return. I was grumbling not a little, as you may suppose! After passing the corner of the Rue Picard, on the Rue du Chevaleret, I saw two women standing under a street-lamp, some distance from me. Naturally, I did not pay any attention to them; for when a man is as old as I am, women—"

"Go on!" said Lecoq, who could not restrain his impatience.

"I had passed them, when they began to call: 'Coachman! coachman!' I pretended I did not hear them; but one of them ran after me, crying: 'A louis! a louis for *pourboire!*' I deliberated for a moment, when, as if to conquer my hesitancy, the woman added: 'And ten francs for fare!' Of course, I stopped at once."

Lecoq was boiling over with impatience, but he felt that direct and hurried questions would be useless. The wisest course was to listen to all the man had to say.

"As you may suppose," continued the coachman, "one is not inclined to trust two such suspicious characters, alone at that hour, in that part of the city. So when they were about to enter the carriage, I cried: 'Halt there! my little friends, you have promised papa some sous; where are they?' The one who had called me at once handed me thirty francs, saying: 'Above all, make haste!'"

"It would be impossible to be more

exact," said the young man, approvingly. "Now, how about these two women?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean what kind of people did they seem to be; for what would you have taken them?"

The man's red face expanded under the influence of a broad smile.

"Well! I took them to be nothing very good," he replied.

"Ah! and how were they dressed?"

"Like other girls who go to dance at the Rainbow, you know. But one of them was very neat and trig, while the other—well! she was a terrible dowdy."

"Which one ran after you?"

"The neatly dressed girl, the one who—"

He paused suddenly; so vivid was the remembrance that passed through his brain, that he jerked the reins and brought his horse to a stand-still.

"Thunder!" he exclaimed; "now I think of it, I did notice something strange. One of the two women called the other madame, as large as life, while the other said thee and thou, and spoke rather harshly to her companion."

"Oh! oh! oh!" exclaimed the young detective, in three different keys. "And which, if you please, said thou?"

"The shabbily dressed one. She couldn't put two feet in one shoe, that woman couldn't. She shook the other, the trig-looking girl, as if she were a plum-tree. 'Wretch!' said she, 'do you wish to ruin us? You can faint when we get home if you wish; come along!' And the other replied, sobbing: 'Indeed, Madame, indeed I cannot! She really did seem unable to move; in fact, she seemed so ill that I said to myself: 'Here is a young woman who has drank more than a sufficiency.'"

These facts confirmed while they corrected Lecoq's first supposition.

As he had suspected, the social position of the two women was not the same.

He had been mistaken, however, in attributing the pre-eminence to the woman wearing the small shoes with the high heels, whose impressions upon the snow had revealed her weakness.

This pre-eminence belonged to her who had left the prints of the large, broad shoes; and superior in her rank, she had been so in her energy.

Until now Lecoq had been satisfied that she was the servant and the other the mistress.

"Is this all, my good fellow?" he asked his companion.

"All," replied the coachman, "except I noticed that the shabbily dressed woman who paid me had a hand—well, as small as an infant's; and in spite of her anger, her voice was as sweet as music."

"Did you see her face?"

"I just caught a glimpse of it."

"Could you tell if she were pretty, or whether she was a blonde or a brunette?"

So many questions at a time confused the worthy coachman.

"Stop a minute!" he replied. "In my opinion, she was not pretty, and I do not believe she was young; but she certainly was a blonde, with plenty of hair."

"Was she tall or short; stout or slender?"

"Between the two."

This was very vague.

"And the other," demanded Lecoq, "the neatly dressed one?"

"The devil! As for her, I did not notice her at all; she was very small, that is all I know about her."

"Would you recognize her if you should meet her again?"

"Thunder! no."

The carriage had traversed about half of the Rue de Bourgogne; the coachman stopped his horse and said:

"Attention! That is the house which the two women entered."

To draw off the silk handkerchief that served him as a muffler, to fold it and slip it into his pocket, to spring to the ground and enter the house indicated, was the work of an instant only for the young detective.

In the *concièrge's* little room an old woman was seated knitting.

"Madame," said Lecoq, politely, presenting her with the silk handkerchief, "I came here to return this article to one of your lodgers."

"To which one?"

"Really, that is something I do not know."

The worthy *concièrge* for a moment supposed that this extremely polite young man was mocking her.

"Villanous wretch!" she began.

"Pardon," interrupted Lecoq; "allow me to finish. This is my explanation: Night before last, or rather day before yesterday morning, about three o'clock, I was quietly returning home, when, not far from here, two ladies, who seemed to be in a great hurry, passed me. One of them dropped this. I picked it up, and, of course, hastened after them to return it; but my labour was lost; they had already entered here. At such an hour I did not like to ring, for fear of disturbing you. Yesterday I was very busy, but to-day I came to return the article; here it is.

He laid the handkerchief upon the table, and pretended that he was about to go, but the *concièrge* detained him.

"Many thanks for your kindness," said she, "but you can keep it. Here, in this house, we have no ladies who return home alone after midnight.'

"Still I have eyes," insisted Lecoq, "and I certainly saw—"

"Ah! I had forgotten," exclaimed the old woman. "The night you speak of someone did ring the bell here. I opened my door and listened. I heard nothing. Not hearing anyone close the door or come upstairs, I said to myself: 'It is some mischievous boy playing a trick on me.' I slipped on my dress and went out into the vestibule. What did I see? Two shadowy forms running away; as they ran they slammed the outer door in my face. I opened it again as quickly as I could, and looked out into the street. What did I see then? Two women hurrying away as fast as they could."

"In what direction?"

"They were running toward the Rue de Varennes."

Lecoq was baffled again; he bowed civilly to the *concièrge*, whom he might have need of again, and went back to the carriage.

"As I had supposed, they do not live here," he remarked to the coachman.

That worthy man shrugged his shoulders in evident vexation; and his wrath was about to find vent in a torrent of words, when Lecoq, who had consulted his watch, checked it by saying:

"Nine o'clock! I shall be an hour behind time, but I shall have some news to tell. Take me to the morgue as quickly as possible."

CHAPTER XV

THE days that follow mysterious crimes and catastrophes, whose victims have not been recognized, are great days at the morgue.

The employees hasten about exchanging jests that make one's flesh creep. Almost all of them are very gay. Perhaps it is from an imperious need to arm themselves against the horrible gloom that surrounds them.

"We shall have the world and his wife here to-day," they say.

And, in fact, as soon as Lecoq and his coachman reached the quay, they could see in the distance the dense and excited crowd which had gathered around that chamber of horrors.

The newspapers had reported the affair that had taken place in the Widow Chupin's saloon, and everybody wished to see the victims.

Upon the bridge Lecoq made the driver stop his horse, and leaped to the ground.

"I do not wish to get out of the carriage before the morgue," he said to the coachman.

Then drawing out, first his watch, and then his purse, he said:

"We have spent one hour and forty minutes, my good fellow, consequently, I owe you—"

"Nothing at all," replied the coachman, decidedly.

"But—"

"No; not a sou. I am too much provoked to think that I took the money of those abominable jades! I wish what I bought to drink with their money had given me the colic. So pray feel no uneasiness about the score. If you need a carriage, take mine for nothing until you have caught the wretches."

Lecoq at that time was by no means rich, and he did not insist.

"You will at least take my name and my address?" continued the coachman.

"Certainly. The judge will wish to hear your deposition. You will receive a summons."

"Very well. Address Papillon (Eugene), coachman, at the house of Monsieur Trigault. I lodge there, because I have some small interest in the business, you see."

The young policeman was hastening away, when Papillon called him back.

"When you leave the morgue you will want to go somewhere; you told me that you had an appointment, and that you were late now."

"Yes, I ought to be at the Palais de Justice; but it is only a few steps from here."

"No matter. I am going to wait for you at the corner. Ah! it is useless to say 'no'; I have made up my mind, and I am a Breton. I have a favor to ask of you. Ride out that thirty francs that those jades paid me."

It would have been cruel to refuse such a request. Lecoq made a motion of assent, and hurried toward the morgue.

If there was a crowd outside, it was because the gloomy place was full, literally packed inside.

Lecoq, to effect an entrance, was obliged to use his elbows vigorously.

Within, the sight was horrible; and it was terrible to think what disgusting sensations and emotions that ferocious throng had come to seek there.

There were women in great numbers, and crowds of young maidens.

The shop-girls and the workmen who reside in the neighbourhood made a *détour*, in order to come and look upon the harvest of dead bodies which crime, carriage accidents, the Seine, and the canal St. Martin gather each day for the morgue. The most sensitive come no farther than the door, the more intrepid enter and relate their impressions to their less courageous companions on emerging from the horrible place.

When there is nobody there, when the marble slabs are unoccupied, the visitors are not pleased—hard as it may be to believe it.

But there was a full house that morning. All the slabs, with the exception of two, were occupied.

The atmosphere was terrible. A damp chill penetrated one's body, and from the panting crowd rose an infectious steam, heavily impregnated with the odor of the chloride of lime used as a disinfectant.

And with the whispers of the bystanders, which were interspersed with sighs and exclamations, was mingled, as a continuous accompaniment, the murmur of the water trickling from the spigot at the head of each slab; a tiny stream that flowed forth only to fall in fine spray upon the marble.

Through the small arched windows a gray light stole in on the exposed bodies, making each muscle stand out clearly, bringing into bold relief the ghastly tints of the lifeless flesh, and imparting a sinister aspect to the tattered clothing suspended about the room to aid in identification. This clothing, after a certain time, is sold—for nothing is wasted.

But Lecoq was too much occupied with his own thoughts to remark the horrors of the scene.

He scarcely bestowed a glance on the three victims. He was seeking Father Absinthe and did not see him anywhere.

Had Gevrol intentionally or unintentionally failed to fulfil his promise, or had Father Absinthe forgotten his duty in his morning dram?

Powerless to decide what the cause of his comrade's absence might be, Lecoq addressed the head keeper:

"It would seem that no one has yet recognized either of the unfortunate victims of the triple murder at the Widow Chupin's."

"No one. And yet, from the opening, we have had an immense crowd. If I were master here, on such days as this, I would ask an admission fee of two sous, and charge half price for children. It would bring in a round sum—would more than cover the expenses."

The idea thus presented offered an inducement to conversation, but Lecoq did not seize it.

"Excuse me," he interrupted. "Did they not send one of the agents of the secret-service here this morning?"

"Yes, there was one here."

"Has he gone away, then? I do not see him anywhere."

The keeper, before making any response, glanced suspiciously at the eager questioner, and at last, with some hesitancy of manner, he inquired:

"Are you one of them?"

This phrase came into circulation at the epoch when so many secret agents, whose business it was to excite revolt, flourished. Under the Restoration, this term was applied only to the police.

"He is one of them," or "He is not one of them." The expression has survived the circumstances that gave it birth.

"I am one of them," replied Lecoq, exhibiting his badge in support of his assertion.

"And your name?"

"Is Lecoq."

The face of the keeper was suddenly illumined by a smile.

"In that case," said he, "I have a letter for you, written by your comrade, who was obliged to go away. Here it is."

The detective at once broke the seal and read:

"MONSIEUR LECOQ—"

"Monsieur!" This simple formula of politeness brought a faint smile to the lips of the reader. Was it not on the part of Father Absinthe, an evident recognition of his colleague's superiority?

The young man saw in it an unquestioning devotion which it would be his duty to repay with the kind protection of the master for his first disciple.

He continued the perusal of his letter.

"MONSIEUR LECOQ—I had been standing on duty since the opening of the morgue, when about nine o'clock three young men entered, arm in arm. From their manner and appearance I judged them to be clerks in some store or warehouse. Suddenly I noticed that one of them had turned as white as his shirt; and calling the attention of his companions to one of the unknown victims, he said, 'Gustave!'

"His comrades put their hands over his lips, and one of them said: 'What are you about, you fool, to mix yourself up with this affair? Do you wish to get us into trouble?'

"Thereupon they went out, and I followed them.

"But the person who had spoken was so overcome that he could scarcely drag himself along; and his companions were obliged to take him to a little restaurant.

"I entered it myself, and it is there where I am writing this letter, while I watch them out of the corner of my eye. The head keeper will give you this note, explaining my absence. You will understand that I am going to follow these men. A. B. S."

The handwriting of this letter was almost illegible; there were faults of orthography in each line; but its meaning was clear and exact, and could not fail to awaken the most flattering hopes.

Lecoq's face was radiant when he returned to the carriage, and, as he urged on his horse, the old coachman could not refrain from saying:

"Things are going on to suit you."

A friendly "chut!" was the only response. It required all his attention to classify this new information.

When he descended from the carriage before the gate of the Palais de Justice, he experienced considerable difficulty in dismissing the old coachman, who insisted upon remaining at his orders. He succeeded at last, but even when he had reached the portico of the left entrance, the worthy driver, standing upon his carriage-box, shouted:

"At the house of Monsieur Trigault—do not forget—Father Papillon—No. 998—1,000 less 2—"

When he reached the third story of the left wing of the palace, and was about entering that long, narrow and sombre corridor known as the *galerie de l'instruction*, Lecoq addressed a door-keeper installed behind a heavy oaken desk.

"Monsieur d'Escorval is undoubtedly in his office," he remarked.

The man shook his head.

"Monsieur d'Escorval," he replied, "is not here this morning, and he will not be here for several weeks."

"Why so? What do you mean?"

"Last evening as he was alighting from his carriage, at his own door, he had a most unfortunate fall, and broke his leg."

CHAPTER XVI

ONE is rich—one has a carriage, horse and coachman—and when one passes leaning back upon the cushions, one receives many an envious glance.

But sometimes the coachman has taken a drop too much, and upsets the carriage; perhaps the horses run away and break everything, or the until then fortunate owner, in a moment of abstraction, misses the step, and fractures his limb upon the sharp curb-stone.

Such accidents are occurring every day; and the long list ought to make humble foot-passengers bless their lowly lot which preserves them from such perils.

On learning the misfortune that had befallen M. d'Escorval, Lecoq's face wore such an expression of consternation that the door-keeper could not help laughing.

"What is there so very extraordinary about it?" he demanded.

"I—oh! nothing——"

The detective did not speak the truth. The fact is, he had just been struck by the strange coincidence of these two events, viz., the murderer's attempted suicide, and the fall of the judge.

But he did not allow the vague presentiment that flitted through his mind to assume form.

What connection could there be between the two facts?

Besides, he never allowed himself to be governed by prejudice, nor had he as yet enriched his formulary by the axiom which he afterward professed:

"Regard with distrust all circumstances which seem to favor our secret desires."

It is certain that Lecoq was far from being rejoiced at M. d'Escorval's accident, and that he would gladly have given a great deal if the misfortune could have been prevented. But he could not help saying to himself that he would, by this stroke of misfortune, be freed from all further disagreeable connection with a man whose superciliousness and disdain had, as it were, crushed him.

This thought caused a sensation of relief, almost of light-heartedness.

"In that case," he remarked to the door-keeper, "I shall have nothing to do here this morning."

"You must be joking. Does the world stop moving because one man is disabled? It is only an hour since the news came; but all the urgent business that M. d'Escorval had in charge has already been divided among the other judges."

"I came here about that terrible affair that occurred night before last."

"Eh! Why did you not say so? They are waiting for you, and a messenger has been sent to the Prefecture for you already. Monsieur Segmuller has charge of the case."

Deep lines of doubt and perplexity appeared on Lecoq's forehead. He tried to remember the judge that bore this name, and wondered whether he should find himself *en rapport* with him.

"Yes," resumed the doorkeeper, who seemed to be in a talkative mood: "Monsieur Segmuller—you do not seem to know him. He is a worthy man, not so grim in manner as most of our gentlemen. It was of him that a prisoner said one day, after his examination was over: 'That devil there has pumped me so well that I shall certainly have my head chopped off; but, nevertheless, he is a good fellow!'"

It was with a heart somewhat lightened by these favourable reports, that Lecoq went and tapped at the door that had been indicated, and which bore the number 22.

"Come in!" called a pleasant voice.

Lecoq entered, and found himself face to face with a man about forty years of age, tall and rather corpulent, who said at once:

"Ah! you are Agent Lecoq. Very well—take a seat. I am busy just now with the case, but I will attend to you in five minutes."

Lecoq obeyed and furtively began a study of the man whose co-laborer he was to become.

His exterior corresponded perfectly with the description given by the doorkeeper. Frankness and benevolence beamed on his plump face, which was lighted by very pleasant blue eyes.

Still the young detective fancied that it would not be safe to trust too implicitly to these benign appearances.

And he was quite right.

Born near Strasbourg, M. Segmuller was blessed with that candid physiognomy that belongs to almost all the children of blond Alsace—a deceitful mask, which not unfrequently conceals Gascon cunning rendered still more dangerous by a union with extreme caution.

M. Segmuller's mind was wonderfully penetrating and alert; but his system—every judge has his own—was good humor. While some of his colleagues were as stiff and cutting in manner as the sword which the statute of Justice holds in her hand, he assumed a simplicity and a kindness of demeanor, which never affected his firmness of character as a magistrate, however.

But his voice had such a paternal intonation, he veiled the subtle meaning of his questions and the hearing of the answers with such an affectation of frankness, that the man whom he questioned forgot the necessity of protecting himself, and revealed all. And while the culprit was congratulating himself upon getting the best of the judge, the poor wretch was being turned inside out like a glove.

Besides such a man a grave and slender clerk would have excited distrust; so he had chosen one who was a caricature of himself. His name was Goquet. He was short, very corpulent, beardless, and smiling. His broad face was expressive of silliness rather than good humour, and he was not particularly bright.

As M. Segmuller had said, he was studying the case which had so unexpectedly fallen into his hands.

All the articles which Lecoq had collected *from the flakes of wool to the diamond earring*, were spread out upon the magistrate's desk.

He read and re-read the report which had been written by Lecoq, and according to the different phases of the affair, he examined the objects before him, or consulted the plan of the ground.

Not at the end of five minutes, but at the close of a good half hour, he threw himself back in his armchair.

"Monsieur Lecoq," he said slowly, "Monsieur d'Escorval has informed me by a note on the margin of this file of papers, that you are an intelligent man, and that we can trust you."

"My will, at least, is good."

"You speak too slightingly of yourself; this is the first time that an agent has brought me a report as complete as yours. You are young; if you will persevere, I think you will be able to accomplish great things in your profession."

The young man bowed, pale with delight, and stammered his thanks.

"Your opinion in this matter coincides with mine," continued M. Segmuller. "The government attorney informs me that Monsieur d'Escorval shares this opinion. An enigma is before us; and it ought to be solved."

"Oh! we shall solve it, shall we not, Monsieur?" exclaimed Lecoq.

He indeed felt capable of extraordinary things; he was ready to go through fire and water for the judge who had received him so kindly. Such intense enthusiasm sparkled in his eyes that M. Segmuller could not restrain a smile.

"I have strong hopes of it myself," he responded; "but we are far from the end. Now, what have you been doing since yesterday? Did Monsieur d'Escorval give you any orders? Have you obtained any new information?"

"I think, Monsieur, that I have not wasted any time."

And immediately, with rare precision and with that happiness of expression which seldom fails the man who is thoroughly *en rapport* with his subject, Lecoq related all that he had discovered since his departure from the Poivrière.

He recounted the daring acts committed by the man whom he believed an accomplice, the points he had noted in the murderer's conduct, and the latter's unsuccessful attempt at self-destruction. He repeated the testimony given by the coachman, and by the *concièrge;* he read the letter he had received from Father Absinthe.

In conclusion, he placed upon the judge's desk some of the earth he had procured in such a strange manner, and deposited beside it about the same quantity of dust that he had brought from the floor of the cell in which the murderer had been confined at the Barrière d'Italie.

Then, when he had explained the reasons which had influenced him, and the conclusions that might be drawn from the discovery he had made:

"Ah! you are right!" exclaimed M. Segmuller, "it may be that you have discovered a means to confound all the denials of the prisoner. It certainly is an evidence of surprising sagacity on your part."

It must have been, for Goquet, the clerk, nodded approvingly.

"Wonderful!" he murmured. "I should never have thought of that.

While he was talking, M. Segmuller had carefully placed all the articles of conviction in a large drawer, from which they would not emerge until the trial.

"Now," said he. "I understand the case well enough to examine the Widow Chupin. We may gain some information from her."

He laid his hand upon the bell; Lecoq made an almost supplicating gesture.

"I have one great favor to ask, Monsieur."

"What is it? speak."

"I should deem it a great favor if you would permit me to be present at this examination. It takes so little, sometimes, to awaken a happy inspiration."

The law says that the accused shall first be privately examined by the judge, assisted by his clerk; but it also allows the presence of agents of the police force.

"Very well," responded M. Segmuller, "remain."

He rang the bell; a messenger appeared.

"Has the Widow Chupin been brought here, in compliance with my orders?"

"Yes, Monsieur; she is here in the gallery."

"Let her come in."

An instant after, the woman entered, bowing to the right and to the left.

This was not her first appearance before a magistrate, and she was not ignorant of the respect that is due to justice.

So she had arrayed herself for her examination with the utmost care.

She had arranged her rebellious gray hair in smooth bandeaux, and she had done the best possible with the plain clothing she wore. She had even persuaded the keeper of the prison to purchase for her, with the money she had upon her person at the time of her arrest, a black *crêpe* bonnet and two white pocket-handkerchiefs, which she intended to deluge with her tears at pathetic moments.

To second these artifices of the toilette, she had drawn upon her *répertoire* of grimaces for an innocent, sad, and yet resigned air, well fitted, in her opinion, at least, to win the sympathy and indulgence of the magistrate upon whom her fate was to depend.

Thus disguised, with downcast eyes and honeyed voice, she looked so unlike the terrible termagant of the Poivrière, that her customers would scarcely have recognized her.

An honest old bachelor would have been more than likely to offer her twenty francs a month to take charge of his house.

But M. Segmuller had unmasked so many hypocrites that he was not deceived for a moment; and the thought that entered his mind was the same that sparkled in the eyes of Lecoq:

"What an old *comédienne!*"

His penetration, it is true, may have been considerably aided by some notes he had just perused. These notes were simply an abstract of the woman's former life, which had been furnished by the chief of police, at the request of the judge.

M. Segmuller, by a gesture, warned his smiling clerk to be ready to write.

"Your name?" he demanded, brusquely.

"Aspassie Clapard, my good sir," replied the old woman; "the Widow Chupin, at your service, sir."

She executed a profound courtesy, and added:

"A lawful widow, you understand, sir; I have my marriage papers safe in my chest at home; and if you wish to send anyone——"

"Your age?" interrupted the judge.

"Fifty-four."

"Your profession?"

"Dealer in liquors, in Paris, near the Rue du Château-des-Rentiers, a few steps from the fortifications."

These questions as to individuality are always the first which are addressed to a prisoner.

They give both the judge and the accused time to study each other, to try each other's strength, as it were, before engaging in a serious struggle; as two adversaries about to engage in mortal combat first try a few passes with foils.

"Now," resumed the judge, "we will note your antecedents. Have you not already been found guilty of several offences?"

The old sinner was too well versed in criminal procedure to be ignorant of those famous records, which render the denial of identity such a difficult matter in France.

"I have been unfortunate, my good Judge," whined the old woman.

"Yes, a number of times. First, you were arrested on the charge of being a receiver of stolen goods."

"But it was proved that I was innocent, that my character was whiter than snow. My poor, dear husband had been deceived by his comrades; that was all."

"Possibly. But while your husband was submitting to his sentence, you were sentenced to imprisonment, first for one month, and afterward, for a term of three months, for stealing."

"I had enemies who did their best to ruin me."

"Again you were imprisoned for having led some young girls astray."

"They were good-for-nothing hussies, my dear sir, heartless and unprincipled creatures. I did them many favours, and then they went and related a batch of falsehoods to ruin me. I have always been too kind and considerate toward others."

The list of the woman's offences was not exhausted, but M. Segmuller thought it useless to continue.

"Such is your past," he resumed. "At the present time your saloon is the resort of criminals and malefactors. Your son is serving out his fourth term of imprisonment; and it has been clearly proved that you abetted him and assisted him in his evil deeds. Your daughter-in-law, by some miracle, has remained honest and industrious, so you have tormented and abused her to such an extent that the authorities have been obliged to interfere. When she left your house you tried to keep her child—in order to rear it like its father, undoubtedly."

"This," thought the old woman, "is the moment to soften the judge's heart." She drew her new handkerchief from her pocket, and endeavoured, by rubbing her eyes energetically, to extract a tear. One might have drawn tears from a piece of parchment just as easily.

"Oh, unhappy me!" she groaned; "to suspect, to think that I would harm my grandson, my poor little Toto! I should be worse than the wild beasts, to wish to draw my own flesh and blood down to perdition."

But these lamentations did not seem to have much effect on the judge. She saw this, and, suddenly changing her mode of attack and her tone, she began her justification.

She did not positively deny her past; but she threw all the blame on destiny, which is not just, which favours some, but not usually the best, people, and which shows no mercy to others.

Alas! she was one of those who have had no chance in life, having always been innocent and persecuted. In this last affair, for example, how was she to blame? A triple murder had stained her saloon with blood; but the most respectable establishments are not exempt from similar catastrophes.

She had had time for reflection in her solitary confinement, she had searched the deepest recesses of her conscience, and she was still unable to discover what blame could justly be laid at her door.

"I can tell you," interrupted the judge. "You are accused of impeding the action of the law."

"*Mon Dieu!* is it possible?"

"And of seeking to defeat justice. This is equivalent to complicity, Widow Chupin; take care. When the police entered your cabin, after this crime had been committed, you refused to answer their questions."

"I told them all that I knew."

"Very well; you must repeat it to me."

M. Segmuller had reason to be content. He had conducted the examination in such a way that the Widow Chupin had been naturally led to undertake the relation of the facts herself.

This was an excellent point gained. Direct questions would, perhaps, have put this shrewd old woman, who retained all her *sang-froid*, upon her guard; and it was necessary that she should not suspect what the judge knew, or what he was ignorant of, in relation to the affair.

So, by leaving her to her own devices, he might be able to discover in its entirety the version which she proposed to substitute for the truth.

This version, neither the judge nor Lecoq doubted, had been concerted at the station-house of the Place d'Italie between the murderer and the pretended drunkard, and afterward transmitted to the widow by the bold accomplice.

"Oh! the affair was very simple, my good sir," began the honest travern-keeper. "Sunday evening I was sitting alone by the fire in my establishment, when suddenly the door opened, and I saw three men and two ladies enter."

M. Segmuller and the detective exchanged a rapid glance. The accomplice, then, had seen Lecoq and his companions examining the footprints, and did not intend to deny the presence of the two women.

"What time was this?" demanded the judge.

"About eleven o'clock."

"Go on."

"As soon as they sat down, they ordered a bowl of wine, *à la Française.* Without boasting, I may say that I have not an equal in preparing this beverage. Of course, I waited upon them, and afterward, having a blouse to mend for my boy, I went up to my room, which is on the floor above."

"Leaving these people alone?"

"Yes, my Judge."

"That showed a great deal of confidence on your part."

The widow sadly shook her head. "When one has nothing," she sighed, "one has no fear of thieves."

"Go on—go on."

"Well, I had been up there about half an hour, when I heard someone below call out: 'Eh! old woman!' I went down and found a large, heavily bearded man, who had just come in. He wished a glass of brandy. I waited upon him; he was seated alone at a table."

"And then you went back upstairs again?" interrupted the judge.

Did the Widow Chupin comprehend the concealed irony? Her physiognomy did not allow you to divine whether such was the case or not.

"Precisely, my good sir," she replied. "Only this time I had scarcely taken up my needle before I heard a terrible uproar in the saloon. I hurried downstairs to put a stop to it—ah well! yes! The three first-comers had fallen upon the new-comer, and they were beating him, my good sir, they were killing him. I screamed. Just then the man who had come in alone drew a pistol from his pocket; he fired and killed one of his assailants, who fell to the ground. I was so frightened that I crouched on the staircase and put my apron over my head that I might not see the blood run. An instant later Monsieur Gevrol arrived with his men, they forced open the door, and beheld——"

These wretched old women, who have trafficked in every sort of vice, and who have tasted every disgrace, sometimes attain a perfection of hypocrisy which deceives the most subtle penetration.

A man who had not been warned beforehand, would certainly have been impressed by the apparent candour of the Widow Chupin, so naturally was it put on, so perfect was the affectation of frankness, surprise, and fear which she displayed.

Unfortunately her eyes were against her—her small grey eyes, which were as restless as those of a caged animal, and which gleamed with cunning.

Meanwhile, she was mentally rejoicing at the success of her narrative, being convinced that the judge placed implicit confidence in her revelation.

In fact, not a single muscle of M. Segmuller's face had betrayed his impressions during the old woman's recital—a recital which, by the way, had been uttered with prestidigitator-like volubility.

When she paused, out of breath, he rose and without a word approached his clerk to look over the notes which Goquet had taken of this first part of the examination.

From the corner where he was quietly seated, Lecoq did not cease his watch over the prisoner.

"She thinks," he was saying to himself, "that it is all over; and that her deposition is accepted without question."

If such were, indeed, the widow's opinion, she was soon to be undeceived.

M. Segmuller, after a few low-spoken words to the smiling Goquet, took a seat near the fire-place, convinced that the moment had come for pushing the examination more strongly.

"So, Widow Chupin," he began, "you affirm that you did not remain for a single moment with the people who came to your saloon for refreshments?"

"Not a moment."

"They entered and gave their order, you waited on them, and you left them at once?"

"Yes, my good sir."

"It seems to me impossible that you should not have caught some words of their conversation. What were they talking about?"

"I am not in the habit of watching and playing the spy over my customers."

"Did you not hear something?"

"Nothing."

The judge shrugged his shoulders with an air of commiseration.

"In other words," he remarked, "you refuse to inform the justice——"

"Oh, my good sir!"

"Allow me to finish. All these improbable stories about leaving the room, and mending your son's clothes in your chamber, you have invented, so that you could say to me: 'I have seen nothing; I have heard nothing; I know nothing.' If such is the system of defence you have adopted, I warn you that it will be impossible for you to sustain it, and that it will not be admitted by any tribunal."

"It is not a system of defence; it is the truth."

M. Segmuller seemed to reflect for a moment; then, suddenly, he said:

"Then you have nothing to tell me about this miserable assassin?"

"But he is not an assassin, my good sir."

"What do you mean by such an assertion?"

"I mean that he has only killed others in protecting himself. They sought a quarrel with him; he stood alone against three men; he saw very plainly that he could expect no mercy from brigands who——"

She suddenly checked herself, greatly embarrassed, as if reproaching herself for having gone too far; for having given too much liberty to her tongue.

She might reasonably hope, it is true, that the judge had not observed her indiscretion.

A brand had fallen from the fire down upon the hearth; he had taken the tongs, and his attention seemed to be engrossed in the task of artistically arranging his fire.

"Who can tell me—who can assure me that it was not this man, on the contrary, who first attacked the others?" he murmured, thoughtfully.

"I can," declared the widow, stoutly; "I can swear it."

M. Segmuller looked up, intense astonishment written upon every feature.

"How can you know that?" he said, slowly. "How can you swear it? You were in your chamber when the quarrel began."

Silent and motionless in his chair, Lecoq was inwardly jubilant. He thought that this was a most happy result, and that but a few questions more would be required to make the old woman contradict herself. He also assured himself that the proofs of her simplicity were increasing. Without a secret interest, the widow would never have undertaken the defence of the prisoner so imprudently.

"But you have probably been led to this conclusion by your knowledge of the character of the murderer, with whom you are apparently well acquainted," remarked the judge.

"I never laid eyes upon him until that evening."

"But he must have been in your establishment before?"

"Never in his life."

"Oh, oh! Then, you can explain how it was that on entering the barroom, while you were sitting in your room upstairs, this unknown person—this stranger—should have cried: 'Here, old woman!' Did he merely *guess* that the establishment was kept by a woman; and that this woman was no longer young?"

"He did not say that."

"Reflect a moment; you, yourself, just told me so."

"I did not say that, my good sir."

"Yes, you did, and I will prove it by reading your deposition to you. Goquet, read, if you please."

The smiling clerk at once found the passage, and in his clearest voice he read these words, taken down as they fell from the Widow Chupin's lips.

"'I had been upstairs about half an hour, when I heard someone call from below: "Eh! old woman!" I came down,'" etc., etc.

"Are you convinced?" insisted M. Segmuller.

The assurance of the old offender was sensibly diminished by this setback. But instead of discussing the subject further, the judge glided over it as if he did not attach much importance to the incident.

"And the other men," he resumed, "those who were killed; did you know them?"

"No, Monsieur, no more than I knew Adam and Eve."

"And were you not surprised to see three persons entirely unknown to you, and accompanied by two ladies, enter your establishment?"

"Sometimes chance——"

"Come! you do not think what you are

saying. It was not chance that brought these customers, in the middle of the night, to a saloon that has a reputation like yours—a saloon that is situated so far from any frequented route, and in the midst of a desolate waste.

"I am not a sorceress; what I say, that I think."

"Then you did not know even the youngest of the victims, the man who was attired as a soldier, Gustave, in short?"

"Not at all."

M. Segmuller noted the intonation of this response, and he added, more slowly:

"Certainly you must have heard allusion made to a friend of this Gustave a man called Lacheneur?"

On hearing this name, the proprietress of the Poivrière became visibly embarrassed, and it was in an altered voice that she stammered:

"Lacheneur! Lacheneur! I have never heard that name mentioned."

She denied it, but the effect that had been produced was evident, and Lecoq secretly vowed that he would find this Lacheneur, or perish in the attempt. Was there not among the articles of conviction a letter from him, written, as he had reason to believe, in a *café* on the Boulevard Beaumarchais?

With such a clew and with patience!

"Now," continued M. Segmuller, "we will speak of the women who accompanied these unfortunate men. What sort of women were they?"

"Oh! some women of no account whatever!"

"Were they richly dressed?"

"Very miserably, on the contrary."

"Well, give me a description of them."

"They were—my good Judge, I scarcely saw them. They were large and powerfully built women, so much so, indeed, that at first, it being Shrove Sunday, I took them for men in disguise. They had hands like shoulders of mutton, gruff voices, and very black hair. They were as dark as mulattoes——"

"Enough!" interrupted the judge; "I require no further proof of your dishonesty. These women were small, and one of them was remarkably fair."

"I swear to you, my good sir——"

"Do not declare it upon oath. I shall be forced to confront you with an honest man, who will tell you that you are a liar!"

She did not reply, and there was a moment's silence. M. Segmuller decided to deal a decisive blow.

"Do you also affirm that you had nothing of a compromising character in the pocket of your apron?" he demanded.

"Nothing—you may have it examined; it was left in the house."

"Then you still persist?" resumed M. Segmuller. "Believe me, you are wrong. Reflect—it depends solely upon your deposition whether you go to the Court of Assizes as a witness, or as an accomplice."

Although the widow seemed crushed by this unexpected blow, the judge said no more. Her deposition was read, she signed it and went away.

M. Segmuller immediately seated himself at his desk, filled out a blank and handed it to his clerk, saying:

"This, Goquet, is an order to be given to the keeper of the prison. Tell him to send the murderer here at once."

(*To be continued*)

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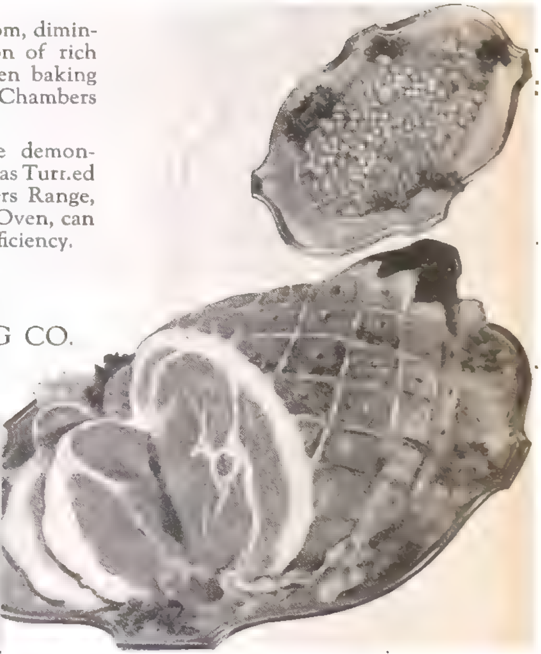

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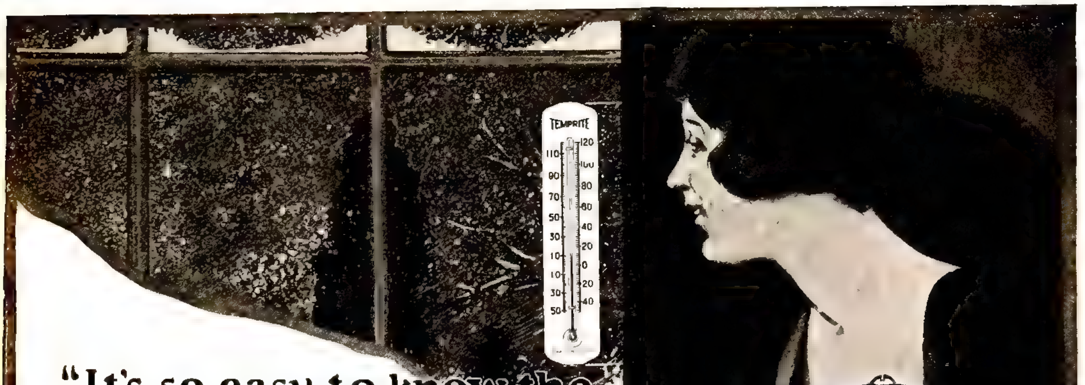

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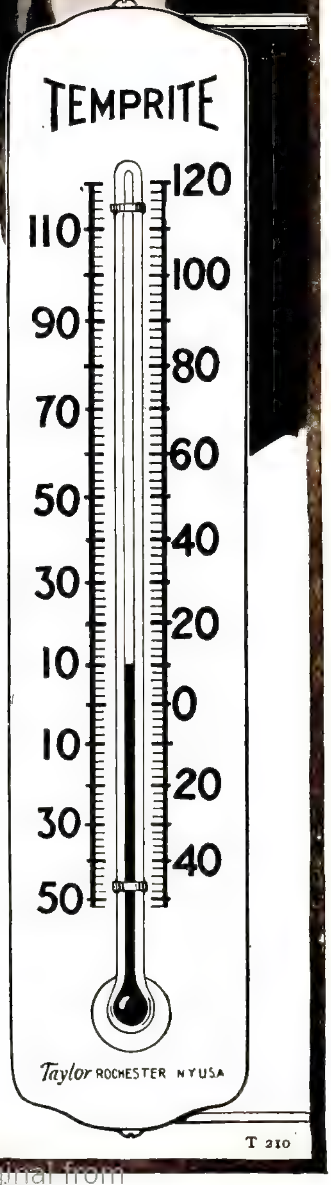

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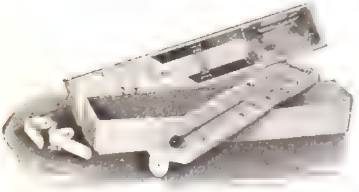

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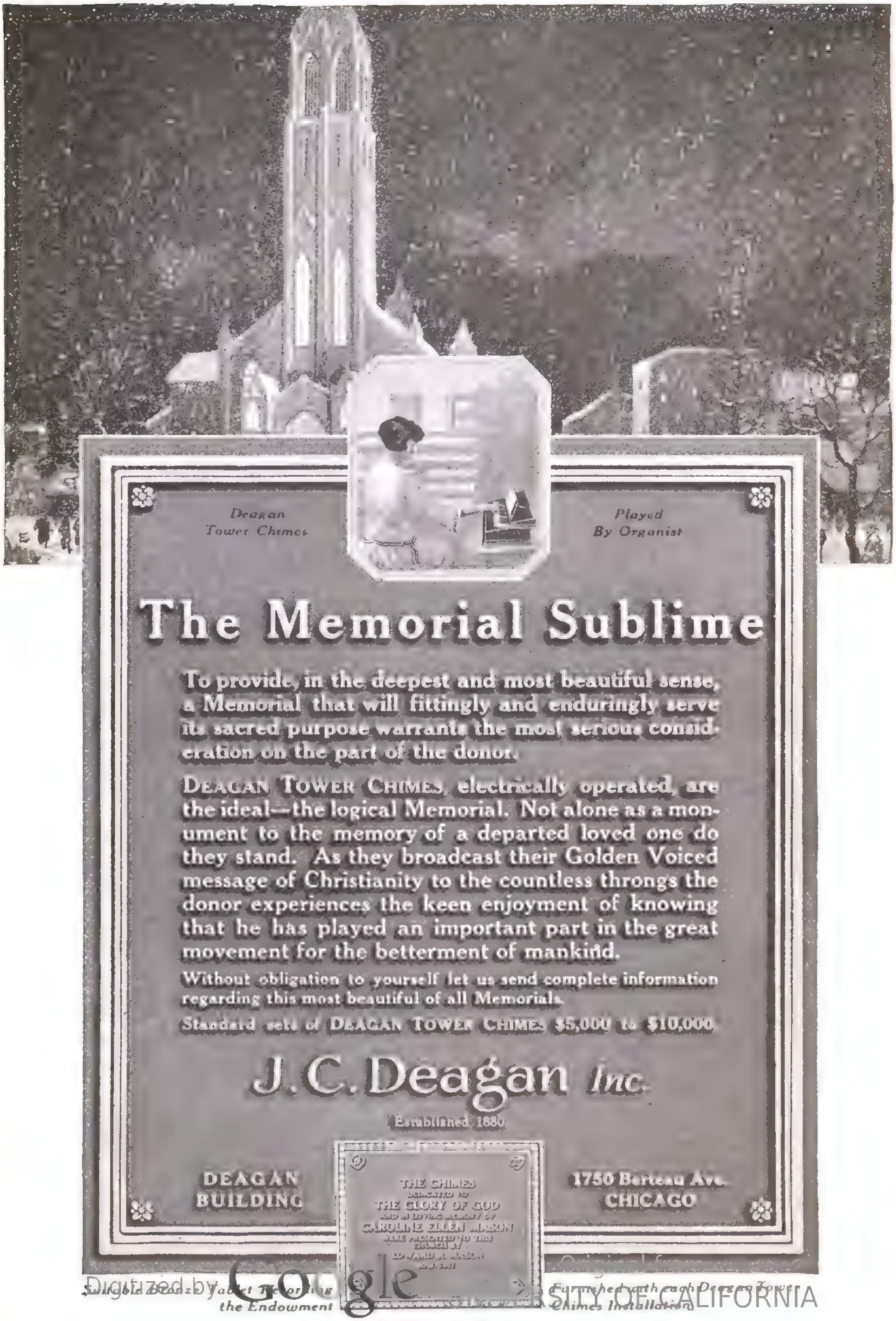

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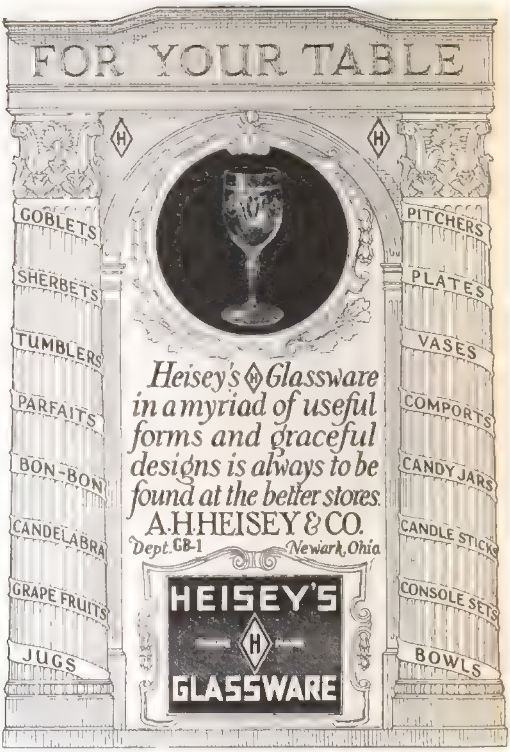

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At any rate the pleasure of considering and planning a delightful trip to places wholly new is almost as great as the trip itself. Anticipation is in itself a joy that can be made to last a long time. So why not begin now by anticipating a trip somewhere, and have an adventure considering the many possible alternatives?

My purpose in this article is to present some of these alternatives, suitable to this time of the year. Never before was there such a range of choice; never before such complete and comfortable travel service.

At this time of the year, while there are still a few delightful Mediterranean cruises, it is mostly a season of North and South American travel; North and South America have certainly come into their own—there are travel delights to please almost every taste, purse and time limit.

Before setting forth the attractions of other countries, give pause to the pleasures of a New York City trip. Hundreds of thousands have learned that New York City is one of the most delightful of travel jaunts—with the world's best in the way of entertainment and hotels. Foreigners, weary of Europe's many resorts, find New York a never-ending delight—and so do millions of Americans. At this time of the year, the pleasures of New York are at their height.

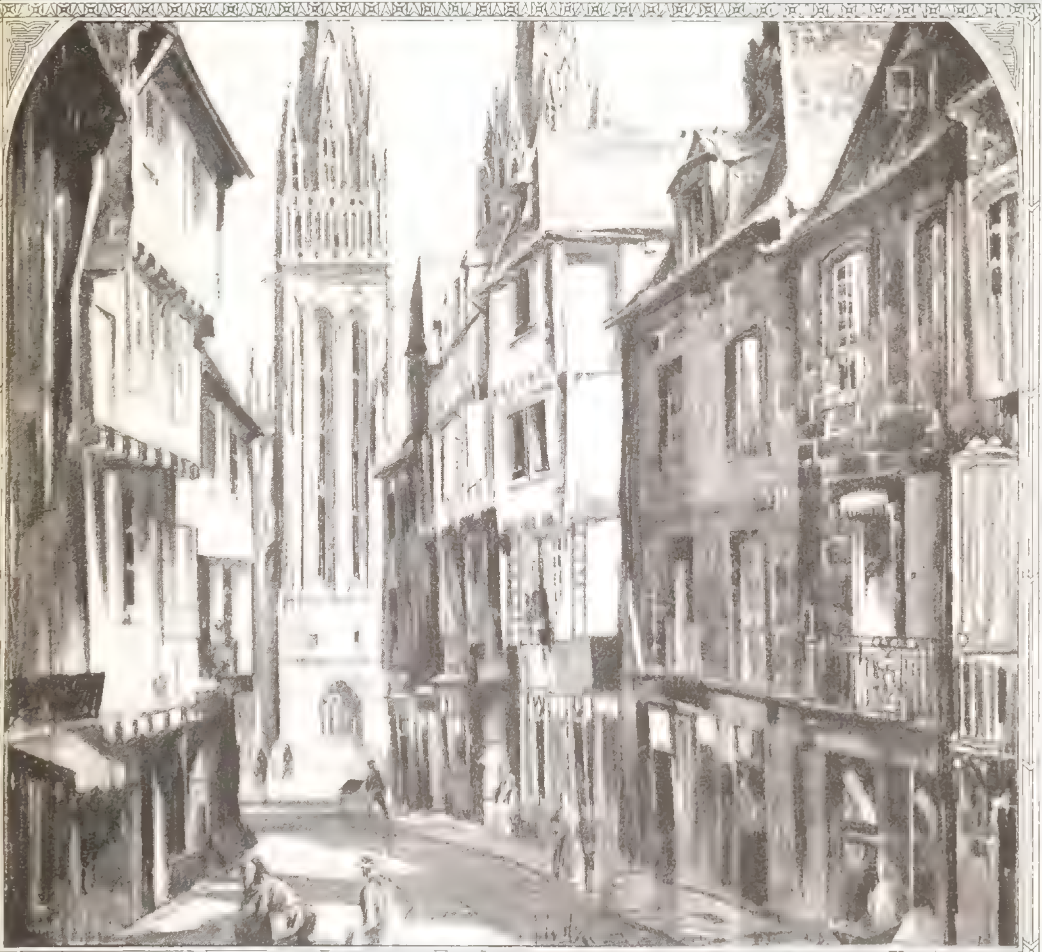
Travel at this season, however, is chiefly southward, and the shorter southward trips into the tropics and semi-tropics have infinite variety—Florida, Bermuda, the Bahamas, Cuba and the West Indies. The climate of the East Coast of Florida justly invites you to avoid the discomforts of the chilly Northern Winter and revel in the joys of a summer vacation. The balmy air, the lazy palms and the beckoning ocean are the enticements to join the birds in their southward migration. There are now through fast luxurious trains without change to east and west coasts.

The lure of Bermuda is inevitable when one considers the sudden transition possible. In less than forty-eight hours after leaving New York, via steamer, you find yourself in an automobileless island of enchantment, where a sea of radiant turquoise forms a delightful setting for green shores festooned with flowers which bloom the year round. Bermuda is the oldest British colony, settled over three hundred years ago. In every parish there is a venerable church similar to those in English villages, and many old time customs are still observed. There is Walsingham House, once the home of Tom Moore, the Irish poet, who found inspiration there for some of his finest verse; and there are the famous crystal caverns, adorned with myriads of stalactites, which glisten resplendently when viewed by electric light. Bermuda is noted for its Sea Gardens out in the harbour, where through a glass-bottomed boat, the wonders of marine life can be viewed in the depths of the green crystalline water; beautiful plants, flowers, corals, sponges and other submarine growths, displaying brilliant hues of red, yellow and lavender, while swarms of rainbow tinted fish add to the riot of gorgeous colouring.

There is, too, a trip to the exotic Bahamas, also a short trip by steamer. Nassau, because of the coral formation of the Bahama Islands, is a very attractive city of marvellous vegetation. It has modern hotels, a gay social life and up-to-date sports. Walking down Bay Street it often becomes a question as to whether you'll go first to the "market" and get your morning drink of cocoanut milk or over to the Post Office and read the official daily news posted on a sheet of typewriter paper. The cocoanut will be first, I guess, as a bracer for you, or perhaps you've learned to take it easy like the natives and drop some of the feverish haste which seems to "go well with the North but does not exist in the South." You'll hate to leave once you are there, for it holds architectural and natural beauties that are well worth seeing.

Whether your vacation is brief or long, you are certain to find a trip to Cuba colourful. The voyage itself, if you feel the need of the stimulation that new scenes, new people and a happy sea trip bring, is a solution to one of the questions about delightful trips. Hours spent on sun-bathed decks, rest and refresh you. There are sports, dancing, impromptu out and indoor games.

(Continued on page 46)



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CORONA

(*Continued from page 42*)

The climate of Havana is mild all the year around, which accounts for the luxuriant vegetation of all kinds, making it a paradise for boating, bathing, golf, tennis and motoring. There is sparkle, dash, gaiety to life in Havana. For the historically inclined, there are numerous objects of interest. Morro Castle has guarded the harbour since 1587, and Cabanas Fortress, which cost $14,000,000 and took eleven years to build, is another sight not to overlook. Dungeons and old Spanish cannons are among its objects of special veneration—and, too, the many quaint churches and cathedrals. Sugar growing is Cuba's greatest industry, 85% of the Island's entire crop being exported to the United States. You should see the mills and plantations, and as a result of this trip you will have the mental tonic you need.

Who has not at some time dreamed of a trip to South America down the east coast to Argentina and Brazil or down the west coast via the Panama Canal—seeing Peru, Chile and Bolivia connecting at Panama for Ecuador, Colombia and Central American Ports? South America—not only the place to see on a trip, but the land of opportunity—under its southern sun tales of buccaneers and pirates crowd unconsciously to mind; stores of gold, copper, nitrates, and other precious exports are visualized by the very names of the places visited. Boulevards noted the world over, with colorful pedestrians and vehicles bespeak a continental sophistication. Unique seaside resorts are reminiscent of Deauville or Aix-les-Bains. If you are a business man, you may combine business with pleasure for trade is now improving in the South American field, with [illegible] many harbours and quite prosperous cities. Unde[illegible] southern skies, northerners are thrilled and intrig[illegible] by the utterly different life in South America; wh[illegible] the Spanish tradition still dominates, and women [illegible] still sequestered. Life moves with alluring contr[illegible] of magnificence and primitive squalor. All things t[illegible] with strange new values; even the water boys an[illegible] beggars and the market-places. One's educatio[illegible] incomplete without a trip to South America.

With March, the rainy season in California nears its end. The hills become green, splashed with the yellow of the poppy and the purple of the lupine, and there is a veritable beckoning of the far-western flavour to people of the east and the middle west. To get the greatest joy out of the trip, if one likes to travel by sea, it is wel[illegible] to go through the Panama Canal, Central Americ[illegible] Mexico, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. The Golde[illegible] Gate, that famous entrance to the great Bay of Sa[illegible] Francisco, is something that everyone looks forward to as much as the foreigner landing in New York looks fo[illegible] the Statue of Liberty. San Francisco's invigorating climate, characterized by regular ocean winds, is th[illegible] same temperature all the time. There are innum[illegible] able places of interest to see, among them famou[illegible] Chinatown with its 15,000 Chinese within twen[illegible] square blocks, with their restaurants, Joss houses, cu[illegible] bazaars, shops and stores. If you have been to Cal[illegible]fornia and are looking for a new thrill, plan to see the newest and most fascinating scenic marvel of California, the wonderful Carriso Gorge. For eleven miles the San Diego and Arizona Railway traverses this giant abyss or series of abysses, and every turn of the train affords a thrilling view. It is, verily, a gorgeous sight, and whether you seek a lasting impression of grandeur or a momentary thrill, this will be the solution.

One could go right on and on, with other hints for delightful trips. But perhaps you are already stimulated to write for more details and begin the joys of anticipation!

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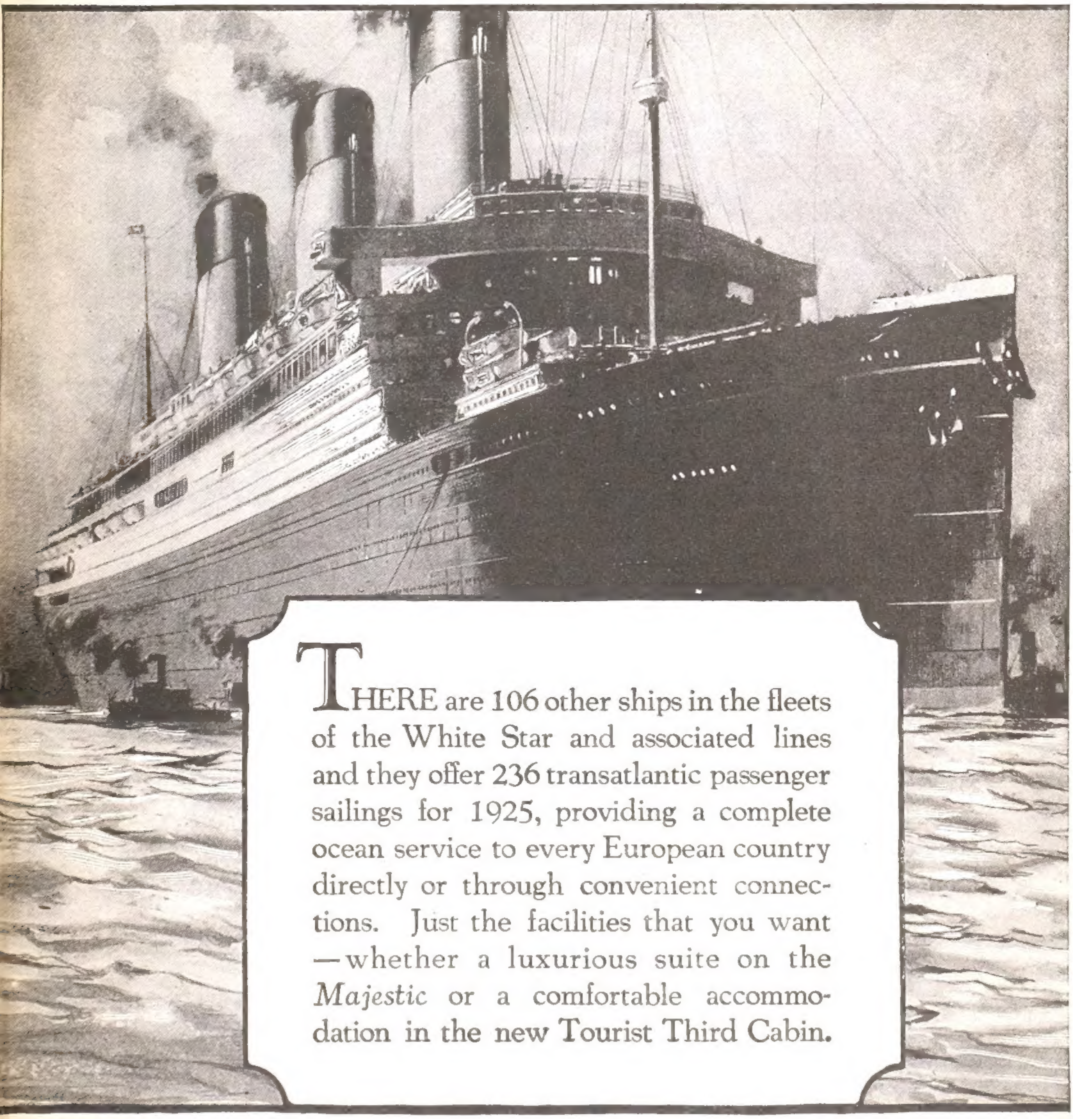

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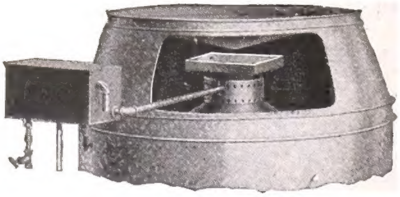

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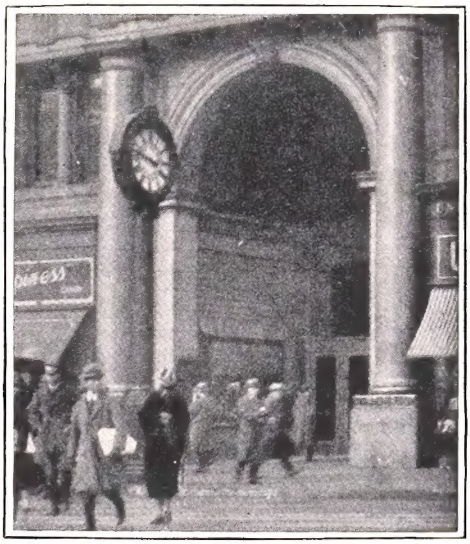

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